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ST. AMBROSE AND THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS

See page 38

THE DIVINE COMMISSION

A SKETCH OF CHURCH HISTORY

By the Right Reverend

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Bishop of Eau Claire

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P R E F A C E

EITHER Christ laid the corner-stone of a Church or He didn't. If He did, then that Church is important—far more important than any voluntary associations of Christians built to the ideas of other people, however good such ideas may be. This book hopes to relay to its readers some of the relevant facts touching the adventurous experiences of corporate Christianity.

The easiest solution to the question of Church polity would be the ability to prove that Our Lord foresaw all possible eventualities and provided for them by erecting an organization complete in every detail. History, however, withholds its approval from any such solution.

Scarcely less simple would be the ability to show that Our Lord made no specific provisions of any kind, merely bequeathing His teaching to future ages to be promulgated by them in any way they might see fit. But here, also, history declines to shed its benediction.

Easy solutions are always dubious. One is not surprised, therefore, to discover that the facts in Church History call for examination and discrimination. Jesus Christ did not build an *organization*, but He did plant the seed of an *organism*. He did not leave the future to the vagaries of human judgment; neither did He cripple its normal development with an ecclesiastical strait-jacket. He did stamp a certain character upon His Gospel; placed it in the hands of a group of chosen men trained, authorized, and commissioned by Himself to administer its principles; and then left it to grow to its natural fruitage.

To identify such a Church with its beginnings is to restrict its progress; to sever it from its origin is to disconnect it from its source of spiritual power. Life means growth, and the Church, being the Body of Christ, must have some-

thing definite to grow from and yet must have freedom to develop. The history of the Church seems to show just that. Being planted among erring humans, its growth has not been steady, direct, or irreproachable; being rooted in Christ, it will not be denied its final destiny.

The following chapters spring from a series of six Lenten lectures, delivered in Christ Church Parish, Eau Claire, Wisconsin, in 1924. The following year they were expanded into ten lectures for the Racine Summer Conference. Dr. William C. Sturgis, then in charge of the educational work of the Department of Missions of the National Council, heard some of the lectures and asked me to write them up for publication. It was not an easy thing to do. From September to May a parish priest has rather more on his hands in the average year than he can conveniently accomplish, without attempting to write books into the bargain. Two summers were therefore dedicated to the work. My secretary, Mrs. W. J. Lenfestey, contributed long hours of invaluable assistance in preparing the manuscript. And my long-suffering congregation patiently submitted while their rector disappeared for long months into the shadows of previous centuries.

I make no claims for myself as an expert in Church History. I am merely a busy parish priest who is interested in the subject and who clings to a preference for teaching his people rather than exhorting or scolding them. I have gone into consultation with sound authorities, both living and dead, and believe the facts collected in this volume to be reliable. They are purposely presented in a style which may be a bit distasteful to the scholar but which, I trust, may be more palatable to the average reader. No doubt the point of view will seem obviously Anglican, yet I have tried to be fair and to write an honest story, rather than to produce a polemic.

FRANK E. WILSON.

Eastertide, 1927.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION

IT IS A satisfaction to know that this book now requires a third edition, the second being completely exhausted some months ago. At the request of the publisher, I have gone over the pages and made a number of minor corrections, also adding a little in the last chapter to bring the story down to date.

Only two changes of any particular importance have been made. In the chapter on the Eastern Church, I have added a paragraph on the Uniats. This should have been in the earlier editions for the sake of completeness but, in view of recent developments in the United States, it seems really necessary to insert at least a brief reference now. The second change is in the treatment of the Ecumenical Councils, in the third chapter. In the original writing I confined myself to the first Six Councils in the list of those which are of undisputed ecumenical authority, leaving the Seventh as an open question because of the limited representation of its personnel. Further study has led me to the conclusion that it ought to be added to the list. For its decisions really did reflect the mind of the undivided Church, though the representative character of its membership is still a matter of debate among historians.

I am very grateful for the friendly reception which has been accorded to the *Divine Commission*. If it can help some people to a better understanding of the Church and thereby to a stronger loyalty to our Blessed Lord, it will have accomplished the purpose for which it was written.

St. James' Day, 1935.

F. E. W.

CHAPTER I

APOSTOLIC BEGINNINGS

AS BEGINNINGS GO, it was not a very imposing beginning. It occurred in a house in Jerusalem (perhaps the home of John Mark), where the local band of Christians, only one-hundred and twenty in number, were assembled for prayer. The faithful women were there, and a mixed group of disciples; but, even at that early stage, the unique position of the Apostles was clearly recognized. They were not only outstanding personages in the ranks of the disciples, but they were the ones who were understood to know best the mind of Christ. They had been His confidants and trusted advance-agents—pupils in His private school of intensive training. That their prominence was no mere coincidence, is shown by an earlier meeting, held in the same place, where the unanimous desire prevailed to fill the apostolic vacancy caused by the defection and death of Judas Iscariot. It was necessary that another should “be ordained to be a witness,” with the Eleven, of Christ’s resurrection. So Matthias was chosen, and “he was numbered with the eleven apostles” (Acts 1:26). If the apostolic office were not something distinct from the common variety of discipleship, why should the Christian congregation have been so keen to choose a successor to the disappointing Judas? Moreover, St. Luke states the total number of those present at the time, but specifies the Apostles separately and by name (Acts 1:13).

With the apostolic complement thus filled, the same group was now assembled on the Feast of Pentecost. In all likelihood, they had been to the Temple for the customary ceremonies earlier in the day, returning to their rendezvous for additional Christian worship. Suddenly a noise ran through

the house like the sound of a violent wind, and something like a tongue of fire touched the head of each one. Quick excitement prevailed. Something unusual had happened, and they clamored at one another with strange expressions endeavoring to give vent to their tumultuous emotions. Naturally, the excited shouting of a hundred and twenty persons echoed out into the street, and a curious crowd collected. The Apostles took the lead, with St. Peter as their spokesman. He briefly stated the cause of the commotion. Deeply impressed, his listeners asked what was to be done about it. "Repent and be baptized," replied St. Peter—and the first converts were added to the Christian Church.

Because of this incident, Pentecost, or Whitsunday, is commonly called the birthday of the Church. In a sense it was. It was the day when the Church was launched upon its active career. But, as Rackham points out, it might better be called the day of the second birth or Baptism of the Church. For the real beginning of the Christian Church is to be found in the setting apart of the Apostles by direct choice of Our Lord. For some time, He had been gathering disciples, scrutinizing them carefully for signs of the qualities of leadership required in His work. Then one evening, after having preached to a large gathering on the shore of Galilee, He made His selection and "ordained twelve, that they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach" (St. Mark 3: 14).

Sacred art has pictured the Apostles as venerable, bearded patriarchs. But at the time they were set apart, there is every reason to believe they were sturdy, vigorous, young men. St. Peter, whose age was probably above the average of the Twelve, lived for more than thirty years after that eventful day and died still in the vigor of manhood. St. James and St. John were bubbling over with the enthusiasm of youth, and the latter pursued his ministry for some sixty or seventy years after that notable day of Pentecost. Our Lord had to train these men, and He could not have done

it to very good purpose if they had been a dozen elderly gentlemen with fixed habits and settled convictions. They went out on experimental preaching tours, reporting back to their Leader. They made such blunders as might have been expected from youthful neophytes, and were gently but firmly corrected. Out of the twelve, eleven of them made good—a very respectable proportion as Christian leaders go. Having proved their worth, they were finally honored with a direct commission—"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (St. Matthew 28:20).

Our Lord did not write a Book; neither did He erect an organization. The one thing He did was to issue a Divine Commission to certain selected persons which Commission they were to perpetuate. Apostolic Succession, therefore, is not a mere convenient policy; it is the express gift of Christ, placed in trust with His immediate followers.

Four characteristic marks of the primitive Christian community are set down by the apostolic historian (Acts 2:42), namely:

1. The Apostles' doctrine.
2. The Apostles' fellowship.
3. The Breaking of Bread.
4. The Prayers.

These may be said to represent the four-fold standard of Christian life in the Pentecostal Church. And there is nothing in the subsequent New Testament record to indicate that they were ever revised.

1. *The Apostles' Doctrine* embodies the teaching of the Church. It was not a set of instructions born of the apostolic mind, but a simple recital of the facts in the life and ministry of Our Lord. Always, Jesus Christ was the source and centre of the Christian religion. It was not a religion of a

Book or of a Dogma, but of a Person. The Apostles had no mission to promulgate their own ideas, but only to bear witness to Christ. They, of course, were the ones best qualified to do this for they had been with Him as His chosen companions, viewing His life at close range, and receiving His personal instructions. They might not be able to reason it out for the new disciples, but they could tell what they had "seen and heard." Later theology was to undertake the difficult task of fitting the facts together in logical sequence. Theology, therefore, was destined to be a growing science of the knowledge of God, never presuming to be exhaustive in view of the limitations of the human intellect. But the facts were the sum-total of the Christian inheritance, and when the Church came to formulate its "Apostles' Creed," it simply grouped the facts to which the Apostles had borne witness. If Christianity were to retain its distinctive character, it was plainly necessary that this creed should remain constant, while theology revolved around it expanding or contracting according to the power of insight generated in the human mind. Much of modern intellectual distress over the horrid thing called "dogma" would be enormously relieved, if that one point of distinction could be kept clear.

During the first few years of Christian activity, this was all that was necessary. When questions arose (and they did arise) the Apostles were there to bear their witness and so settle disputed matters. But as time went on, the number of the Twelve was reduced by death and persecution. Also, the spread of the Christian community became so extensive that it was humanly impossible for the Apostles to cover the ground. Circumstances demanded a permanent record, and so the New Testament began to be written. But it should never be forgotten that the Church was at work and that converts were being made and baptized for nearly twenty years before the first book of the New Testament was put into writing in about the year 50. That first book (probably

St. Paul's First Epistle to the Thessalonians) was written to reënforce the apostolic teaching in the absence of the teachers. More writings followed and were passed from one Christian group to another. There were many others besides those which we now have in the New Testament. No one ever sat down to write a Christian Bible. It grew by a selective process out of Christian experience. Those writings which bore the imprint of apostolic authority received Christian recognition. For instance, the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John spoke for those two Apostles; those of St. Mark and St. Luke were accepted because the former was understood to have been derived from St. Peter and the latter from St. Paul. The authors never had any idea that they were writing a Christian Bible. The needs of the Church called for it, and the canon of Holy Scripture (that is, an authoritative selection of such writings) was gradually assembled by common consent. It was not until the Third Council of Carthage, in 397 A. D., that the canon was fixed. For nearly four-hundred years, the Church had its sacred writings; but no fixed Bible as we know it today.

Meantime, the Old Testament scriptures were in universal use as the record of events leading up to the Christian dispensation. In the time of Our Lord, there was still much difference of opinion among the rabbinical schools as to which books should be included in the Hebrew Bible. They were agreed as to the first five books of the Law of Moses, but they were far from agreement on such books as *Esther*, and the *Song of Songs*. It was not until sixty years after the Resurrection—in 90 A. D.—that the Jewish Council of Jamnia determined the canon of the Old Testament. The whole question was much complicated by a Greek translation of the Hebrew writings which was known as the Septuagint. An old story says that Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt in the third century before Christ, sent to the High Priest Eleazar, in Jerusalem, for Hebrew scholars to translate the Hebrew Law into Greek. Seventy-two elders were sent

who made the translation in seventy-two days. The name "Septuagint" was given to the book from the Greek word for seventy. As a legend, it is interesting; but, in all probability, the translation was really made for the religious benefit of the numerous colony of Jews living in Alexandria whose common language was Greek. At any rate, the Septuagint played a very important part in the religious life of the Mediterranean world for hundreds of years, and was the Bible most commonly in use during the ministry of Our Lord.

Special interest attaches to the Septuagint because it contained, not only the thirty-nine books found in the modern English Old Testament, but fourteen additional books not found in the Hebrew canon and frequently referred to as *The Apocrypha*. During the first three centuries of Christian history, the Church Fathers almost invariably used the Septuagint, and quoted from all fifty-three books indiscriminately. The question of the authority of the apocryphal books was not seriously raised until about the year 400, when St. Jerome made his Latin translation of both Testaments. He proposed that the Apocrypha should be included in the Christian Bible, but not on the same footing as the books of the Hebrew canon. His advice, however, was not followed. Because his translation was in the common or vulgar tongue of the Roman world it became known as the "Vulgate," and in it there was no distinction made between the apocryphal books and the others. For more than a thousand years, the Vulgate was the Bible of western Christendom.

When, at the time of the Reformation, every country was preparing translations in its own language, the old question was revived about the fourteen books of the Apocrypha. In Germany and in England, the same policy was followed. It seemed like taking unwarranted liberties with the Scriptures to throw out books which had been in general Christian use for hundreds of years. They were, therefore, included

in both German and English Bibles in the form of an appendix to the Old Testament, which the Church was to read "for example of life and instruction of manners; but yet doth it not apply them to establish any doctrine." About a century ago, modern Protestantism calmly cut them out of its Bible. It seems strange, to say the least, that that branch of Christianity which depends most upon Scriptural authority should deal with its Bible in such cavalier fashion. And to make this reduced Bible the touchstone of Christian orthodoxy, is to excommunicate all the Christians of the first half of the first century when the New Testament was not in existence, as well as to cast doubtful imputations against all Christians for fifteen-hundred years when the Bible stood in a form materially different from that of the modern Protestant version.

Christ is not important because the Bible says so. It is quite the other way around. The Bible is important because it tells of Christ. And Christ is known to us today because of the apostolic witness, which would have been just as true if it had never gone into print. The life of the Church and the Scriptural record bear parallel testimony to the Christian revelation. The only reasonable way to interpret the Bible is in the light of Christian practice as expressed in the habits of the Church. To "search the Scriptures" independently, as a cold record of divine instruction, is like analyzing the Constitution of the United States without any regard to American history. It was the Church that made the Bible—and the Church was there first.

2. *The Apostles' Fellowship.*—As indicated above, the unique position of the Apostles was not a matter of debate among the first Christians. Not only were they honored because of their friendship with our Saviour, but they were looked to for guidance as the accredited directors of Christian policy. When Saul of Tarsus came to Jerusalem as a convert, he naturally reported to them. In his character of an Apostle, St. Paul exercised real authority over all the

congregations which he had brought into the fold. The factious Corinthians brought their troubles to him for adjudication. It was as no mere counsellor that he wrote to them—"If I come again, I will not spare." When St. Philip had baptized certain Samaritans, he waited for the Apostles to come down and finish his work by the laying on of hands. When Barnabas consecrated his possessions to Christ, he did so by laying them at the feet of the Apostles.

So the Apostles were general overseers of all Christian work. For the guidance of local congregations they ordained elders (Acts 14:23) or, according to the Greek form, presbyters, a term which was later contracted into "priests." When the demands were too heavy for the Apostles to discharge, they chose assistants who were known as "deacons" (Acts 6:1-6), and who were ordained to the particular function of ministering to the poor. So a three-fold ministry appears in the apostolic Church itself. There were, to be sure, other officers performing their several duties, such as evangelists, teachers, prophets, etc., but they do not appear to have been specifically set apart for their offices, and their distinctive functions lapsed as the Church gradually settled into its stride.

In the course of time, by reason of the thinning of the apostolic ranks, it was necessary that some provision should be made for the administration of the Church, since the diminishing number of the Apostles could not properly attend to it. So it came about that certain elders were selected to act as supervisors after the manner of Apostles. They came to be known as bishops, the significant title of "Apostle" being reserved as a mark of peculiar honor for the original Twelve. Thus St. Paul appointed Timothy to act in this capacity in Ephesus, and Titus in Crete. They were to set the Church affairs in order, and ordain elders (I Timothy 5:22 and Titus 1:5). When a question of larger moment arose, one of principle rather than of administration, it was settled by

the joint action of the Apostles and elders sitting together in council (Acts 15).

To put it in modern terminology, we would say that the deacons assisted the bishops and the parish clergy, while the priests ministered to local congregations under the direction of their bishops. And when a question of general policy was to be considered, it was brought before a Church Council in which bishops and priests acted as representatives of the Church.

It is true that terms and titles in the New Testament are not always as definite as they are in the Church today. This would be expected at a time when the whole Church organization was still in a formative state. But it is also true that the letters of St. Ignatius, written within ten or fifteen years after the death of the last of the Apostles, leaves no uncertainty that this was the recognized form of Church polity in his day. St. Ignatius grew up under apostolic guidance. Tradition designated him as the child whom Our Lord took in His arms. And there is no suggestion from any other source that such conditions as he describes were an innovation, or were in any way unacceptable to the whole body of Christians.

Sometimes it has been contended that the plan of episcopal administration was only an after-thought, entirely lacking the sanction of Our Lord. Certainly Christ did not lay down a rigid scheme of organization for His Church to follow. But just as certainly, He could not be expected to have left it all to chance. The record shows that He issued a Divine Commission to the Apostles who were unanimous in perpetuating it through the apostolic ministry. As to whether their action was consonant with the mind of Christ, this is well answered by Dr. Little: "If, at the battle of Waterloo, Wellington had been known to summon twelve generals to headquarters to receive instructions from him; and forthwith the twelve generals, in all parts of the battlefield, had begun and carried out a definite plan of *concerted* action, who would

doubt that *that* was what the great leader had commanded?"*

To preserve the "fellowship of the Apostles" was to follow the Christian way, under the apostolic leadership of those who were commissioned by Our Lord for that particular purpose.

3. *Breaking of Bread*.—Taken by itself, this phrase might mean any one of a score of things. Taken in connection with the known habits of the primitive Church, it can mean nothing other than the Sacrament of the Holy Communion. St. Paul magnified its Christian importance in his severe arraignment of the Corinthians for treating it sacrilegiously (I Corinthians 11). It was the principal act of Christian worship from the very earliest times.

The sacramental idea is inherent in the very structure of the Christian religion. Jesus Christ Himself is the supreme Sacrament, being the life of God expressed in human terms. There can be nothing incongruous, therefore, in His selection of Baptism (spiritual birth expressed through an outward rite) as the normal mode of entrance into His Kingdom, or of Holy Communion (spiritual food under the forms of bread and wine) as a special means of soul-nourishment. Both of these were accepted without question in the practice of the apostolic Church. It was not enough to profess conversion; one must also be baptized. It was not enough to adopt the precepts of Christ; one must also partake of His vitalizing presence. Neither was it merely a matter of spiritual acquiescence. These were definite things to be done, commanded by Our Lord and defined by apostolic injunction.

Another rite of sacramental character was also administered by the Apostles, though without any recorded mandate from Christ that it was a part of their duties. Three times in the New Testament, reference is made to Confirmation or the "laying on of hands," and the implication is that it was a normal element in the life of the Christian community.

* A. W. Little, *Reasons for Being a Churchman*, p. 25. Morehouse Publishing Co., New York.

The purpose for which the Apostles came to Philip from Jerusalem was the laying on of hands. He had converted and baptized the Samaritans, but Confirmation was next in order, and he, as a deacon, does not seem to have been competent to administer it (Acts 8). Again, when St. Paul first visited Ephesus, he found some people partially instructed in the Christian faith. He taught them further, baptized them, and then, in his capacity as an Apostle, laid his hands on them (Acts 19). That this was more than a casual ceremony, is shown in the Epistle to the Hebrews where the writer proposes to pass over the generally recognized principles of Christian procedure, and pass on to other matters. Among these six accepted principles are "the doctrine of baptisms, and the laying on of hands" (Hebrews 6:2). Confirmation was, therefore, an apostolic ordinance administered by the Apostles and standing second only to the two great Sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion which were given with the clear order of Christ for their use.

4. *The Prayers.*—In line with the prevailing order of the day, this would naturally refer to some formal kind of worship, similar in character to that to which the Jewish Christians had been accustomed in their synagogues.

At first, practically all of the Christians were of Jewish extraction, accustomed to observe the seventh day of the week as the Sabbath. For an unknown length of time, this custom was continued. But the great day above all others, for Christian people, was the Resurrection Day which was the first day of the week. On the Sabbath, they worshipped in the synagogues; and on the first day, they met for the express purpose of Christian worship (St. John 20:19, 26; Acts 20:7).

Two factors ultimately contributed to the gradual amalgamation of the double observance. In the first place, the growing antagonism of the Jews made it increasingly uncomfortable for the Christians to share in the services of the synagogue. In the second place, the question arose

very early as to whether Gentile converts who came into the Church for the sake of Christ, should be obliged to assume the obligations of the Jewish Law also. This was the question which necessitated the calling of the first Apostolic Council. At that Council, it was decreed that the detailed regulations of the Jewish Law were not binding on the Christian community, inasmuch as Christ was greater than the Law. Four things only were enjoined upon Christian people, and Sabbath observance was not in the number (Acts 15:29). Christian sentiment was satisfied that it was preserving the spirit of the Mosaic ordinance when it set apart one day in seven as the Lord's Day. But, for them, the Resurrection Day was vastly more significant than any other day could ever be. So the first day of the week became the Christian's Lord's Day. When Constantine, nearly three centuries later, gave official recognition to Sunday as the Christian day of rest and worship, he was only putting the power of his Christian Empire back of an apostolic Christian custom which had already commended itself to eight or nine successive generations of Christian people.

Classical paganism in the apostolic age had degenerated to a weird fiction. Primitive Roman religion was a phase of animism, a rather vague recognition of sundry spirits back of certain activities. Roman gods were functional deities—there was a god of infancy, a god of childhood, a god of youth, a god of manhood. For any given enterprise, a specific deity had to be addressed. If one made a mistake by appealing to the wrong one, the whole force of the supplication was nullified. Special forms were provided for approach to the several gods who, it was thought, were obliged to grant the petitions of the suppliants if the thing demanded were within their proper sphere and if the ritual were correctly performed. In case of doubt, several gods were called upon, each according to the form prescribed for him. If the most trifling mistake were made by the worshipper, he must begin all over again and get it right. "There is no great religion in which

ritual is so much, doctrine and enthusiasm so little." This might eventually have developed into a consciousness of one great spiritual reality back of all things, if it had not been corrupted by the introduction of Greek mythology. The result was, that Rome preserved its traditional rites, but directed them to imported gods to whom they did not really apply. Unreality became the outstanding characteristic of paganism. Popular confidence in the system was quite dissipated. Intelligent people practiced the rites and despised what they did. It is easy to see why Christianity, packed with its spiritual assurance, was able to scuttle Roman paganism in a few short generations. Augustus Cæsar anticipated the peril and attempted to forestall it by a resort to "so-called "Emperor worship." The Emperor was the apotheosis of the State. He tried to transfer imperial authority to the gods by becoming a god himself. Instead of the divine right of kings, it was the imperial right of the gods. But the personal character of the emperors was scarcely conducive to public reverence, especially when they were thrown into contrast with the crystal purity of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, it put the Christians in a difficult position. Emperor worship was as much an abomination to them as the worship of the pagan deities, and their refusal to have any part in it was easily construed by their enemies as an evidence of unpatriotic conduct. To a people who shrugged a flippant shoulder at any religion, their constancy seemed nothing more than sheer obstinacy. The average Roman was ready to worship any god, at any time, with an equal absence of intention. But the Christians were adamant. They flatly declined to worship any but the "one true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent."

To sum it all up—the apostolic Church was constructed around the Divine Commission given by Our Lord to the Apostles. Acting under the instructions of their Master, the Apostles spread the Gospel and planted the Church through

the agency of a three-fold ministry, the outlines of which were not rigidly cast but, nevertheless, clearly indicated. In its original simple structure, the Church was always conscious of its dependence upon apostolic guidance; and, in the course of time, this guidance was taken over by the bishops as recipients of apostolic authority. The record of it all was written down for the preservation of apostolic teaching, which record was finally concentrated in the Christian Bible. The particular function of the Church was to bear witness to the Risen Christ. Those who received their witness were first baptized, then confirmed, and so were admitted into the communion of Christ's sacramental life. The complicated requirements of the Jewish Law were abrogated in favor of the spiritual freedom of the Christian faith. By force of circumstances, the Christians were compelled to flock by themselves in order to escape the contaminating atmosphere of prevalent polytheism. For this they suffered. In private homes, they met on the first day of each week for Christian worship; while, at other times, they pursued their ordinary vocations. Though but a small band at the beginning, they steadily increased both in numbers and influence. Through them and their successors, a world groping in the gloom of spiritual twilight was about to be suffused with the glory of God as revealed in the person of His Son, Jesus Christ Our Lord.

CHAPTER II

DAYS OF PERSECUTION

IN THE YEAR 107 A. D. a venerable bishop was on his way from Antioch to Rome. It was not a pleasure trip; he was under guard, and death awaited him at the end of his journey. He had been found guilty of being a Christian. On the way, he wrote letters to his Christian friends and blessed God that he was privileged to bear a lasting witness to his faith. Before they cast him to the wild beasts to provide a new thrill for the jaded Roman public, he remarked: "I am the corn of God, and am ground by the teeth of wild beasts that I may be found pure bread." So the name Ignatius, saint and martyr, was added to the list of those who feared nothing in this world but the loss of Christ.

The catalogue of these early Christian saints is mostly written in lines of indelible red. It was neither safe nor comfortable to be a Christian in those days. They had no sympathetic atmosphere to surround them, no traditions to support them, no precedents to guide them. All they had was a personal loyalty to their Master, and upon that, as a foundation, the great Church was reared. They did not know what a mighty thing they were doing, but we know today that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church."

For nearly three centuries, Christianity was in a state of suppression. It was not one persistent nightmare of persecution; but it was a case of fluctuating unpopularity, often boiling over into physical violence. The persecutions themselves were, for the most part, local and spasmodic like that which brought St. Ignatius to his death. In between these

outbursts there were periods of quiet, sometimes running as long as half a century, when the Christians were left to pursue the even tenor of their religious way. At such times they spread their Gospel with little interference, made large numbers of converts, wrote a copious literature, established local congregations, and organized dioceses. In some places in the Empire, whole generations of Christians were permitted to live and die without once arousing the enmity of the Roman authorities. In other places, like Rome and Carthage, short and sharp attacks were much more frequent. Trajan and Valerian hurled their bolts against the Christians, but they were effective only in isolated spots, most of the Empire being unaffected. Under Valerian's orders, St. Lawrence was roasted to death on a gridiron in Rome, while he calmly directed his executioners, saying, "Turn me, I am done on this side." All told, there were only three general persecutions in the first three centuries of the Christian era—those of Marcus Aurelius, Decius, and Diocletian.

Christians were persecuted because they were Christians but not because of their religion. As a matter of fact, the Romans were exceedingly tolerant of religious peculiarities. As long as people did not disturb the social and political life of the Empire, they were permitted to exercise their religious proclivities in any way they might choose. There were no convictions in paganism. Whatever vitality it may previously have possessed had sunk to such a low ebb that it was incapable of facing a religious issue. The Romans erected a fine building in their capital as a symbol of their earnest belief that one religion was just as good as another. This building was called the Pantheon—a temple for "all the gods." Rome went on the theory that, as mistress of the world, she must play the hostess to all the world's religions. For polytheism set no limit to the number of the gods or to their kind. The thing about the Christians which the Romans could not understand was their idea of exclusive devotion to the One Christ. They were willing to worship

any Christ or a dozen of him. It was religious toleration, reduced to the point of religious extinction; and, upon occasion, it could become the most wickedly intolerant thing the mind of man could devise.

The Christians were under suspicion for two main reasons—one political and the other social. Politically speaking, the Church was regarded as an *imperium in imperio*, a separate group within the body politic. Christians refrained from participating in public affairs because these affairs always involved the performance of various pagan rites. Therefore, they were looked upon as peculiar and suspicious characters. The Emperors were always in fear of revolutionary movements, and kept a watchful eye on possible disturbers of the peace. From their own religious point of view, they could not comprehend people whose religious scruples forbade them to share in the public spectacles and patriotic demonstrations. So it came about that all kinds of sinister motives were easily ascribed to the Christians. They were suspected of sedition, and found it hard to defend themselves. When someone had to be blamed for anything, they were naturally the scapegoats. Innocence always has a difficult time of it in the face of circumstantial evidence.

Socially, the Christians were necessarily exclusive. They shunned society in order to avoid giving countenance to pagan customs. Matters which might seem trivial to the twentieth century were positively vital in those days when one struggled daily to keep one's faith pure and uncontaminated. Today one may sit down to a meal with modern pagans and leave the table with a clear conscience. But it was quite otherwise when the food which was served had been formally offered in sacrifice to sundry gods and dedicated on the altars of polytheism. For example, it was a common occurrence in Egypt for dinner parties to be given in a pagan temple with religious honors paid to the god Serapis. Dr. Flinders Petrie has unearthed a large bundle of papyri at Oxyrhynchus containing samples of various

communications sent by social secretaries of the first century. A typical invitation to a banquet would read somewhat as follows: "Apollonius requests you to dine at the table of the Lord Serapis on the occasion of the approaching coming of age of his brother at the temple of Theoris."

No wonder St. Paul felt impelled to warn the Corinthian Christians against partaking of meats "offered in sacrifice unto idols" (I Cor. 8). And it was no greater wonder that their pagan neighbors should have considered the Christians queer and unsociable. Gossip played freely with their eccentricities. Highly exaggerated tales found a ready hearing, were elaborately embroidered in circulation, and cast no small discredit upon the followers of Christ. How could society successfully maintain itself when it was infested with a growing number of religious fanatics who steadfastly refused even the common hospitality of their friends? If disasters befell a community, who could be responsible but these Christians who deliberately violated all the safety regulations of pagan reverence? Someone must be held accountable if a river flooded the countryside, or if a terrible conflagration laid a village in ruins, or if the invincible Roman legions met unexpected defeat at the hands of frontier barbarians. And the Christians were handy objects of suspicion. It was whispered that they were guilty of grossly immoral practices; they were charged with cannibalism; they were even denounced as atheists because they had no visible idols to worship. Fortuitous circumstances found public sentiment already inflamed against them, and unsympathetic rulers were only too glad to seize upon an easy outlet for public indignation.

Doubtless this was the unscrupulous alibi back of the cruel persecution under Nero in 65 A. D.—the first trial of affliction which the Christian community was obliged to undergo. Nero was the last of the family of Cæsars who had ruled the Roman empire for nearly a hundred years. He was dissolute, crafty, totally devoid of conscience, and

obsessed with an inordinate conceit. In his crazy egotism he had caused a large section of Rome to be burned in order to provide a theatrical setting for his musical efforts. But the people were not properly appreciative. They preferred their homes to the royal fiddle, and Nero had a resentful populace on his hands loudly demanding retribution. Obviously, to his way of thinking, it would be more comfortable to kill Christians than to lose his own crown. Their only defense was their integrity, but that was a useless commodity in the reign of Nero. So he added to his crime of burning the city the further crime of burning the Christians. They were smeared with pitch and used as torches to light the imperial gardens, while Nero paraded as a charioteer; others were crucified; still others were sewn up in the skins of wild animals and worried to death by savage dogs. Tradition says that St. Paul was beheaded on the outskirts of the city where the magnificent Church of St. Paul Without the Walls now stands. Another tradition says that St. Peter fled for his life and met the Saviour Himself on the Appian Way coming into the city. Peter asked Him, "Lord, whither goest Thou?" (*Quo vadis?*) And the Lord sadly replied, "I go to Rome to be crucified again." Whereupon, Peter, overcome with remorse, hurried back to the persecutors and was crucified head downward as a sign of his extreme penitence. They will still show you the marks, in the pavement, of the feet of Christ as He gently rebuked the frightened Apostle. But Nero's persecution was chiefly local to Rome. The rest of the Christian world was only indirectly disturbed by his guilty ferocity.

Nero died with no regrets on the part of his subjects. Three emperors of the Flavian line succeeded him, one of whom was Titus, who, in the year 70, laid a terrible siege against Jerusalem, spoiled the city, crucified the inhabitants until there was no more wood for crosses and no more room to plant them, and erected his triumphal arch in Rome through which no Jew down to the present day would

condescend to pass. Then followed the four Antonines, all strong men and able administrators. Hadrian, second of the Antonines, did a great kindness to the Christians by issuing the rescript which bears his name. Up to his time, it had been customary to arrest them on vague and anonymous accusations, subjecting them to punishment by virtue of popular disfavor. The rescript changed all that. It directed that charges must be properly made before an accredited tribunal, and be reasonably substantiated before penalties could be inflicted.

One of the strange anomalies of history comes with Marcus Aurelius. He was the fourth of the Antonines and died in 180 A. D. He is justly admired for the fine philosophic spirit of his writings; indeed, there has grown up something of a modern Aurelian cult designed to popularize the high principles of his Stoic teaching. Yet it was he who ordered the first general persecution of the Christians. There is an unaccountable incongruity between his lofty ideals and the relentless vindictiveness with which he attacked the Church. "While thou livest, while it is in thy power," he wrote, "be good." Then he repealed the edicts which had somewhat protected the Christians, offered rewards for information against them and, for the first time, authorized the use of torture. St. Justin Martyr, after writing a priceless defense of his faith, was one of those sacrificed to the imperial piety. So also was St. Polycarp. When Polycarp was called upon to blaspheme Christ, he replied: "Eighty and six years have I served Christ, and He has never done me wrong; how can I now blaspheme my King and my Saviour?" All over the Empire the Aurelian persecution raged, making many martyrs and burning their convictions all the more deeply into the hearts of those who survived.

The next century must be scanned hurriedly, for it is necessary to catch a bird's-eye view of the course of events if one is to understand the more important developments which followed. It was a period of quick change and wide-

spread confusion. From day to day, no one could tell whether yesterday's emperor might be alive and in power, or murdered and reviled. It became unsafe to be loyal to anyone. Political side-stepping grew into an art, and governmental policies assumed the character of a rubber band. The times were not stormy—they were gusty. The winds of change blew from every direction.

Commodus marks the beginning of it. He was something of a clown, in a tragic way, and was totally incompetent as an emperor. He planned to assassinate his wife, but she did it to him first through the officers of his own household. Thereafter the imperial throne was tossed about as a plaything in the hands of military adventurers. For more than a century, most of the emperors were murdered and replaced by ambitious soldiers or their creatures. The Senate elected, but the military selected. When word reached the armies on the frontier that the latest emperor had been butchered, they would choose one of their leaders and send him to Rome to be seated by the Senate upon the empty throne. It would have been very unhealthy for the senators to refuse. Some of these military leaders were good soldiers but hopeless executives; some might have been good emperors under more favorable conditions; some had nothing whatever to commend them except a brutal popularity. Septimius Severus reigned for eighteen years, while others were murdered within a few months. Maximin never even set foot in Italy during his reign, but played at being emperor from his army camp. In the eight years of Gallienus, no less than nineteen aspirants for the throne appeared in the field, who had to be disposed of by the reigning emperor. The stability of the Empire was shattered. Fidelity to its institutions and allegiance to its rulers were dissipated by the succession of revolutionary uncertainties. Subject peoples grew restless, and there was no dependable authority to cope with them. In the midst of the confusion, Decius (249 A. D.) ordered the second general persecution of the Christians, belching

with particular fury against the Church in North Africa. Fortunately Decius was killed in battle after two years on the throne; and, for nearly half a century, the Christians were, generally speaking, unmolested. Public attention was chiefly occupied in watching the political kaleidoscope.

Such was the state of affairs when, in 284 A. D., Diocletian took hold. For twenty-one years he guided the destinies of the world on lines of his own creation. Diocletian was a genius. Few men could have inaugurated the governmental system which he devised, or could have kept it in hand over a period of many years as he did. He divided his Empire into two portions, removed his own capital to Nicomedia in the East, and appointed another "Augustus" to the jurisdiction of the West. When this worked out to his satisfaction, he subdivided the two halves of the Empire into quarters, appointing two subordinate emperors with the title of "Cæsar." So there were two Augusti and two Cæsars, each with his own sphere of administration, but the last three being responsible to Diocletian himself as Augustus-in-chief. All this was quite foreign, of course, to the republican traditions which were supposed to prevail. But Diocletian was untroubled by any qualms of conscience on the question of constitutional government. He ruled as an oriental despot, adorning his court with all the luxurious appurtenances of the East, and exacting submission to his will as a thoroughly absolute monarch would do.

During most of Diocletian's reign, he paid little attention to the Church, one way or the other. His energies were chiefly directed toward readjusting the disjointed condition of his Empire. Consequently, the Christians had ample opportunity to extend their work unhampered by official hostility, and they did it zealously and ceaselessly. The number of converts increased daily. Many fine church buildings were erected, and Christian influence was fast becoming a factor to be reckoned with. The Roman army proved to be a fertile field for their evangelizing efforts. Garrison life

brought the soldiers in close contact with one another, and military channels offered an excellent means for the dissemination of Christian ideas. St. Sebastian was a soldier of this period; so was also St. George. Indeed the Gospel had made considerable headway in the army at a much earlier date than this. St. Paul had not failed to preach Christ consistently during the years of his Roman captivity while he was chained to shifting details of Roman guards. Tertullian, the son of a centurion, toward the end of the second century, bears witness to the presence of Christians in the military forces of his day. "Marcus Aurelius also," writes Tertullian, "in his expedition to Germany, by the prayers his Christian soldiers offered to God, got rain in that well-known thirst."

The pagan priests began to be alarmed at the growing strength of the new religion. When their divinations through the pagan oracles brought unsatisfactory answers from the gods, they appealed to the emperor's superstitions by blaming the Christians for the failure. Galerius, Diocletian's assistant Emperor in the East, already had strong prejudices against them, for unknown reasons; and the priests, through him, were able effectually to poison the emperor's mind also. The first pressure was brought to bear upon the army. In all probability there is some historical background for the famous story of the Theban Legion which had been called from the East for service in Gaul. The Legion is said to have been entirely composed of Christians, including their commander, St. Maurice. Near Agaunum, in the Alps, they were all ordered to make sacrifice to the pagan gods, and they all refused. Every tenth man was executed for disobedience, and the order renewed. Again they refused, and again the Legion was decimated. Maurice explained that his men would obey any order consistent with their duty to God, but that this one thing they could not do. Other troops were sent for to enforce the order, and the whole

Legion laid down their arms, cheerfully suffering martyrdom for the Christ whom they refused to desert.

Several local attacks on the Church followed, and then came the imperial edict proscribing Christianity throughout the Empire. The first copy of the edict to be displayed was torn down by a Christian, sometimes identified as St. George. He was seized and roasted to death in a slow fire. So the gruesome carnival was on—the third and the last general persecution, aimed not only to kill Christians but to smother the Divine Commission. The Emperor went about it systematically, as he did everything else. Churches all over the Empire were reduced to ruins; property was confiscated; new methods of torture were specially invented to drive people to recantation. St. Vincent, in Spain, was subjected to furious torments which, however, drew from him only the smiling comment: "You see, the tortured is stronger than the torturer." The list of martyrs is long, including such notable names as St. Agnes, St. Faith, St. Lucy, besides those already mentioned. As a new feature in persecutions, the copies of Christian writings were ordered to be confiscated and burned—a sweeping effort to exterminate the Church and obliterate all traces of Christianity. But Diocletian failed as all his predecessors had failed. In the year 305, he abdicated his throne in disgust, and from that time he goes finally out of the picture. The persecution lasted on for several years, but gradually waned as the public became sickened with the hideous cruelty and slaughter. Only in Britain was the policy of terrorism mitigated, where Constantius was the "Cæsar" and openly favorable to the Christian religion. It is true that the British St. Alban was done to his death at that time, but Constantius frankly gave to the Christians the benefit of a doubt whenever it was possible.

Under the hand of Diocletian, the way seemed to be opening for the redemption of the Empire from the disrupting effects of recurring civil war; but as soon as his master-hand was withdrawn, the complicated system of government

quickly broke down and the war clouds again descended. Constantius died, and his soldiers thrust his son, Constantine, into his office. Sundry other gentlemen claiming imperial honors turned up in various quarters, and presently there were six full-fledged contestants in the field. It was the open season for political aspirants. Each leader collected his own army, and prepared to advance his own interests by force of arms. The Empire was once more distracted, leaving the situation almost worse than it had been in the days before Diocletian. Battles followed, with wavering success. Constantine proved to be the most powerful of the rival claimants, winning his warlike way until only one adversary, the dissolute Maxentius, stood between himself and complete mastery of the West. It was a crucial moment when he moved his army down into Italy against the army of Maxentius; in fact, the whole future of Christendom hung on the outcome of that struggle.

Constantine was not unmindful of the critical nature of his position, and felt deeply the need of some aid other than human. He had no confidence in the gods of paganism; and, as he turned the matter over in his mind, his thoughts went back to his father's interest in the Christians. Thereupon he determined to address his devotions to the Christian God. So the old story tells how he encountered, in broad daylight, his famous vision of a luminous cross in the sky accompanied by the motto—"In this, conquer." He immediately had new standards made for his soldiers, consisting of the cross surmounted by the first two letters of the Saviour's name in Greek characters (XP); and, under the cross, he won the important battle of the Milvian Bridge, near Rome (312 A. D.).

The following year, Constantine issued the Edict of Milan, providing for complete religious toleration for the Christians. The edict ordered their property to be restored to them, and granted to the Church the right to hold and receive more property by bequest. This appears to be the

slim historical basis for the spurious "Donation of Constantine" which played such an important part in the strengthening of the medieval papacy four or five hundred years after.

Meanwhile, Licinius had the better of it with his opponents in the East, and entered into an engagement with Constantine, dividing the Empire between them. The engagement was mutually respected for the next ten years, during which time Constantine placed himself definitely on the side of the Christians, making large gifts to the Church and building many noble Christian edifices. He suppressed the practice of pagan rites, revoked legislation which discriminated against the Christians, and issued an order for the general observance of Sunday. He did not, however, have everything his own way. His patronage of the Christians did not sit well with Licinius; and this, coupled with other points of rivalry, led Licinius to revive the persecuting policy of Diocletian. At length Constantine resorted to arms, and victory again crowned his standards, making him sole ruler of the Empire until his death in 337 A. D.

Constantine was neither saint nor devil, though in the popular mind he has been abused in both ways. His friends have exaggerated his Christian virtues and his detractors have maligned him as an opportunist who found in Christianity a handy instrument for his political ambitions. Neither one is a true representation. It is doubtless a fact that he never really grasped the essence of the Christian Gospel (not unlike many a modern Christian); his personal life was not above reproach; he was baptized only on his death-bed. On the other hand, it is also a fact that he had been brought up with a strong bias in favor of the Christian idea. His mother, St. Helena (probably converted by her son), proved to be an exceptionally devout disciple. He was profoundly interested in the progress of the Church, and certainly believed Christianity to be a vast improvement over the decadent paganism which was sapping the spiritual life of his people. But his own adherence to the new religion

created a difficult situation for the Church to face. Everybody now wanted to be a Christian. Since the Emperor had done it, it was the thing to do, and the Church was embarrassed by its own success. There was an in-rush of converts, poorly instructed in the Faith, and bringing with them a large body of incompatible customs. A real danger presented itself that Christianity might become badly paganized. Therefore, it devolved upon the leaders of the Church to be scrupulously exact in the statements of faith which they approved if they were to save Christianity from becoming one of many ingredients in a vague religious omelette. The initial test was not long in appearing.

If one had surveyed the world of the early fourth century to discover the place where religious subtleties would most easily breed contention, one would most likely have selected Alexandria, in Egypt, as the most probable spot. In Our Lord's day it had been the city of Philo and his liberal school of Jews, and now for a long time it had been the philosophical centre of the Empire. A famous Christian catechetical school was located there, which had been graced with such illustrious teachers as Pantaenus, Clement, and Origen, the last-named being the most finished scholar of his age. Moreover, the city was surrounded with an aura of religious tradition peculiar to the Egyptian people. In the days of its glory, Egypt was divided into some forty "nomes" or provinces, each having a group of its own gods. With the changing dynasties, the seat of government shifted from one province to another, the gods of the ascendant province being imposed upon all the rest. The people continued to worship their local gods, but chief respect had to be paid to those of the temporarily superior province. So Egypt bowed in all directions. It might well be said that there was no Egyptian religion. It was a potpourri of many religions with a weird habit of amalgamating deities and subdividing them according to convenience. Egypt never organized its religions; it had no great religious leaders; it produced no body of sacred literature.

(The "Book of the Dead" was merely a set of by-laws for guidance in entering the future life.) The whole thing was formless and slippery. A few gods more or less were always a trivial matter. So the spiritual atmosphere of Alexandria was, by right of inheritance, highly conducive to religious vagaries.

Now Arius was an Alexandrian, a priest of the Church, and a popular preacher. His character seems to have been a precarious combination of earnest personal life, popularity among his friends, and extreme pugnacity toward all who thought in any way otherwise than he did. His previous history had been somewhat stormy, but nothing in comparison with the tempest he now proceeded to brew. It is impossible to say whether the loose religious traditions of Egypt affected his thinking, or whether he was influenced by the semi-pagan followers who trailed Constantine into the Church. Certainly, both of these conditions added fuel to the theological fire which he kindled. The doctrine which bore his name centered about the person of Christ. In spite of sophistries of interpretation, it boiled itself down to a virtual denial of the deity of Our Lord. To Arius, He was the greatest of all created beings; but He was, nevertheless, created like all the rest of us. The germ of the idea came probably from Lucian, a teacher of Antioch, under whom Arius had studied; but Arius expanded it, expounded it, and exploited it. The public gave him an interested hearing because his theory seemed eminently practical, and dissolved much of the mystery attaching to the orthodox teaching of the Gospel. It was the familiar case of hard logic driving out spirituality. Still, there might have been no serious consequences if Arius' quarrelsome disposition had not brought him into sharp conflict with Alexander, his bishop. He opened the breach himself by charging the Bishop with heresy. The Bishop remonstrated with him, but to no avail. Then people began to take sides in the controversy, and it was plain that something had to be done. A Synod was

called which condemned the new doctrine, and excommunicated Arius; but far from ending the trouble, this decision only accelerated it. Arius fled to Palestine, and maintained a heated correspondence with Alexandria. His friends rallied to him, and made life miserable for the Bishop. The conflict raged on until the pagans made it a subject of coarse jokes in the public theatres. It spread to other places, and the whole of eastern Christendom became violently agitated. Arius developed a happy faculty of popularizing his doctrine by writing it up in the form of catchy poetry. His verses were sung as an accompaniment of meals—a kind of cabaret religion. Imagine a modern Rotary Club pealing forth happy melodies about the consubstantiality of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity! Boatmen on the Nile chanted Arian doctrine to popular tunes of the day. Imagine modern stevedors humming their sentiments to a rag-time rhythm about the pre-existence of the Divine Word and His earthly manifestation! Everybody's feelings became embittered, and harsh epithets were hurled by both parties until the noise of the disturbance reached the ears of the Emperor.

Constantine decided that such a quarrel was a good thing to stop. Apparently he did not take it very seriously at the outset, thinking a little friendly arbitration would resolve the difficulty. So he sent the aged Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, as his personal representative, to bring the opposing factions together. Hosius called them into conference, and did his best; but his efforts were a total loss. His report to the Emperor revealed a real issue, and Constantine was obliged to seek out other methods of reconciliation. In a moment of inspiration, he determined to call a General Council of the Church, thus throwing upon the bishops the responsibility of arriving at a settlement. Constantine was in a perplexing predicament. For a dozen years he had expended his best energies to live down the destructive factionalism which had all but split the Empire asunder for a century before his time, and now he could not tolerate the

ruin of his life-work by contending theological parties. Political strife had been sufficiently disastrous. Religious strife would be scarcely less so. The plain duty of the Emperor was to keep the internal peace at all reasonable costs.

So a new epoch in the life of the Church was born at Nicaea when, in the year 325, more than three hundred bishops, together with a large number of the lower clergy, met in general council. Arius was there to defend his position. Alexander was also present. And, most important of all, a youthful priest of Alexandria, named Athanasius, accompanied his bishop in the capacity of chaplain. Comparatively unknown at the time, Athanasius proved to be the invincible defender of the orthodox Faith. From his childhood, he had shown unusual religious leanings. Once, as the Bishop looked out of his window, he had seen a group of boys at play on the seashore, and discovered, to his amazement, that they were reverently performing the rite of Christian Baptism, with Athanasius acting in the rôle of bishop. Alexander called the boys in and determined to take them all under his wing in training for the priesthood. Little did he know that the time was to come when Athanasius would really be a bishop. Still less did he know that the time would also come when other observers, not so friendly as himself, would chase Athanasius with sticks and stones and battle-axes for daring to perform his episcopal functions.

When the Council convened, Hosius was made its presiding officer, while Constantine lent his occasional presence in the interests of parliamentary restraint. No doubt the influence of the Emperor pressed steadily upon the deliberations of the Council; but it is scarcely probable that his presence had much to do with the Council's final action. Constantine was a politician, not a theologian; he insisted upon a decision, but it was up to the bishops as to what the decision should be. So they debated—and debated. Arius poured forth his fiery eloquence and Athanasius flared back, with many others contributing their sparks of learning to

throw a little light upon the question. Gradually the dispute resolved itself around a discussion of two Greek words. The Orthodox kept reiterating that Christ was of "*one substance* with the Father" (homooousion), while the Arians were just as insistent that He was of "*like substance* with the Father" (homoiousion). It was a difference of the one Greek letter "iota," but it involved the heart of the Christian Faith. That's where we get our modern expression that there is not "an iota of difference" between two similar things.

Previous to this there had been no authorized creedal statement of Christian doctrine. There had, of course, been creeds of some sort from the earliest times; but nothing which represented the unanimous conviction of the Church. Our Lord's injunction to baptize all nations, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you" was, in itself, an invitation to formulate His doctrine, and at first some simple statement of faith was an accompaniment of the Sacrament of Baptism. "I believe," said the Ethiopian eunuch to St. Philip, "that Jesus Christ is the Son of God" (Acts 8:37).

Somewhere about 100 A. D., the old Roman creed had come into existence, containing the substance of what we now call the Apostles' Creed; and this was used almost exclusively in the West. There were also various other local creeds probably used for baptismal purposes. But the Council of Nicaea went further, recognizing the necessity of putting forth some authorized statement which would officially speak the mind of the Church, and prevent misapprehension on such a question as Arianism. In doing this, the bishops were determined to insert a phrase which the Arians could not accept. They, therefore, adopted one of these local creeds, which had been in use in Caesarea, as the basis of their final decision, adding the "homooousion" phrase in distinct repudiation of Arianism. The Council formally condemned Arius and approved the action of the earlier Synod in excommunicating him. In this way, the Church deliberately went on

record as to its position regarding the person of Our Lord. Fifty-seven years later, at the first Council of Constantinople, the original Nicene document was slightly amended in order to clarify certain other points. The so-called "Nicene Creed" as we have it today is, therefore, strictly speaking, the Nicaeo-Constantinopolitan Creed. As adopted at Nicaea, it reads as follows:

"We believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of all things, visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, Begotten of the Father, His only Begotten, that is, of the substance of the Father; God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God; Begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by Whom all things were made, both the things in heaven and the things on earth; Who for the sake of us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate, and made man: Who suffered, and rose again the third day, and ascended into the heavens, and is to come again to judge the quick and the dead. And in the Holy Ghost."

To the twentieth century, the Nicene dispute may seem impossibly subtle. It would be a difficult matter to arouse much popular interest now in the theological technicalities which so violently disturbed the Christian world of the fourth century. But it must be remembered that the Church was then fighting for its life and for the integrity of its Faith. Had it been willing to compromise on an ambiguous platform, through the mutilation of its Divine Commission, Christ would soon have been numbered among the multitude of pagan gods—the greatest of them all, perhaps, but scarcely different in character. The outcome would have been a sublimated polytheism which could never have withstood the trials of succeeding generations. In that case, Christians

today would probably be worshipping a semi-christianized Jupiter, and offering half-ripe sacrifices to thinly-veneered Druid deities. The fruit of the Gospel would have been a worm-eaten product, and Christian civilization would have appeared as a crazy-quilt of pagan patches surrounded by a vague border of Christian sentiment. With all their contentiousness, the Nicene Fathers are deserving of the profound gratitude of modern Christendom. They were loyal to their Lord when it was not easy to be loyal.

And now the black centuries of persecution are ended ; the Church enters upon a new phase of its life, and the door is at least unbolted for the future evangelization of the world.

CHAPTER III

THE BROKEN EMPIRE

"AND NOW," said the clergyman to the newly married couple, "you are at the end of your troubles."

"Yes," muttered the cynical wedding guest, "but which end?"

It was so with the question of Arianism. The Council of Nicaea was called to settle the matter, but it continued to worry the Church for the next sixty years. The doctrine itself was diluted into semi-Arianism assuming the character of a political movement. Disgruntled members of the Council went home to brood over their reverses and to lay their plans for snatching practical victory out of theological defeat. Arius attempted to wriggle his way into the confidence of the Emperor by drawing up a creed of his own, capable of a harmless interpretation. He was dangerously near to carrying his point when, one day, he fell dead in the streets of Alexandria. His enemies said it was the judgment of God, while his friends declared he had been poisoned. Probably he just died.

After the example of their leader, councils were called by the Arians where still other creeds were drafted, but they all carefully avoided the critical word "homoousion" and were properly denounced by the orthodox. They succeeded in drawing the sister of Constantine to their side and, through her, they were able to wield considerable influence. One of these councils made a long list of charges against Athanasius and demanded that he should appear to answer them. The most serious charge was that he had killed a certain bishop, had cut off his hand, and was using it for magical purposes. With melodramatic effectiveness the friends of Athanasius

replied by producing the disputed bishop in full possession of his life and all of his hands—and no doubt the frustrated Arians ground their teeth in rage like the wretched villains that they were.

When the aged Alexander died, Athanasius was made bishop in his place, which added nothing to the peace of mind of his enemies. They pursued him remorselessly with every means in their power. The city of Alexandria was the scene of street brawls and much bloodshed as the Arian party sought vengeance against the intrepid leader of the orthodox Christians. Four times Athanasius was exiled, and four times he returned to do battle for the Faith. The last time they drove him out, he escaped under cover of darkness in a boat up the Nile. His persecutors followed, but Athanasius ordered the rowers to turn about and double back on their tracks. When the two boats met, the pursuers called across the gloomy waters—"Have you seen Athanasius?" "Yes," replied the Bishop, "he is not far away."

All this was going on during the reign of Constantius. When his father, Constantine, had died (337 A. D.), an abortive conspiracy had broken forth in Constantinople aiming to bring in a revolution by the assassination of the whole royal family. The three sons of Constantine and a few more distant relatives escaped the murderers, whereupon the sons divided the Empire among themselves. Sixteen years of wrangling and intermittent warfare ensued, until Constantius alone survived and became sole ruler. In playing the political game, he affiliated himself with the Arian party in the Church and gave them all the support of his royal position. They expelled the orthodox bishops, seized their churches, and ferreted out their adherents. The venerable Hosius was forced, under torture, to sign an Arian statement. Liberius, Bishop of Rome, was exiled for his refusal to sign a similar statement; but he presently weakened, eventually purchasing his freedom with his signature. The situation became positively deplorable. Constantinople was

in the hands of the Arians, Rome had capitulated, Antioch was occupied, and Alexandria was leaderless against the terrorism. "The whole world groaned," St. Jerome says, "and was astonished to find itself Arian." Only Athanasius stood fast for the Divine Commission with unwavering constancy, and won for himself the thorny honor of a page in history inscribed "Athanasius against the world."

Possibly this violent controversy had something to do with the reactionary effort of Julian, cousin of Constantius, who succeeded him as emperor in the year 361. He is known as "the Apostate," for he represents a curious throw-back to the paganism which, for many years, had been dying a lingering death. Temperamentally restless and inquisitive, he cultivated the few remaining pagan philosophers of his day; and they, in their turn, flattered him with every attention as the possible saviour of their hopeless cause.

As soon as he donned the purple, Julian renounced Christianity and declared for a revival of paganism. Recent history taught him clearly the futility of attempting to persecute Christians out of their faith, but he did subject them to many indignities, and he was indifferent to some outbursts of violence on the part of the pagan public. Julian himself wrote treatises against the Christian religion. He spent large sums of money restoring deserted pagan temples, and gave his official sanction to the reestablishment of the ancient festivals. He encouraged the Jews to rebuild their temple in Jerusalem, but the effort was a dismal failure. Christians, he insisted, should be known only as "Galileans." They were systematically suppressed, but many of their methods were appropriated to doctor up the colorless standards of the rejuvenated polytheism. Even Julian realized that simon-pure paganism was an anachronism—no more capable of resuscitation than the devil-worship of his primitive ancestors. Therefore, the religion which he advocated was a mixture of something akin to Mithraism, backed up with generous portions of classical polytheism, and tintured with

many of the practical elements of Christianity. But his best religious cosmetics could not put a new face on the situation, and nothing but discouragement greeted him. On one occasion, he refitted a fine old temple of Daphne, just outside of Antioch, and proclaimed a great ceremony in her honor such as had delighted the multitudes in the olden days. But the magic charm was gone. The Emperor himself came in regal state, expecting crowds of enthusiastic devotees, only to be met by a single aged priest with one lonesome goose for sacrifice which he had provided at his own expense. After two fruitless years of it, Julian was killed in a skirmish with the Persians and is said to have murmured on his death-bed: "Galilean, thou hast conquered."

A few more years of Arian acerbities and then (379 A. D.) a very able soldier named Theodosius ascended the throne. He had been reared in Spain under orthodox influences, and was not slow to make his presence felt by the Arians. At an early date, he came under the powerful sway of St. Ambrose who was, without doubt, the most commanding figure of his generation.

A special word should be said about the brilliant career of this great bishop. It seems that the important see of Milan had fallen vacant, and the populace assembled to choose their new bishop. Episcopal elections in those times were not characterized by the same gentlemanly procedure which usually prevails today. Broken heads were more easily counted than written ballots—and were far more convincing. Ambrose, being a government official, came to church that day to restrain impetuous voters. The crowd milled around in restless uncertainty waiting for something to happen, when suddenly an unknown child cried out in its innocence—"Ambrose, Bishop!" By a strange freak of mob psychology, the people took up the cry and, in spite of his protestations, Ambrose suddenly found himself unanimously elected to episcopal honors. The man had not yet even been baptized, let alone ordained to any holy office. He went hastily into

hiding; but they dragged him forth, baptized him, ordained him, and consecrated him bishop, all within the space of a week.

Thrust into an office for which he had no preparation, Ambrose betook himself diligently to the study of theology. His natural ability was not long in asserting itself. He proved to be a powerful preacher, a notable administrator, and the idol of his people. Against Arianism he was a granite wall for the orthodox. Augustine, the loose-living rhetorician of North Africa, came to Milan to hear him. He came, he heard, and he was converted. A doubtful tradition says that Ambrose composed the *Te Deum* at the time of Augustine's baptism. At any rate, succeeding generations can thank St. Ambrose, under the providence of God, for the mighty champion of the Faith which St. Augustine turned out to be.

The Ambrosian character is well illustrated by an incident connected with Theodosius' hasty temper. A riot had occurred in Thessalonica, involving the death of several imperial officers. Other officers clamored loudly for retribution; so, with the permission of Theodosius, the people of the city were invited to a great exhibition in the amphitheatre. When the grounds were filled, soldiers closed the gates and slaughtered the spectators for some three hours. It is estimated that seven thousand were killed. When Ambrose received word of this atrocity, he expressed his horrified sentiments without delay, and when the guilty Theodosius came to worship in his church, the valiant Bishop barred the door, refusing admission until the Emperor should give public proof of his penitence. Theodosius went into seclusion for eight months and, at Christmastide, humbly presented himself before the Bishop. He entered the church in deepest humility, prostrated himself before the throngs of worshippers, and publicly sought forgiveness. It showed the fearless man Ambrose was. Such a strength of purpose, coupled with a wholly consecrated life, soon raised him to the pinnacle of leadership. Ambrose totally eclipsed the

contemporary bishops of Rome, and lifted the See of Milan to such a lofty eminence that, for hundreds of years, it rivalled the prestige of the Roman papacy and, even to this day, retains certain special privileges.

Under Theodosius, Arianism began to foresee its inevitable defeat. Remnants of it were to be found for some time thereafter, but it had a hard life of it against the imperial opposition, and it was never again a dangerous contender for popular favor. That is not to say, however, that peace reigned in the Church, or that Theodosius had no more ecclesiastical problems to face. The well-known pendulum went into reverse action.

The opponents of a mistake sometimes become so violently antagonistic that they lose their sense of proportion and commit the same blunder at the other extreme. This seems to have been the plight of Apollinarius. Arianism had evacuated the Incarnation by robbing Christ of His divinity; in the process of reaction, Apollinarianism accomplished much the same result by denying Christ His humanity. Factional strife developed over the issue, with the party of Apollinarius rising to embarrassing prominence in Constantinople. Affairs reached such a pass that the Emperor felt called upon to intervene and, after the example of Constantine, he determined to call a second General Council. This Council, meeting in Constantinople in the year 381, condemned the new doctrine, reaffirmed the decisions of Nicaea, and added the last paragraph to the Nicene Creed defining the doctrine of the Holy Ghost. The Church was gradually consolidating its position.

As much cannot be said, however, for the Empire itself. The developments of the next century offer a painful commentary upon the supposed stability of human institutions. While the Church was establishing its Faith, the imperial Government was swinging squarely into the headwaters of a series of rapids rushing mercilessly down into blank disaster. Four hundred years the Empire had been in the building;

now it was to plunge into irretrievable ruin within the space of a single century. The storm itself did not break until after the death of Theodosius, but the clouds had long been gathering.

The trouble had begun far off in eastern Asia where some social eruption pushed the Tartars westward; and they, in their turn, thrust the western Goths before them. Some two-hundred thousand of these so-called Visigoths were driven down upon the northeastern frontier of the Empire; whereupon they asked for, and presently obtained, permission to cross the Danube and settle within the imperial boundaries. This had occurred before the time of Theodosius, who found the Visigoths already occupying Thrace when he took over the reins of government. But during his own reign history began to repeat itself as another torrent of Goths poured over the border, threatening for a time to engulf everything which stood in their way. After much difficulty, Theodosius succeeded in checking them, but only through a duplication of the former hospitable concessions. The new arrivals, known as Ostrogoths, were granted living accommodations in Asia Minor, thereby adding another turbulent element to be kept in uneasy restraint under the forceful hand of the Emperor. These Goths, in a rough way, are to be counted as Christians; for, as they advanced, they were speedily evangelized by Arian missionaries; but it was many generations before their barbarism showed much in the way of results from their contacts with Christianity.

The death of Theodosius in 395 was the signal for a Gothic uprising. His two sons, Arcadius and Honorius, ruled the Empire, East and West respectively, with equal incompetence. In their cases, the usual laws of heredity seem to have been completely in abeyance. They were pitifully pale reflections of a brilliant paternity—no match whatever for Alaric, the Gothic prince, who led his destructive hosts through the Balkans and down to the gates of Rome.

The valiant general, Stilicho, had temporarily halted the first movement of the Goths into Italy; but the inevitable intrigue which is sure to saturate the court of a weak ruler floated him into retirement, and the country was at the mercy of its invaders. The spineless Honorius deserted his capital city and fled, terror-stricken, to nurse his cowardice behind the protecting marshes of Ravenna. It was there that he was informed of Alaric's depredations in the Eternal City. Dean Hodges tells how Honorius was something of a chicken-fancier with a special fondness for a pet hen which he had honored with the name *Rome*. When the breathless messengers came to him in Ravenna crying, "Your Majesty, Rome has perished!" he replied, "Why, only an hour ago she was feeding out of my hand!" And he was much relieved when they told him that it was only the capital of the world which had been destroyed.

The composition of Roman society in the days of Honorius was nothing short of an invitation to violence. At the top, was an aristocracy of landed proprietors dedicated to a life of idle luxury; while, at the bottom, was a large class of serfs who were with difficulty held in forcible suppression. In between was a vacuum. The glory of the Roman legions had become little more than a memory because there were no more legionaries to fill the ranks. The army was chiefly recruited on the border, being composed of a predominating number of the very barbarians who were pouring across the frontier. Roman society was living on the valor of its ancestors, and had not yet learned the folly of trusting conquered races to defend their conquerors against their own flesh and blood. Consequently, Alaric met no effective opposition and was successful in bringing Rome to submission (410 A. D.). His superficial veneer of Christianity restrained him from destroying the Christian churches, but pagan Rome was thoroughly plundered. Forty-thousand slaves threw off their shackles and joined themselves to the victorious pillagers, bringing invaluable knowledge of the whereabouts

of concealed treasure. The defenseless Romans were cruelly tortured until they produced their gold and jewels, exception being made only in the case of the sacred possessions of the Church.

An instance is told of a fierce Goth breaking his way into the home of an aged Christian virgin and demanding her secreted treasures. She brought before him vessels of gold, of great value and beauty. "These," she said, "are the property of the Apostle St. Peter. Take them if you dare, and answer for your act to God." When Alaric heard of it, he ordered the vessels to be safely conducted to the Church of the Apostle protected by a long procession, while the people chanted hymns of adoration.

The spoliation of Rome was ruinous enough in itself, but the moral effect upon the world was vastly more so. People who for centuries had learned to look upon Rome as the living symbol of invincible power, rubbed their eyes in horrified amazement at the astounding news that the Imperial City had succumbed to these despised marauders. It was the beginning of the end; for now other barbarian hordes—Vandals, Huns, Lombards—swept in, practically unopposed, from all directions.

The Vandals conquered Spain and crossed into north Africa. (That portion of southern Spain now called Andalusia is a memorial of the time when it was better known as Vandalusia.) From Africa they crossed again to Rome by ship and for fourteen days sacked the city with the unbridled license of "vandalism."

Attila, the "Scourge of God," led his Huns on the same quest. The Emperor had fled, and the armies of defense had vanished like a mist. Only one man remained in Rome to whom the people might look for guidance and possible protection—namely, the Bishop. And, fortunately, Leo I was a man of character equal to the occasion. In full pontificals, he headed a procession of his clergy to the barbarian

camp where, by the payment of a huge ransom, he persuaded Attila to respect the safety of the city.

The Lombards entered northern Italy and, finding the country much to their liking, decided to settle down and erect a kingdom of their own destined to play an important part in the history of the papacy two-hundred years later.

With similar neighborliness, the Visigoths established their kingdom in Spain. They had become Christians through the back-door of Arianism, and they retained their Arian connection for several generations of Spanish occupation. It was not until the Council of Toledo, in 589, that they merged into the orthodox fold, adopting the Nicene Creed as the statement of their faith but adding the famous "Filioque" clause which made the last paragraph begin—"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord, and Giver of Life, Who proceedeth from the Father *and the Son.*"

This phrase is one of the mysteries of Christian theology. No one knows where it originated, but it was the subject of repeated controversy for centuries after this Council. To the present day, the Eastern Orthodox Church considers it an unwarranted addition to the original Creed. They do not object to the theology of it, but to the principle of an unauthorized change in an ecumenical pronouncement. These easterners wrangled over it for weeks at a time when later Councils attempted to heal the breach between eastern and western Christendom by deleting the "Filioque." Indeed there was strong opposition to the clause for a long time in the West also. Leo III (795 A. D.) felt so strongly on the subject that he had the Nicene Creed, in its original form, engraved on silver plates in Greek and Latin and hung in St. Peter's church as a perpetual witness to the fact that Rome would have none of such a doctrinal innovation. But no one knew in those days that the pope was infallible in matters of doctrine, and the additional clause came gradually into universal western use. At last, under another pope, the

Fourth Lateran Council (1215 A. D.) declared it to be a dogma of the Faith.

While the wounded Roman lion was being devoured piecemeal by barbarian jackals, momentous events were brewing in Gaul. Off in one corner of the country arose (482 A. D.) a Frankish king named Clovis who was destined to become the founder of the French monarchy. At first he ruled his own small ancestral kingdom; but his military prowess could not long be restrained, and his dominion began to expand. As with many another man, his wife proved to be the determining factor in his career—and not in his only but in that of all western Christendom. For Clotilda was a Christian and, unlike the Arianized tribes of her day, she was of the orthodox persuasion.

Clovis was not an easy man to convert. He watched with a critical eye the crumbling fortunes of Rome, counting them evidences of the inability of a feeble God to provide for His faithful people. But Clotilda persisted until her ambitious husband finally came around in his own way. He was engaged in a critical battle with the hostile Alemanni, with everything going against him. In a fit of rage, he cried that his own gods had forsaken him and he promised allegiance to Christ if the tables could somehow be turned. Explain it as you please, the tables *were* turned and Clovis was baptized at Rheims by Remigius, the Bishop. As he approached to receive the sacramental admission into the Kingdom of God, Remigius solemnly addressed him: "Sicambrian, gently bow thy neck; worship that which thou hast burnt, and burn that which thou hast worshipped." And a little later, when the same bishop was reading him the story of the crucifixion, Clovis grimly exclaimed—"Had I been there with my Franks, I would have avenged His wrongs." A crude conversion, perhaps; but, nevertheless, effective in bringing the Franks into union with Catholic Christianity. The day was to come when those orthodox Franks were to be the last bulwark of defense against the all-powerful

Mohammedan conquerors at a time vitally critical for the very existence of the Divine Commission.

Meanwhile the Church in the East had troubles of its own, due chiefly to the speculative character of the eastern mind which took its delight in constantly thinking up new heresies regarding which the Church as constantly had to express her united judgment. During the fourth century, as we have seen, two General Councils had finally expressed the Faith in the form of the Nicene Creed as against false or inadequate ideas regarding the person and nature of Jesus Christ. During the next century two more such Councils had to be called in order to meet other similar heresies. Hooker has summed it up by saying that these four Councils expound the doctrine of the Incarnation in four words, one to each Council: namely, that Jesus Christ is God and Man *truly, perfectly, indivisibly, and inconfusedly*. Critical issues revolved around those words. No other Councils ever had to face questions of such vital moment to the substance of the Christian Faith. There were two more, both held in Constantinople, which are to be counted General (or Ecumenical) and a seventh held in Nicaea, though they are of far less doctrinal significance.

The importance of the General (or Ecumenical) Councils* lies in their authoritative interpretation of Christian teaching. The basic sanction of Christianity is to be found in the experience of Christian people testing out the principles

* The seven ecumenical Councils may be summarized as follows:

<i>Number</i>	<i>Date</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Accomplishment</i>
First	325 A. D.	Nicaea	Condemned Arianism. Promulgated original Nicene Creed.
Second	381 A. D.	Constantinople	Condemned Apollinarianism. Issued amended Nicene Creed.
Third	431 A. D.	Ephesus	Condemned Nestorianism.
Fourth	451 A. D.	Chalcedon	Condemned Monophysitism.
Fifth	553 A. D.	Constantinople	Condemned the "Three Chapters." Supported decisions of Chalcedon.

of the Gospel. The Councils which represent the whole and undivided Church are the expression of universal Christian experience, and can therefore speak with an authority not to be found in fragmentary or local councils. Those which were held after the first seven cannot be called ecumenical in the same sense, because East and West began to draw apart shortly after the Sixth General Council had gone into history. Some day, under God, another ecumenical Council may be convened; but in the present state of divided Christendom the burden of authority is thrown back upon the original seven which did represent the universal experience of the Church when the Divine Commission was the undisputed possession of all.

Thus eastern Christianity was absorbed with the questions involved in defining the meaning of its Faith, while western Christianity was distracted with the havoc wrought by social and political disruptions. The combination offered an excellent opportunity for the expansion of a new oriental religious movement popularly known, after its founder, as Mohammedanism. Properly speaking it should be called "Islam," and it should not be identified with the Turks merely because Turkish sovereignty was able to impose itself upon most of the Moslem world for several hundred years. It is not uncommon to hear the virtues of Islam advanced as extenuating arguments in justification of Turkish misrule. We are often pointed to the vast improvement brought about by this new religion over that which went before it; we are reminded of the high

Sixth	680 A. D. Constantinople	Condemned Monothelism. Reaffirmed decisions of previous Councils.
Seventh	787 A. D. Nicaea	Dealt with the question of images and ikons. This Council is reckoned as Ecumenical both by the Orthodox and Roman Catholics. Historians are not agreed as to its truly representative character.

estate of Moorish culture attained under Moslem influence during the residence of the Moors in Spain; we are told of the abundant literature produced by the Mohammedans and of the scientific progress which they achieved in their first few centuries of phenomenal growth. All of this may be true; but the credit for it is Arabian, not Turkish. When the Turks came, they stole the culture, the conquests, the government, the religion, and finally the caliphate itself. And a blight has followed these Turkish thefts like an evil genius. Arabian initiative was crushed by the Turks and has only recently revived as a result of the World War. The promising elements of Moslem culture were stultified under the incubus of Turkish domination, and its harsher features greatly magnified, to the distress of the world outside and the spiritual loss of Islam within. More will be said of this in discussing the Crusades.

Arabia in the sixth century was sparsely populated with nomadic tribes constantly at war with one another. There was no such thing as an Arab nation; there was no peace; there was no coöperation. Clans, bound together by family ties, circled over the country snarling at one another in endless tribal feuds. The land itself was a desolate waste, difficult of access, and wholly undesirable to any ambitious conquest. The Romans, after one or two tentative efforts, gave it up as unworthy of their attention.

The religion of the people was chiefly a weird jumble of nature worship. It is true that a vague conception of something like a divine principle ran through it all under the comprehensive name of "Allah," but it found its expression in the worship of spirits or "jinns" which were supposed to inhabit natural objects, especially rocks. This was the uncertain origin of the sacred Kaaba stone in Mecca, left by Mohammed as a concession to popular superstition. As the tribes moved from place to place, they adopted the religion of the locality of their temporary residence without altogether losing contact with their own tribal gods whose places of

abode were always sacred to them. The result was a tangled mixture of religious customs, a large circle of holy places, and numerous tribes forever roaming around the land in an endless procession of pilgrimages.

The jinn religion had gradually been wearing out and had degenerated to a crude practice of magic by the time Mohammed came on the scene. There was a small group of devout persons known as "Hanyfs" who were troubled by the religious decay and were quietly in search of some truly spiritual values. Mohammed was undoubtedly influenced by them, as he was also by a considerable contact with the Jews and some slight acquaintance with the Christians. Out of this emerged his religion which is singularly lacking in originality. It is practical to the last degree—theology has never troubled the Moslems. In its simplest form it may all be summed up in a small nutshell: There is one God—Allah; Mohammed is His prophet; the duty of the faithful is submission to Allah as taught by Mohammed. That's all. "Islam" means *Submission*, and the "Moslem" is one who submits.

In time, popular Mohammedanism came to be a far more complex matter, freely running the gamut of Arabian fancy. It goes in for a great many semi-spiritual beings called "Genii," and borrows extensively from various brands of Orientalism as well as of Judaism and Christianity. Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses are all held in high veneration, and Jesus Himself is counted by Moslems as one in the line of prophets leading up to Mohammed. All of it centres around the Koran which is said to be too sacred to be sold for money; but, when bound, the covers may be sold carrying the writings with them.

Certainly it must be said that Mohammedanism was an enormous advance over the debased polytheism which preceded it. It served, moreover, to consolidate the warring tribes of Arabia into the semblance of a nation, and to give to its adherents a fiery zeal for propaganda and conquest

which carried them far and wide. Islam was a benefit to the Arabs, but a very doubtful blessing to the rest of the world.

The future Prophet was born at Mecca in the year 570, of the powerful Koreish tribe. It was their special function to guard the ancient Kaaba stone and the famous temple which protected it; and later they turned out to be Mohammed's inveterate enemies because of his sharp attacks upon traditional superstitions. The Prophet was left an orphan at an early age, and was brought up by poor relatives in a plain and frugal way. Eventually, he married a wealthy widow named Khadija, and began to see visions (not that the two have any necessary connection, but it happened to be so in his case). Near Mecca was a sacred spot called Mount Hira where holy men were accustomed to spend one of the sacred months in meditative seclusion. Mohammed, being of a devout mind, took to one of these caves, and there was confronted with the first of his visions. It is interesting to note that the ghostly visitor was no other than the angel Gabriel, which suggests the possibility that Mohammed was doing some serious thinking on the faith of the Jews with which he had become more or less conversant through his business trips to Palestine before he married Khadija. The very stones cried out to him "Prophet of God," and his sleep on subsequent nights was haunted by angelic whisperings. He thought he was going crazy and brought his troubles to his faithful wife. In order to quiet his mind, she proposed a test. When the mysterious visitor appeared, she clasped her husband in her arms, having first carefully veiled her head and face. "Dost thou now see it?" she exclaimed. Mohammed replied, "I do." Whereupon Khadija threw aside her veil and repeated her question, "Dost thou now see it?" And this time Mohammed answered, "I do not." "Glad tidings to thee, O Mohammed," said Khadija, "it is not a devil but an angel; for had it been a devil it would

not have disappeared and thus have respected my unveiled face."

At another time Mohammed lay sleeping under his usual coverings when the angel called to him, "Arise, thou wrapped up." "Why should I arise?" asked Mohammed. "Arise and preach," said Gabriel, "cleanse thy garments and flee every abomination." When he confided this experience to his wife she knelt with him in prayer, saying, "I will be the first believer."

It took several years for the Prophet to win his immediate relatives to his cause; but when he went outside the family, his real difficulties began. Other branches of the Koreish tribe bitterly assailed him. At one time, a price of a hundred camels and a thousand ounces of silver was placed on his head and he narrowly escaped assassination. He was insulted, abused, dragged from the temple by his own turban tied about his neck. He shifted his sleeping quarters frequently for fear of murderers. In the midst of it all, Khadija died, depriving him of his chief source of comfort and encouragement. His handful of followers were persecuted also until Mohammed, in gloomy resentment, lashed the people with stinging invective when they gathered for their holy festivals.

Matters were coming to a crisis when an unexpected invitation came to him from the neighboring city of Medina. A half-dozen prominent citizens of that city had listened to the new prophet on one of their pilgrimages to Mecca and had joined themselves to his company. As the hostility of the Meccans became acute, these friends in Medina begged him to leave his native city and come to live with them. For the better part of a year he hesitated, sending emissaries to bring him true reports of what he might be getting into. At last he made up his mind to go. By stealth he escaped from Mecca, and fled to the more hospitable Medina. This happened on June 16, 622 A. D., which marks the date from which all Moslem chronology is now reckoned—the "Hegira"—meaning the "Flight" from Mecca.

In Medina the Prophet set up a theocracy with himself as the dictator. He developed his doctrine, multiplied his visions, and organized a powerful army. His earlier visions had come to him unsought, bringing communications of some spiritual significance; but as time went on, he seemed capable of conjuring up visions on demand for relatively trivial revelations. He violated his own laws by adding numerous additional wives to his harem, and then produced a vision to justify it. At one time he had written into the Koran some fine sentiments of religious toleration—"Let there be no violence in religion"; but a taste of power made a difference, and a later vision led him to write—"Kill the idolaters wherever ye shall find them, and take them prisoners, and besiege them, and lay wait for them in every convenient place." When he first came to Medina, he made the most friendly approach to the large colony of Jews residing there. When they refused his advances, he had new visions and turned upon them in a terrible fury. After one battle, he coolly witnessed the cold-blooded massacre of seven hundred and ninety Jews.

Dean Milman says, "the Koran was a declaration of war against all mankind." Whatever the Koran may have had to do with it, there is no question as to the war. It began in Medina, spreading out in an ever widening circle of conquest against the surrounding tribes. It was all very simple—the conquered tribesmen were either converted or killed. The number of such conversions and deaths increased at an extraordinary rate and Mohammed soon ruled the neighboring country both as prophet and conqueror. For eight years many battles and many wives kept his life from becoming dull. But his great objective was yet to be attained. His own disdainful city of Mecca was to be brought to heel, and at last he considered the time to be ripe. As a matter of fact the city fell into his hands far more easily than he had expected, but he lived only two years to reap the fruits of his complete victory. At his death, in the year 632, he

was preparing plans for carrying his conquests into other lands; but it had to be left to his successors to confer that favor upon a dazed, incredulous world.

The success of Moslem expansion constitutes an unparalleled epoch in the history of mankind. Within a single century, the Mohammedan armies made their way through Persia to the frontier of sleeping China, and down through Mesopotamia into Brahman India, carrying everything before them; they robbed the Christians of their Holy Land, adding Jerusalem as the second sacred city of their empire; they overran Egypt to the discomfiture of the Coptic Church, and gathered in the Moors of northern Africa as far as the Straits of Gibraltar; they crossed into Spain, establishing a régime which was not expelled until the time of Ferdinand and Isabella in the year when Columbus discovered the New World.

The Arab warriors, inured to the hardships of desert life and fired with a fanatical zeal which assured them of all the delights of a carnal paradise, were more than a match for the local opposition of separated races. With eastern Christendom torn by theological controversies, and western Christendom cracking under the onslaughts of barbarian invasions, there was nothing to stop them. Gradually the Christian world awoke to the terrifying prospect of a triumphant Islam imposing its iron will upon three continents of helpless victims.

In the eighth century, the Moors of Spain considered the time ripe for the next step in this ambitious programme. They conceived the dazzling idea of crossing into France and completing the Mediterranean circle by way of the Balkans, taking in Italy with its Eternal City as an incidental acquisition on the side. The initial effort was a brilliant success, and southern France was added to their growing domain. Had they continued directly eastward, there might have been a different outcome to their venture; but northward lay the city of Tours with its splendid Church of St. Martin filled

with fabulous riches, and the temptation was too much for them.

Some three hundred years before this, a youth named Martin, son of heathen parents but already interested in Christianity, had been enrolled by his father in the Roman army. While stationed at a post near Amiens, he rode by the gate of the city on a bitterly cold winter day. A beggar sat shivering at the gate, asking alms of those who passed by. Martin, being without money, whipped off his military cloak, split it down the middle with his sword and bestowed one half of it upon the suffering beggar. His companions ridiculed him for his foolish generosity; but, that night, he saw a vision of angels surrounding Our Lord who wore the half of Martin's cloak which he had given to the beggar. "See," said Our Lord, "this is the cloak which Martin, while still a catechumen, gave Me." His reputation spread far and wide for the sanctity of his Christian life. Finally, the bishopric of Tours fell vacant, and the people were determined to have no other than Martin for their bishop. They knew he would refuse such an honor because of his deep-seated humility, so they induced him to come to Tours by a subterfuge. Once there, he was seized by the people and carried bodily to the bishops to be consecrated. After Martin's death, there was erected in his honor at Tours a splendid basilica which, as time passed, became a notable shrine for pilgrims from all parts of the country, and was enriched with a large accumulation of costly treasures. Such was the city and church which deflected the tide of advancing Moslems and which the Franks had a mind to defend as they would have defended nothing else in the world. It was the meeting place of an irresistible greed and an immovable fidelity.

By some sort of providential good fortune, Charles Martel (Charles, the Hammer) was the military leader of the Franks in this emergency, and a warrior of no small renown. His military record had been won on many a valiant battlefield, and he was probably the only man in western Europe

capable of even attempting to stem the tide of Moslem progress. Full of confidence in their leader, the Franks gathered in battle array for the defense of Tours, St. Martin's, and the Christian religion in general. It was a notable day when, on October 11, 732, these armies met in mortal combat, an even hundred years after the death of Mohammed. All day long the battle raged, attack and counter-attack, with no appreciable advantage on either side. When night fell the Franks slept on their arms, troubled with vague forebodings of the coming day. But the Moslem leader had been slain, his forces were disorganized, and morning found them in precipitate retreat; the menace of Mohammedanism was definitely curbed. It is true that, in later years, the descendants of that generation beat on the door of eastern Europe with many a resounding thump, but the entrance through the Pyrenees was effectually barred and bolted against them from the time of the great battle of Tours onward. Charles Martel was hailed as the preserver of Christendom, and the European fragments of the Roman Empire settled down in outward peace to enjoy their differences among themselves.

CHAPTER IV

THE PAPACY

AND I SAY also unto thee, that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (St. Mat. 16:18.)

"Jesus saith unto him, 'Feed my sheep'." (St. John 21:17.)

These two constitute the famous "Petrine texts." There are two or three others which are used to support them, but the scriptural authority for the papacy rests primarily on these two and particularly on the first.

The theory of the papacy was defined by the Vatican Council in the year 1870; and, briefly stated, runs something like this. Christ made St. Peter head of the Church by conferring special powers upon him as shown in the Petrine texts; St. Peter was Bishop of Rome; his successors in office, by virtue of election to the bishopric of Rome, are recipients of his special powers, and are in turn divinely-constituted rulers of the Church and Vicars of Christ on earth; this unique authority has always been claimed and exercised by the Bishops of Rome from the beginning, such authority being essential to the life of the Church.

Volumes have been written on the Petrine texts to prove or disprove the "Privilege of Peter." It is neither necessary nor possible for us to review the ground here, and it may answer our purpose very well to accept a good Roman Catholic archbishop as our sufficient authority. When the Vatican Council prepared to take up the question of Papal Infallibility, the late Archbishop Kenrick was in attendance from his see city of St. Louis. He had difficulty in expressing himself adequately in Latin or Italian before the Council,

and determined to put his opinions in print. But for reasons never explained, he was unable to find a printer in Rome who was willing to do his work. So he took it to Naples. In this printed statement he says, among other things, that it is impossible to establish the Privilege of Peter from the Scriptures because the Creed of Pope Pius IV (to which everyone holding an ecclesiastical office must subscribe) expressly provides that Scripture is to be interpreted only according to the unanimous consent of the early Fathers of the Church. Then he proceeds to show that there are five different patristic interpretations of the first of these texts. Out of some eighty-five Fathers, only seventeen teach that St. Peter himself is meant to be "the rock" upon which Christ was to build His Church, while forty-four Fathers teach that "the rock" means the faith expressed by St. Peter when he said, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God" (St. Mat. 16:16). The Archbishop concludes: "If we are bound to follow the greater number of Fathers in this matter, then we must hold for certain that the word *petra* means, not Peter professing the Faith, but the faith professed by Peter." Again, if it be Peter who is referred to as a rock in the sixteenth verse of this chapter, it is certainly a sad commentary that almost immediately thereafter he is likened to Satan (Cf. vs. 23).

As to the second text, it appears substantially in the same form three times in the closing chapter of St. John's Gospel. Our Lord reiterates the question to St. Peter—"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" Three times St. Peter replies—"Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." Whereupon Our Lord says to him—"Feed my lambs," "Feed my sheep," "Feed my sheep." The present Roman doctrine interprets these injunctions as a special commission granted to the Apostle to exercise supreme rule over the Christian faithful. But such eminent early Fathers as St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and St. Cyril of Alexandria all explain it as a three-fold restoration to his place in the ranks of the

Apostles which St. Peter had virtually forfeited by his three-fold denial of Christ at the time of the crucifixion. Says St. Cyril, "By this triple confession of blessed Peter, his sin, consisting of a triple denial, was done away, and by the words of Our Lord, 'Feed my sheep,' a renewal of the apostleship already bestowed on him is understood to take place, removing the shame of his after-fall, and taking from him the cowardice of human frailty." It would seem, therefore, that the Petrine texts as a foundation for the papacy lack something of stability.

That St. Peter was ever Bishop of Rome is a thesis based largely on tradition, and it has often been called in question for that reason. But equally authentic tradition is to the effect that he was bishop in Antioch first and then in Rome where he suffered martyrdom in the persecutions under Nero. It seems reasonable to assume the reliability of such traditions. But if the Privilege of Peter was really meant to be passed on to his successors in office, it would seem that Antioch might have had as good a claim to the papacy as Rome. The difference is that Rome eventually claimed it, while Antioch didn't; and there were many contributing circumstances which help to account for that difference.

Rome was quite certainly the first Church centre in the West, and was the chief point of radiation for Christian missionary effort throughout central and western Europe. In the beginning, it stood on the same footing as the three eastern Patriarchates—Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria. All were closely associated with apostolic origins and were accorded special honors by the Church at large. The breach between East and West, following the transference of the imperial capital to Constantinople, left Rome supreme in its own end of the Empire. The three Eastern Patriarchates were mutual checks, one upon another, which effectually prevented any one of them from assuming a position of exaggerated authority over the rest. At the same time, it is possible that this mutual offset may have stifled anything like

concentrated leadership in time of an emergency. However this may be, a series of calamities descended upon the eastern Church—partly dissensions from within and partly catastrophes from without—which seriously enfeebled the whole Church life of the East. Meanwhile Rome had no rival in the West, and the dissolution of the Empire only brought the Roman bishopric into stronger relief against a leaderless background. In the course of time, the eastern Patriarchates were all but submerged in the flood of Moslem expansion, while Rome rose to correspondingly greater heights upon the afflictions of its eastern neighbors.

Nevertheless, there is nothing in the history of the first eight centuries to indicate that the Church saw, in Rome, anything but a naturally acquired prominence. Such an idea as papal supremacy did not exist in the mind of the Church; and it appears, in a rudimentary form, only as an occasional flash of personal ambition on the part of certain individual popes. Indeed the very title "Pope" was reserved for the Bishop of Rome only from the fifth century; before that time it was common to all the leading bishops of Christendom. Instances may be multiplied out of those first few centuries to show that the Church was entirely innocent of any peculiar subservience to St. Peter or to his successors in the Roman chair.

To start at the beginning—it is quite true that St. Peter held a very notable place among the Apostles as the Church set out upon her active career. The early chapters of the Acts of the Apostles show him in the foreground of Christian activity. Accompanied by his wife, he traveled extensively in advancing the cause of his Master (I Cor. 9:5). But he never once, either by word or act, indicated that he considered himself to be possessed of any superiority over his fellow-Apostles. No doubt he remembered the time when St. James and St. John asked Our Lord for special privileges in His Kingdom and were quickly silenced in no uncertain manner. Early in the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul steps

forward into the spotlight; and, from that time on, he is the central figure, almost to the exclusion of St. Peter. On one occasion St. Paul was so little concerned with any unique authority possessed by St. Peter that he "withstood him to the face" (Gal. 2: 11), and it was St. Peter who knuckled under. At the apostolic Council in Jerusalem, it was St. James who presided and promulgated the decisions of the Council (Acts 15: 19). In one of his epistles (Eph. 4: 11), St. Paul enumerates various offices in the Church—apostles, evangelists, prophets, teachers, etc.—but never suggests such a thing as a pope. If St. Peter were really meant to be the Prince of the Apostles, then the New Testament is simply a case of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

In the second century, a question arose regarding the observance of Easter Day. A different method of reckoning in the East led to the observance of that festival on a fixed day which might or might not be Sunday. In the West it came always on a Sunday. The matter had been amicably discussed at an earlier time, but when Victor I became Bishop of Rome he presumed to impose his own views on the eastern Church. There was a quick back-fire against this unwarranted assumption of authority, to which Victor replied by excommunicating the eastern Christians. St. Irenaeus, Bishop of Lyons, though himself administering a western diocese, promptly wrote a vigorous protest to Victor; while the eastern Church went serenely on its accustomed way untroubled by the Roman excommunication. The difference continued for more than a century until the Council of Nicæa settled it to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

About the middle of the third century, another dispute occurred between Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, and Stephen, Bishop of Rome. The issue had to do with the re-baptism of heretics, and many of the Asiatic bishops became involved in the discussion. In this case, also, Cyprian was a western bishop, but he was the chief spokesman for those who differed with Rome. Stephen lost his temper completely, denounced

Cyprian as a "false Christ, false apostle, and deceitful worker," and proceeded to wield the weapon of excommunication. Far from accepting such a decision, Cyprian wrote to him as one equal to another, rebuking him on some points and resisting him on others. The controversy subsided with the death of Stephen, while the unyielding Cyprian was canonized by a later pope.

When the Council of Nicaea was called to order, it was Hosius, Bishop of Cordova, who acted as presiding officer. Rome was represented by a couple of legates who held the same position in the Council as the representatives of any other Patriarchate. If there were any inherent superiority resident in the Roman bishopric, it could not have escaped public recognition at this first General Council of the whole Church. Quite to the contrary, the Council adopted a canon touching questions of episcopal jurisdiction, in which Antioch, Alexandria, and Rome are all accorded the same degree of authority.

The story of Liberius has already been told (*supra* p. 43). As Bishop of Rome, he had fixed his signature to an Arian confession of faith—which was rank heresy. In spite of his defection, the Church's Faith was not altered, the orthodox Christians disregarded him entirely, and Rome itself now counts Arianism in the number of discredited heresies.

It takes a man of some endurance to deliver Lenten discourses comprising four hours of steady eloquence. St. Hilary, Bishop of Arles in the fifth century, did this so often that his enraptured congregation was obliged to forego its traditional custom of standing through the sermons, and to revert to a sitting posture. This is mentioned merely to show the stalwart quality of the man. On a certain occasion he deposed one of his priests named Celedonius. The latter considered himself ill treated and appealed his case to Leo I, who was then Bishop of Rome. Leo revoked the action of Hilary, restored Celedonius, and stripped the stalwart Bishop of his ecclesiastical faculties. But Hilary was

not one to acquiesce in such treatment without good reason. He promptly repaired to Rome and made good use of his powers of endurance battling for independence. The outcome is not quite clear, except that Hilary retained his office during the remainder of his lifetime, and, like Cyprian, was canonized by a later bishop.

The Council of Chalcedon (451 A. D.) had under consideration the character of the jurisdiction to be exercised by the Patriarch of Constantinople. A canon was adopted stating that special honor should be paid to Constantinople and to Rome because they were the two capital cities of the Empire. The Roman legates vigorously protested that the position of their bishop was more than honorary; but the canon stood unchanged, and Rome formally accepted the decisions of that Council.

Fortunately, the correspondence has been carefully preserved which passed between Gregory I, Bishop of Rome, and "John the Faster," Patriarch of Constantinople (587 A. D.). In some irresponsible moment, John had applied to himself the title "Universal (or Ecumenical) Bishop." Gregory promptly protested by letter, first to John, then to the Emperor, and then to the other patriarchs. The Patriarch of Alexandria replied that he was quite ready to follow the commands of Gregory, and, in fulsome compliment, transferred to him the title of "Universal Bishop." But Gregory wrote a second time, saying, "I beg that you would not speak of 'commanding' since I know who I am and who you are. In dignity you are my brother, in character my father. . . . If you style me 'Universal Pope,' you deny that you are at all what you own me to be universally. Away with words which puff up vanity and wound charity." To John he wrote: "No one ever yet wished to be called 'Universal.'" And for the time being—that was that.

Then there is the curious case of Pope Vigilius (539 A. D.), who seemed possessed of all the properties of a weather-vane. He became involved in a controversy circling

around certain writings called "The Three Chapters." The Emperor Justinian demanded that the writings should be condemned, and insisted on the bishops signing such a condemnation. Vigilius refused to sign. He was summoned to Constantinople and kept there as a prisoner for the better part of seven years. Under pressure, he made an agreement with the Emperor to change his mind and sign the required edict, issuing a statement to that effect to the other bishops. North Africa, in its wrath, poured forth maledictions upon him, actually excommunicating him in a local synod. Vigilius then attempted a compromise which only added fuel to the fire, and he presently withdrew it. Justinian was highly incensed at such slippery methods, and bound Vigilius by new pledges sworn to on the nails of the holy Cross and on the Gospels. But the Pope still squirmed in a most unsatisfactory manner, and the Emperor sent a praetor with a guard to arrest him and bring him to terms. Vigilius sought refuge in a church where he hid himself under the altar. The praetor attempted to drag him out by his feet, his hair, and his beard. Vigilius held on until he pulled the altar to pieces, and popular indignation drove the praetor away. The situation was becoming more and more complex. Vigilius concluded that the only solution would be through another General Council; and, at his request, the Fifth General Council was called. Then he refused to attend it. Justinian produced the written evidence of the Pope's agreement to stand with him. Vigilius was summoned, but declined to pay any attention to the summons. The Council then condemned the writings and laid the Pope under severe measures of discipline. Things were going so badly for Vigilius that he decided it was time to change his mind again. He entered the Council, submitted to all its decisions, prepared a paper in which he retracted all his previous actions, and declared that his former vacillation had certainly been inspired by the devil.

When St. Augustine, with his band of missionaries, landed

in England in the year 603, he was met by a delegation from the ancient British Church. He explained that he had been sent by the Pope for the evangelization of England, and that, therefore, the British Church must be prepared to recognize him as its superior authority. The reply of the Abbott of Bangor-Iscoed has been preserved, and runs as follows: "Be it known to you, without any ambiguity, that we all and singly are obedient to the Pope of Rome and to every true and devout Christian, to love each in his own order with perfect charity, and to aid each one of them to become sons of God in word and deed. And I know not of any other obedience than this due to him whom ye style Pope, nor that he has a claim and right to be Father of fathers. And the aforesaid obedience we are ready to yield at once to him and to every Christian. Further, we are under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Caerleon-upon-Usk, who is, under God, appointed to oversee us, and to make us keep the spiritual path." Evidently any idea of papal supremacy was quite a novelty to the British Church.

In the seventh century came the bitter controversy over Monothelitism. One Sergius was the outstanding champion of this doctrine, but he was staunchly supported by Pope Honorius I who actually wrote letters in favor of Sergius and his teaching. A furor was created which grew steadily and with increasing intensity. At length the issue became so acute that the Sixth General Council was called to settle it. Monothelitism, itself, was roundly condemned; but that was not all. Everyone supporting the doctrine was anathematized as a heretic, with special mention of Honorius by name, of whom the Council said that "in all things he had followed the opinions of Sergius and had sanctioned his impious doctrines." Rome has formally accepted the decrees of this Council also. Indeed, for a long time thereafter every pope, on taking his oath of office, was obliged to pronounce

Honorius I, his own predecessor, to have been a heretic and, for that reason, to be anathema.

Such instances tell a convincing story as to how the Church regarded the Bishop of Rome in those first few centuries. The facts show that the papacy was an achievement of the Middle Ages—a clearly traceable development for the protection of the Church and the conservation of the Christian religion. At the close of the Middle Ages, it was what the diplomats would call a *fait accompli*—something which was first done and for which reasons were to be found afterwards. If not exactly natural, it (or something like it) was in some sense inevitable. One can scarcely think what would have happened to western Christendom without a strongly centralized religious authority to offset the social autocracy of feudalism. It was in the nature of a blessing—though by no means an unmixed one. But, with the passing of medieval feudalism, it is a live question as to whether the papacy did not automatically become an anachronism. It is a very different matter to make claims that the papacy was essential to the life of the Church from the beginning, and that its temporary necessity has survived the conditions which gave it birth.

The Catholic Encyclopedia (vol. XII, p. 262, under the article "Pope") says that "the permanence of that office is essential to the very being of the Church." Yet there were considerable periods of time which elapsed between the elections of successive popes—the interval between Clement IV and Gregory X being more than three years. The question is—where was the Church during those three years? If the office is "essential to the very being of the Church," did the Church cease to be, during those years when its essential element was wanting? If, on the other hand, it could survive three years in the absence of its own essence, why not a hundred years or a thousand years or for the rest of the earth's natural life?

In the same article (pp. 266-267) the *Encyclopedia* also

states that the extraordinary powers of the pope are "immediate in character" and not delegated to him by the Church. They are powers which belong only to the pope. Granting, then, for the sake of argument, that Christ's words indicate a supremacy for St. Peter over the other Apostles (which is contradicted by a large majority of the early Church Fathers); granting that St. Peter was actually Bishop of Rome (a claim never advanced before the year 170); granting that this supremacy was meant to be transmitted to his successors in office (which is merely surmise); and granting that Roman bishops are capable of receiving such inherited powers (which is a gratuitous assumption)—the further question arises as to how these strictly personal powers can be transmitted when a new pope cannot even be elected until his predecessor in the office is dead? With no one left on earth in possession of papal powers, who is equipped to transmit them to the newly elected incumbent? Not the Church, for the Church never had them; not the cardinals, for they are incapable of receiving them; not the previous Bishop of Rome, for he is dead. It can only be by a new creative act of divine grace; in which case it is not the privilege of Peter at all, but an entirely new privilege in each succeeding pope. So the papacy itself vitiates the fundamental principle of apostolic succession—namely, that one can transmit only that which he himself possesses.

The medieval papacy found its foothold at the junction point of four converging lines of development, all of which are woven into a common strand serving, first, as a life-line to the Church, and eventually as an ecclesiastical fetter. There were, to be sure, various other contributing influences, but it was mainly along these four courses—political, social, military, and ecclesiastical—that history went tumbling on its troubled way, finally to discover itself confronted with this novel institution of its own unconscious creation. The papacy was not so much manufactured out of the plots of scheming Churchmen as it was thrust upon the

Church by the multiple force of interlocking circumstances.

1. *Political*.—When, in the year 330, Constantine removed the capital of the Empire to Constantinople, Rome was left to live on its previous reputation. As a seat of government, it quickly ceased to function. Honorius, who was the last of the western emperors, fled from Rome on the approach of the Gothic invaders and lived the remainder of his wretched life in Ravenna. That flight left Rome with only memories of political leadership. For the next three centuries, the Empire was administered from Constantinople, with nothing more than a representative of the Emperor stationed at Ravenna, who went by the title of "Exarch." He had no real authority, and was either ignored or despised by the forsaken people of Italy. To those people, however, Rome never ceased to be the object of their affection, and to Rome they instinctively turned their appealing eyes in time of imminent danger. But with the removal of the seat of government, there was only one man left in the Eternal City possessed of any particular prestige—namely, the bishop. The political vicissitudes of the Empire elevated him into unavoidable prominence. He must have been a very weak man indeed who would have failed to capitalize such a ready-made opportunity. And many of those bishops were exceedingly strong and able men.

2. *Social*.—The pagan aristocracy of Rome died hard. It persisted down to the time of the Gothic invasion, in spite of growing Christian opposition, and was composed of many fine old families who inherited many fine old estates. These families clung tenaciously to the remnants of paganism as to the decaying rags of former grandeur; prominent offices of the pagan régime had come into their exclusive possession, and in many instances had become hereditary. These aristocrats were very proud of the social position which such offices brought to them, and they cherished their traditions carefully against the time when pagan culture might be restored once

again to its own. Popular Rome became more and more Christian, but social Rome perpetuated its pagan interest within a gradually narrowing circle until the Goths swarmed down through the country. As we have already seen, the Goths were Christians of a sort. Therefore, when they sacked Rome, they spared the Christian portions of the city and spent their piratical energies with unabated zeal upon the exclusive social set. The net result was that pagan Rome was fairly obliterated, while Christian Rome was left in full possession of the field. The old aristocracy either fled to other lands or sullenly submitted to impoverishment at home. Paganism was done for. The new aristocracy was to be Christian, setting the social standard for all the neighboring communities. The Church henceforth dominated society, and the bishop was, of course, the head of the Church.

3. *Military*.—The once invincible Roman legions had lost their fighting magic by the beginning of the fifth century. What military spirit was left found ample opportunity to express itself in the East, and Italy became practically defenseless. When the barbarians came over the Alps in reiterated quest of plunder, they met with a resistance which was both feeble and demoralized. Vainly, provincial Italy looked to Rome for some revival of military ardor. Such expectations proved hopeless. Upon this dreary scene comes the fine spectacle of Pope Leo I leading out his procession of unarmed clergy into the camp of the Huns where he redeemed the dismal situation by buying off the invaders with a large sum of money. A few years later came the Vandals, and once more Leo stepped into the breach, securing from them a promise that the city would not be burned or the people tortured. Naturally, a public twice saved in its extremity was prepared to pay high honor to this new source of help which could do for them what a decadent military leadership had entirely failed to do. The people sought the Pope for the defense of their lives and property as well as of their souls. Such methods, however, could not be permanently effective. If the Pope

were to be really the protector of the city in an age when warfare was the order of the day, he must have some sort of military backing. Therefore there had to be papal alliances with military powers, together with the organization of local military forces. So Christendom came to witness the strange anomaly of a Christian bishop recruiting papal armies, actively participating in military campaigns, and occasionally leading his own armies in person on the field of battle.

4. *Ecclesiastical*.—Opposition consolidates loyalty. Under any circumstances the office of Bishop of Rome would have been immensely important from an ecclesiastical point of view. An attack upon the religious privileges of the Italian people would naturally force the pope into a position of extraordinary leadership; and such leadership, strongly exercised, would also naturally fortify his position and greatly enhance his prestige. This is just what happened when Leo the Isaurian (nick-named "The Iconoclast") was Emperor in Constantinople (717 A. D.). For reasons which need not be discussed at this point, he determined to rid his Empire of the religious images which had been erected in profusion in all quarters. Having instituted bitter warfare against image-worship in the East, he turned his indomitable energy against similar practices in the West. The exarch was ordered to destroy all images in the churches of Italy, and he endeavored to carry out the order. But representations of Our Lord and of the saints were exceedingly popular; the exarch was little more than an object of contempt; and the Emperor himself was heartily disliked on all hands because of his policy on taxation and for his general arrogance. It was a highly combustible situation, and there is nothing surprising in the fierce flame of resentment which greeted the Emperor's demands. Gregory II was pope at the time, and happened to be a man with a mind of his own. He flatly refused to comply when the order was transmitted to him. He headed up the popular feeling in Italy, and returned wrath for wrath in good measure against the headstrong

Emperor. Leo wrote abusive letters and Gregory replied in kind. "We must," said the Pope, "write to you grossly and rudely, forasmuch as you are illiterate and gross . . . Go into our elementary schools, and say, 'I am the overthrower and persecutor of images'; and forthwith the children will cast their tablets at you, and you will be taught by the unwise that which you refuse to learn from the wise." The people were solidly back of the Pope. They drove out the exarch, and clung all the more earnestly to their images. Leo's attempt was a total failure in the West, and practically ceased with his death. The Pope had won his point on an exceedingly popular issue. He had entered the lists in defense of the religious liberties of Italy against an autocratic ruler who was none too well loved anyhow. The public realized the growing need for such a champion, and was ready to pay him all the honor necessary for the preservation of its religious prerogatives.

These four courses of events were not all separate and distinct. They were interwoven and cross-hatched, but they came to a definite focus toward the beginning of the eighth century in a critical situation arising in Italy and culminating in the remarkable career of Charlemagne.

The Lombards were a troublesome people who had crossed the Alps a century or so before this, and had settled in northern Italy, in that section now known as Lombardy. They had erected a kingdom of their own, and had become permanent inhabitants along the valley of the Po. Like the Goths, they had adopted an Arian form of Christianity and were, therefore, both politically and religiously, on unfriendly terms with the rest of Italy. When the controversy over images broke out, the Lombard king took advantage of the distracted state of affairs to advance his own ambitions. He set forth in conquest of the neighboring territory, pushing his successes to the very walls of Rome. The bad feeling engendered by the image controversy made it impossible for Italy to look to Constantinople for any help against the

Lombards, and the Pope was put to it to find a way out of the difficulty. Charles Martel, the great Frankish general, after his victory over the Moslems at Tours, was the military man of the hour. Moreover, the Franks were orthodox in their Christianity and, therefore, on the other side of the ecclesiastical fence from the Lombards. Frantically Pope Gregory III appealed to Charles in his distress, urging him by persuasion and gifts to come speedily to the rescue. Gregory sent the keys of St. Peter's tomb and filings from St. Peter's chains as special inducements. In all probability, a favorable response would have been forthcoming; but Charles died, and Gregory followed him the same year.

Charles' office as Mayor of the Palace was hereditary just as that of the king; and, upon his death, his two sons, Pepin and Carloman, succeeded him. Carloman surrendered his rights and retired to a monastery, leaving Pepin virtual ruler of the Franks under a ridiculous figure-head of a king. Pepin was far from being satisfied with the situation. He disliked the idea of performing all the duties of a ruler while the honors accrued to the useless survivor of a decadent line of royalty. Why, he queried, should he not be accorded the title as well as the responsibilities? Still it was a serious matter to turn a king out-of-doors, for one could never be sure just how well pleased his subjects might be at such a radical change. Pepin sought advice of Zacharias who had succeeded to the papal chair. Zacharias was still desperately in need of help against the Lombards, and was not slow to avail himself of such an opportunity to secure it. So the puppet king paid the unwilling price, and took his long hair into a monastery for the remainder of his natural life, while Pepin was raised aloft on a buckler and proclaimed the new King of the Franks.

Zacharias did not live to profit by his bargain. Stephen II, his successor, attempted to postpone the issue by a treaty with the Lombards, but they promptly violated their obligations by going on another rampage. This time Stephen did

not wait for long-distance communications, but set out in person to lay his troubles before Pepin. He and his clergy, clothed in sack-cloth and ashes, cast themselves on the ground before the Frankish ruler, earnestly imploring his assistance. Pepin received them with all honor, walked by the side of the Pope holding his horse's rein, and agreed to do all that was asked of him.

A brief campaign brought the Lombards to terms; but as soon as Pepin had re-crossed the Alps, they again repudiated all their promises in a series of renewed depredations. Followed another appeal from the Pope and another campaign by Pepin. Only, this time, promises were at a discount, and the Franks remained in the field long enough to recover the conquered territory and present it as a gift to the Pope. Constantinople protested at this summary disposition of a portion of the imperial realm; but Pepin replied that he had taken it for St. Peter, and to the Pope it must go. So the Papal States came into existence, and the Pope, as a temporal sovereign, appeared as a factor to be reckoned with by the other sovereigns of Europe.

Thus was the ground prepared for Charlemagne with his boundless ambitions and his powerful personality. He became King of the Franks on the death of his father Pepin, and for nearly half a century (768-814) dominated the better part of the known world.

The versatility of Charlemagne's interests is positively amazing. As a warrior, he was without a peer. As a statesman, he was bold and resourceful. He conceived the tremendous idea of rebuilding a western Empire which might compare favorably with the Roman Empire of the Cæsars. As a matter of fact, his incessant conquests did bring him a realm equal in extent to that of the Cæsars, and he all but concluded a marriage uniting his own family with that of the Empress in Constantinople which would have carried it still farther. The Greeks coined a proverb in his honor—"Have the Frank for thy friend but not for thy neighbor."

He handled his unwieldy mass of subject people with a real genius for administration. On the whole, he was reasonable with them; but no one was ever in any doubt as to who was master. He had a deep-seated devotion to the Christian religion, though it must be said that the expedients he adopted for converting conquered races would scarcely bear the scrutiny of a good Christian missionary. His thirty-three years of war with the Saxons, for instance, brought him to the determination either to convert or exterminate them. On one occasion he resorted to the latter method to the extent of 4,500 executions, and imposed Baptism upon all survivors. So far as the Church was concerned, he ran it to suit himself. Papal authority never troubled him, for he recognized no other authority than his own. Indeed he assumed the responsibility of personally investigating the bitter quarrel over Leo III, whose enemies had seized him in the streets of Rome, beaten him cruelly, and attempted to cut out his eyes and his tongue. Moreover, Charlemagne was a patron of learning, in which he set a notable example for clergy and courtiers. He spoke Latin, as well as his native tongue, and had a good working knowledge of Greek. He studied diligently for his own improvement, surrounded himself with the best scholarship of his day, and encouraged the pursuit of knowledge with all the pressure of his royal influence. He was greatly interested in reading and singing, and, his chronicler adds, "he was very skilful in both, although he neither read publicly nor sang, except in a low voice and together with others."

The one persistent blot upon Charlemagne's record is to be found in the irregularities of his private life. In personal morals he seemed incorrigible. Soon after he became king, he approached the Lombard question from the diplomatic angle of a marriage alliance. To be sure, he already had a wife; but he proposed to dispose of her and marry the Lombard princess. The Pope was in a terrible temper, both from moral and political considerations. He entreated and

expostulated with Charlemagne, all to no avail. Then he wrote him a letter, fairly smoking with indignation and promising all manner of eternal fire if the King persisted in his wicked designs. To give the greatest possible weight to the letter, the Pope explained that he had laid it upon St. Peter's tomb and offered the Eucharistic Sacrifice upon it. But Charlemagne was unmoved. He carried out his plans according to schedule, lived with his new wife for about a year, and then, for reasons unassigned, sent her back to her father to make room for a third consort for his royal self. In this respect, Charlemagne was somewhat anticipating Henry VIII of England; yet he was never excommunicated for it, and he has never been accused of "starting a new Church." But that was before the papacy had really arrived.

Well—Charlemagne had not been long on his throne when the Lombards again grew restless at the expense of their neighbors. By this time, the Franks had acquired something of an appetite for Lombards, and when the Pope cried out again for rescue, the Franks made their accustomed response by dispatching another army into Italy. No half-way measures were to be tolerated any longer. Charlemagne not only chastised the faithless Lombards, but he abolished their kingdom, made a monk out of their king, and took their country under his own control. He went to Rome where he was received with an exuberance of honor. He came to St. Peter's, kissed each step as he entered, embraced the Pope and was welcomed by the clergy with chants of "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." The former gift of Pepin's was ratified, and much additional territory was granted to the papal domain, all of which was publicly proclaimed as Charlemagne placed the instrument of donation on the tomb of the Apostle.

Years afterward, Charlemagne came again to Rome to settle the question of the right of Leo III to the papal chair. When that matter was satisfactorily disposed of, Charlemagne remained over the Christmas season, and on Christmas Day

of the year 800 he went to worship in St. Peter's. As he was kneeling before the altar, the Pope stepped forward without any warning and placed a crown upon his head in the sight of the astonished congregation—and apparently to the complete surprise of Charlemagne himself. The action suited the temper of the people exactly, and the great church rang with shouts of "Long life and victory to Charles, crowned by God Emperor of Rome." Such were the mixed beginnings of what came to be known as the Holy Roman Empire, a powerful factor in the destinies of Europe, either in fact or in name, for a thousand years to come.

So rose the medieval Empire, and so rose the medieval papacy. Had Charlemagne been followed by one or two successors of similar energy, his grandiose vision of reviving the glories of the Cæsars might have become a reality. But that was not to be. His Empire was fractured in the hands of his less competent sons, and began to crumble as the breath left his body. The title "Emperor," inaugurated with him, continued to carry a weighty prestige for many a century, but its real authority was as transitory as his own life. Meantime, on the ruins of his imperial projects, the papacy found its foothold. The chair of Peter became the papal throne, and the pope became *The Pope*. As the ruler of the Papal States, he claimed the privileges of temporal sovereignty, and treated with kings as with temporal equals. Indeed, the time came when he claimed super-sovereignty over all earthly rulers, and the battle was on between Church and State, with the Divine Commission unhappily imperilled in a No-man's land between. Thanks chiefly to Charlemagne, the Church thus became inextricably involved in the tangle of European politics, and the Vatican took its place in the diplomatic counsels of the nations—whether for better or for worse.

CHAPTER V

THE DARK AGES

“THREE generations from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves” is the proverbial history of most American fortunes. The Empire of Charlemagne had no greater degree of permanence. At his death in 814, the solidarity of his creation vanished, though it did manage to limp out a crippled existence for seventy-three years more. He left many sons, some legitimate and some otherwise, all of whom were ambitious and none very competent. With his usual foresight, Charlemagne had made a personal selection of the one who should bear the imperial title after him, and had seen to it that his successor was elevated to this royal distinction before his own death. Thus Louis became emperor, while his brothers held subordinate kingdoms. The idea was that there should be local kings to rule over the different subject peoples, these kings rendering a certain fealty to the one who was emperor. The plan was too loose to be effective. It soon developed into a number of separate kingdoms, with the imperial honor more theoretical than useful. Plots and conspiracies ran riot among the sons and grandsons of Charlemagne, with the support of the popes enlisted now on one side and now on another. The end came in the reign of one who bore the descriptive name of Charles the Fat, an amiable but helpless gentleman who was eventually deposed in 887, and died the following year. He was the last of the Carolingian line. For the next forty years there was no emperor at all.

The Papacy and the Western Empire had risen to eminence together. Had they continued in anything like harmonious coöperation, there might have been a very different story to tell. But in a society organized under the feudal

system there could be room for just one man at the top. The inevitable conflict between Pope and Emperor was already on the horizon, and it soon began to materialize. Papal prestige was growing while Charlemagne's Empire was disintegrating. Royal jealousies produced great confusion in the secular government; also kings were not always as moral as they ought to be. For instance, there was Lothair who married the daughter of an abbot, and wanted to change his mind about it the following year. The indignant abbot threatened war if his daughter were turned out of doors, so Lothair took her back. But his attention was fastened upon another lady, and he had recourse to the dastardly trick of accusing his wife of unspeakable sins. She was driven to a confession which she later retracted. Lothair married the other woman, and attempted to bribe the French bishops into acquiescence. The Pope was obliged to intervene. Lothair made promises which he never kept—threatened, lied, and flattered to gain his ends. The Queen became a mental wreck, while the other woman probably enjoyed it all hugely. Lothair died before the question was settled, but he had completely ruined himself in the estimation of his own people, while the Pope had won added support from a public thoroughly disgusted with the duplicity of their King.

Such conditions lent a powerful impulse to the growing prestige of the papacy—and rightly so. As much cannot be said, however, for two documents which appeared in a combined form toward the opening of the ninth century. Curious people of modern times will find an interesting field for speculation in the fact that two papers of unknown origin and largely self-contradictory could gain currency with almost no opposition, and influence the course of world events for centuries to come. But in an uncritical age, when few people could read, and scholarship was rare, it was not a surprising occurrence. We have already referred to the laws of Constantine which returned sequestrated property to the Church,

and permitted the Church to receive bequests. This appears to be the only historical foundation for the notorious "Donation of Constantine." An old legend told how Constantine had been stricken with a form of leprosy from which he was relieved at the hands of Sylvester I, Bishop of Rome. In gratitude for his miraculous cure, the Emperor was said to have executed this Donation by which the Pope was given permanent authority over Rome and "all provinces, places, and cities of Italy or of the western regions." The ambiguous expression "western regions" was made to be marvelously inclusive, covering the whole western hemisphere when Columbus finally discovered it. This was one of the above-mentioned documents, produced from nowhere, but soon accepted everywhere. For five hundred years its authenticity was unquestioned; and it was skilfully used to promote the supremacy of the Roman pontiff whenever a question of his jurisdiction was raised. It is now acknowledged by everybody to be altogether spurious—a not too clever forgery thrust upon a credulous public.

The other document is no less curious, and served as a valuable reënforcement to the first. It seems that, a couple of hundred years earlier, a monk named Dionysius Exiguus had compiled a collection of the decisions of the popes on various questions, which was most useful for purposes of reference. This was the same Dionysius who prepared our present system of Christian chronology, dating from what he reckoned to be the Year One—namely, the year of our Saviour's birth. Thinking, perhaps, that one good turn deserved another, someone drew up a supplementary collection of papal decisions supposed to commence early in the second century. They were called *Decretals*, and were used as precedents in later questions of a similar nature—not unlike the decisions of the Supreme Court in modern jurisprudence. The work was said to have been done by "Isadore of Seville"; but no one knows who he was, and this name is probably a pseudonym. The Isadorian *Decretals* far

outstripped those of Dionysius in the extending of papal authority. They indicated that, from the beginning, the popes had swayed an almost unlimited power; and the inference was that the popes of the ninth century were entirely within their rights in doing likewise. Once such a document was accepted, it was impossible to raise much objection to anything a pope might do. And it was accepted—accepted with scarcely a murmur of doubt, for five centuries. Upon it, the popes were able to erect an ecclesiastical organization which was all but invincible. By the time its true character was exposed, a large part of western Christendom had acquired an ingrained habit of submission. But nobody now defends it. The document is commonly known as the Pseudo-Isadorian, or Forged, Decretals. The thing itself has been exploded, but the fragments have been carefully inlaid by controversialists in the modern theory of the papal monarchy.

Both of these documents arrived at an opportune moment when, in 858, Nicholas I was elevated to the papal chair. He proved to be a strong, aggressive man, the first to advance excessive claims to papal power, and measurably successful in the exercise of it. He was the pope who battled with Lothair on the question of the King's personal morals. Neither was he at all backward about interference with the less aggravated problems of other sovereigns. He carried on a bitter controversy with the Eastern Church, and only just missed the capturing of Bulgaria from missionaries of that Church. He removed bishops at will, and revoked the actions of Councils. If objection were raised, he was prepared to point his opponents to the Donation of Constantine and the Forged Decretals, declaring that he was only following the precedents of his forefathers. Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, seems to have been the only man to stand out against him with anything like determined resistance; and Hincmar, able man that he was, found episcopal life to be simply one thing after another.

Of course, it is easy to condemn these forgeries out of hand as examples of inexcusable dishonesty. But there was doubtless a motive behind them which was not altogether unworthy. The state of the Church was deplorable. Heroic measures of some kind were obviously in order. The clergy and people elected their bishops, but royal hands were accustomed to manipulate such elections with practical impunity. Bishoprics had acquired enormous wealth in the swift development of the country, and the extensive revenues were coveted with ever-increasing cupidity. The nobility saw to it that the most lucrative sees were kept securely within their own family control. They were auctioned to the highest bidder without regard to the spiritual welfare of the people. It was not uncommon for mere boys to be made bishops in order that their relatives might draw down the large incomes while assistant ecclesiastics performed the required duties. For instance, the important Bishopric of Rheims fell vacant, whereupon a French count forced the election of his own five-year-old son, and coolly walked away with the plunder. Pope John X confirmed the election. But presently, another political party gained control, and a rival bishop was elected. The contending bishops fought it out for thirty years, each backed by his own group of powerful interests. One had been acknowledged by one pope, and the other by a succeeding pope. At a Church Council where the matter was under discussion, both contestants produced letters of confirmation from a third pope.

As with the bishoprics, so with the monasteries. It was a far cry from the early Egyptian hermits to the well-organized monastic life of the Middle Ages. St. Anthony, in the third century, had lived in the wilderness for twenty years without laying his eyes on another human being. In the fourth century, St. Simon Stylites lived for thirty-six years on the top of a fifty-foot pillar, with no protection from wind and weather, never even sitting down during the forty days of the annual Lenten fast. But in the sixth

century, St. Benedict inaugurated a rule of monastic life which was adopted throughout all of Europe. The spectacular excesses of individual hermits were merged into the more reasonable régime of community life. Monasteries under the Benedictine rule were established far and wide, and, for the most part, they were great blessings. The monks tilled the ground and pursued studious occupations; their monasteries offered centres of refuge to those who were in distress. It is difficult to see what would have happened to the Holy Scriptures if the monks had not preserved them and made laborious copies of them as part of their daily routine. The monasteries were the Universities of the early Middle Ages. But Charlemagne's genius for organization had laid hold upon the monks as it had upon the bishops. All manner of secular duties were demanded of them, which prevented the proper exercise of their spiritual functions. Then, too, many of the monasteries had become very wealthy, and were attractive prizes for the greedy nobility. The monastic rule of life became so badly neglected that a sweeping reform was instituted at Cluny, in the tenth century; and a second reform, somewhat later, by the Cistercians. But in this period we are considering, conditions were on the down-grade, with no one to apply the brakes. Abbots and bishops were in perpetual conflict, and clever politicians played them off one against the other.

Some one probably figured it out that the only solution of these conditions was to concentrate power in the hands of a supreme head to whom all would have to be responsible. Discipline could thus be strengthened, and the Church relieved from the secularizing pressure of kings and princes. So the forgeries of which we have spoken were very likely perpetrated in the character of pious frauds. But, like so many other compromises with honesty, however well intentioned, their success proved to be more disastrous than the condition they were meant to remedy. The fallacy in the theory lay in the expectation that the recipient of these

exaggerated powers would, himself, always be above reproach. This did not turn out to be the case. Instead, the papacy was converted into another prize greatly to be desired, and the abuses which had been prevalent in the lower orders flowed through the channels of human frailty into an ocean of corruption which flooded Rome for generations to come. For a century and a half, the See of Peter was openly on the market. It was bought and sold, traded and stolen. Murder, war, adultery, bribery, blackmail, and every other known vice invaded the papal court and spread their contaminating influences like a moral pestilence. Some of the very worst characters in Rome controlled the papacy, and placed their own creatures on its throne with impudent disregard of all principles of decency. The period is aptly called the Dark Ages, and the record of it is not pleasant reading. An illustration or two will suffice.

When a man is dead, he is generally left to the tender mercies of his Creator. But it was not so with Pope Formosus. If anyone prayed over him that "the souls of the faithful departed" might rest in peace, it was far too literally interpreted by those who followed him. Maybe his soul was allowed to rest in peace, but his body was in for some strange post-mortem adventures. After being pope from 891 to 896, he died. But during those years, he had acquired an active group of enemies who were not averse to playing the part of ghouls. Boniface VI was pope for only fifteen days. Stephen VI came next, and was one of the inveterate foes of Formosus. The ghastly proceedings then commenced. The dead body of Formosus was dragged from its tomb, clothed in papal robes, seated in the pontifical chair, and placed on trial. A deacon was made attorney for the defense, but his efforts were as lifeless as his client. Formosus was convicted and all his official acts annulled. His dead body was stripped of its vestments, the three fingers used in pontifical blessing were struck off, and the corpse thrown into the Tiber, whence it was rescued by some sympathetic

monk. Two other popes reigned for a few months each, in the following year. Then John IX ascended the throne, and called for another Synod on Formosus. The conviction of the first trial was rescinded, and the body was re-interred in St. Peter's with full papal honors. Three more short-term popes lived and died; after which, Sergius III reopened the case, and condemned Formosus all over again. By this last judgment, all the Orders conferred by Formosus were declared invalid, and his bishops were to be treated as laymen. But these bishops had, of course, ordained many priests in the meantime, and the question remained—who was what? Formosus' name stands in the accredited list of popes, but his body is by this time doubtless reduced to a condition incapable of further violence.

While Formosus was still in search of permanent burial, another influence broke upon the city of Rome. This time it was feminine—and the female of the species is more dangerous than the male. Theodora was her name. She was a widow cursed with beauty, wealth, and a totally defunct conscience. She had two daughters, one named Theodora after her mother, and the other named Marozia. The daughters also were afflicted with the same triple curse. One would like to be chivalrous and saying something complimentary about these women, but history cannot be unwritten, and the record is inexorable. For fifty years, they, their relatives, their offspring, and their lovers, controlled the destinies of the papal See through what is commonly known as the period of the "pornocracy." The highest ecclesiastics fell into their voluptuous toils. Liutprand, contemporary Bishop of Cremona, tells the story of the time, and he was doubtless in a position to know. Pope Sergius III lived openly with Marozia, and Liutprand says that John XI was their son. A grandson of Marozia was engineered into the papacy, and assumed the name of John XII. He was eighteen years old at the time; and the older he grew, the worse he became. The Emperor came to conduct a thorough

investigation into his character, and hosts of witnesses freely testified to an interminable list of crimes; among other things, he had drunk wine "to the love of the devil." He was finally killed in the act of adultery. Theodora, the mother, had been responsible for the elevation of John X to the papal throne. This handsome young man had come on some mission to Rome from Ravenna, and had fallen under the widow's seductive glance. She hastened to add him to the number of her conquests, had him made Bishop of Bologna, and then placed him in the Vatican where he could be nearer home. All of this made him many enemies. They surprised the Pope one evening in the castle of St. Angelo, murdered his brother, Peter, and suffocated the Pope himself. Cardinal Baronius, writing of this period, refers to the popes as monstrous men of most vicious life, entirely lost as to morals; and then quaintly remarks that the continuance of the papacy under such conditions must be a token of special divine favor. It reminds one of the tale of the Jew who visited Rome about this time and announced, on his return home, that he had been converted to a belief in the divine character of the Church. When asked for the cause of his conversion, he replied that no institution could possibly survive the corruption of Roman society without some divine intervention back of it.

Nevertheless, even a dark cloud has some brighter edges, if not a full-blown silver lining. The murky picture painted in the last few pages does not tell the whole story of the Church in the Dark Ages. There was at least a portion of the scriptural seven thousand who had not bowed the knee to the Baal of corruption and licentiousness. During this very time, monasticism underwent the reform which emanated from Cluny. Sylvester II was an encouraging contrast to the general run of popes, though his own virtue fought a losing battle with the decadence of his age, and one account says that he was poisoned by a representative member of Theodora's tribe. Gregory V also relieves the dark back-

ground with a more cheerful touch of decency. In England, Alfred the Great and his family set a worthy example of virtuous living; and the splendid figure of St. Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, showed that the moral power of the Gospel was not altogether submerged. These represent a saving remnant which was waiting only for that point of degradation to be reached where a nauseated Church would revolt and cleanse itself of its moral filth. But conditions had to become worse before they could become better. The Divine Commission had fallen on evil days.

Toward the end of the tenth century there was a curious cross-current in the Church, indicating that some people thought more than twice about their sins. The approach of the year 1000 produced its crop of millennialists who were convinced that the world was about to come to an end. All the details of prophecy seemed to be in a process of undeniable fulfilment, and people checked them up by the sixth chapter of the Revelation with the "sagacity of terror." Of pestilences there were many, and some of them came with devastating virulence. Fresh invasions of the Huns renewed the horrors of five hundred years before. Famine conditions of unusual severity prevailed for years at a time. Raoul Glaber, who was born about 1000 A. D., has left a chronicle of the tenth century. His powers of discrimination were not very keen, but he probably reflects something of the spirit of the times when he writes: "The rich waxed thin and pale; the poor gnawed the roots of trees, and many were in such extremity as to devour human flesh. The strong fell upon the weak in the public highways, tore them to pieces, and roasted them for food. Children were enticed by an egg or some fruit into by-ways where they were devoured. This frenzy of hunger was such that the beast was safer than the man." War and pillage ran riot. In fact, petty warfare became so common that the bishops decreed the "Truce of God," which forbade fighting from Wednesday to Sunday of each week. If a great storm burst upon the

land or an eclipse of the sun or moon occurred, people in many places sought refuge in churches, or hid themselves away in dens, fearfully waiting for the dreaded catastrophe to come. Many gifts were made to the Church in the effort to dispose of earthly possessions, and it was common to find the instruments of donation beginning with the significant phrase—"The end of the world drawing near." Historical records of the period are scanty, probably because chroniclers thought it useless to continue the story of a world which was at the point of dissolution. But, somehow, the world decided not to die. So it was left to future generations to juggle scriptural numbers into new combinations and assign other dates for that great event about which Our Lord said it was none of our business. Still, such earnest hallucinations do show a strain of Christian conviction, in interesting contrast to the worldly indifference of the papal court. The Church was doubtless preserved by the spiritual sincerity of unknown Christians; while history inscribes upon its pages, in lurid tints, the names of those who misrepresented Christ, and erected in Rome a new Calvary dedicated to the proposition that high office is no cure for assassinated morals.

The climax came toward the middle of the next century. Through the activity of one of the warring factions in Rome, a boy of ten or twelve years was elected pope and took the title of Benedict IX. Possibly his friends thought he would outgrow his childish viciousness, or perhaps they didn't care. At any rate, he soon began to fulfil the worst predictions of his enemies. In eleven years he was driven from Rome twice by a scandalized populace—and that's saying a good deal for a Roman populace of that day. Upon his second exodus, another pope was elected in his place, Sylvester III. Benedict was not pleased. He returned in a few months and expelled his rival. It was not that Benedict wanted the throne, but he preferred to dispose of it in his own way. There was a priest, highly reputed for personal holiness, to

whom he sold the office for hard cash like an old pair of shoes. The new incumbent was known as Gregory VI. But Benedict had a great way of changing his mind. He soon returned to Rome, reasserting his original claim to the papacy. This meant that the bewildered Church found itself confronted with three popes, each occupying his own corner of the city and pouring forth his wrath upon the other two.

A year or two of such distractions made too rich a diet even for Rome, and an appeal was sent into Germany for the King, Henry III, to come down and rid the See of Peter of its surplus occupants. Henry called a Council at Sutri, allowing Gregory to preside. Benedict promptly retired to a monastery. Sylvester was deposed from the episcopate and forced into retirement also. Then the Council turned its attention to Gregory, its own presiding officer. They inquired as to the circumstances of his election. With naïve simplicity, he frankly acknowledged that he had bought his way in. He explained that large sums of money had been entrusted to him to expend for pious purposes, and that he had not been able to think of any purpose more pious than that of rescuing the papacy from the crowd of cutthroats who controlled it. To his surprise, the Council failed to see things in just that way. Struggling under this new idea, Gregory resigned forthwith, and the office was declared by the Council to be vacant. Unwilling to take a chance on another election, Henry then picked his own pope, a German who assumed the title of Clement II. This was in the year 1046.

Clement reigned but a single year when death took him suddenly away. Henry was then called upon to nominate a successor; and, after securing advice from many quarters, he selected another German who became Damasus II. Within less than a month after his coronation, Damasus also died. There have been hints of poison in the deaths of these two popes, but it may be only a reflection of the suspicious

state of mind with which the public was inoculated. Once more Henry took the matter under advisement; and, this time, chose his own cousin who was then Bishop of Toul. He took the title of Leo IX, and was a man of most commendable character. On his way to Rome for his coronation, he was met by the Abbot of Cluny accompanied by an Italian monk named Hildebrand. It was a most momentous meeting. Hildebrand had some very solid convictions regarding the need for reform in the whole Church, and laid his case so powerfully before the new pope that Leo commandeered his services and took him to Rome as his special adviser.

Hildebrand is one of the great men of history. He was possessed of an iron will coupled with an abundant store of political wisdom. His own life was irreproachable, and he seems to have been free from the personal ambitions which had all but wrecked the Church on so many occasions before his time. As a youth, he had been brought up in the Church, and early in his career had adopted the monastic life. Disgusted with the loose conditions of the Italian monasteries, he had gone to Cluny where his record was so promising that the Abbot had quoted Scripture about him, saying—"He shall be great in the sight of the Highest." In the three-cornered controversy involving Gregory VI, Hildebrand had characteristically identified himself with the cleanest of the papal contenders, and had acted as chaplain for Gregory during his brief pontificate. When Gregory resigned, Hildebrand went with him and chafed within his soul over the indignities which were visited upon the Holy See. But now he was to have his innings. During the reigns of the next five popes, he was the power behind the throne. On more than one occasion he might have secured the honor for himself; but he preferred to designate others for the office while he played the rôle of dictator.

Leo IX made a great impression upon the Romans by appearing before them barefoot and in rough clothing. All

the luxurious trappings of his predecessors were discarded. The same austerity of life which he demanded of his clergy was established as the rule of the Vatican also. The old-time glamour was gone, but the old-time vices went with it; and the Church reaped a handsome profit through the transaction, in the coin of moral decency. Leo surrounded himself with men of high character, notable among them being Peter Damiani, a fiery monk of violent sanctity. One of the first duties devolving upon the new pope was to turn financier. The papal income had been so scandalously squandered that Leo at one time seriously considered selling the pontifical vestments in order to raise money. By careful economy, however, the crisis was tided over, and soon the customary revenues began to flow in and a financial panic in the Church was narrowly averted. With bills paid and funds in hand, Leo was prepared to address himself to the correction of some of the abuses which oozed out of the cracked fabric of the Church on every hand. Instigated by Hildebrand, he adopted a novel procedure. Instead of issuing orders and despatching legates, he set out on a personal tour of observation. Here and there he traveled, listening to grievances, settling disputes, and conducting investigations. His particular point of attack was "simony," the purchase of ecclesiastical preferment. He called Synods and demanded that bishops should solemnly swear that they had not secured their offices by bribery. If there were doubt, witnesses were called and testimony taken. Those who confessed to simony, or were convicted of it, were promptly deposed. The Church swelled with indignation or buzzed with approval, as the case might be. Nothing of the kind had been known before. It was like the graft investigations in the cities of the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century. The public was of one mind that bribery was a corroding sin, but no one had the slightest idea that it could ever be eradicated. People accepted it as a necessary evil. Ambitious men who would condemn it on principle, nevertheless saved up their spare

change to buy in at the opportune moment. It was one of the issues on which Hildebrand was adamant, and Leo spoke valiantly with his master's voice.

The process went on under succeeding popes. It was not done without opposition, but it was done; the Church once more came to know the meaning of self-respect. But Hildebrand was quick to see that the permanence of such improvement depended wholly on the character of the man who sat on the papal throne. As long as he kept the control of affairs in his own hand, the situation was safe. But some day he would be gathered to his fathers—and what then? The pope was not (and is not now) elected to be pope. He is elected to be Bishop of Rome; and, by the theory of succession from St. Peter, he automatically becomes pope at the same time. The Bishop of Rome *is* the pope. As in other places, so in Rome, the bishop was elected by the clergy and people of the city. But ever since Henry III had obliterated three popes at a blow, and had then chosen a fourth to his own liking, the elections had been pure formalities. Henry told the people whom to elect and they did as they were told. Hildebrand foresaw ominous possibilities in such a system. Like a good banker, he determined to keep the papacy from being stolen by putting it in a safe place. A Council was called in Rome by Nicholas II, one of the Hildebrandine popes, and a new regulation was enacted vesting papal elections in the College of Cardinals, but according to the Emperor a certain power of veto. So the present system was evolved whereby the popes appoint the cardinals and the cardinals elect the popes. Certainly nothing could be safer. A two-thirds majority was necessary to any election, but it was soon found that such agreement was not easily achieved. Sometimes the cardinals were deadlocked for a year or two. Therefore another provision was added, to the effect that, pending a papal election, the cardinals should be housed in solitary confinement under a system of increasing privations. It was to be a case of election by starvation.

In 1073, Alexander II died; and even during the funeral rites, the people of Rome made vociferous outcry for Hildebrand as his successor. This time he was not unwilling to accept the honor. The cardinals retired and voted the will of the people. Hildebrand ascended the papal throne and took the title of Gregory VII.

The five preceding pontificates had prepared the ground for the larger aims which the new pope brought with him. Gregory had but a single love, and it was for the Church. A one-track mind was, at the same time, his strength and his weakness. He carried out his ideas to their ultimate logical conclusion. In fact his system was so logical that it was brittle. He was, to ecclesiasticism, what John Calvin was to theology. His theory, in a word, was this: Christ is the head of Christendom; the pope in His vicar on earth; Christian rulers are responsible to Christ through His vicar; therefore the pope is not only supreme in the Church, but he also exercises a super-authority over kings and princes. Gregory was sincere and inflexible. He was undoubtedly convinced that a spiritual supremacy over the nobility of Europe would purify politics, promote justice for the common people, elevate morals, and prevent strife. He conceived it to be his duty to rebuke kings and depose emperors. All princes were to kiss his feet. He was a supreme court of appeal, but he himself was above all judgment. From his point of view, it was all very logical and very necessary; the one thing he never seems to have considered was the inevitable danger of placing unlimited authority in the hands of one man. A little more elasticity in the mind of Gregory might have prevented the Protestant Reformation five hundred years later.

All the reforms of the five preceding pontificates were vigorously maintained by Gregory. One of them he carried to an extreme which had never been known before—namely, the requirement of celibacy on the part of the clergy. Marriage had heretofore been the prevailing custom among parish

priests, both in the East and the West. A celibate priesthood had been encouraged, and occasionally some pressure had been brought to bear in an effort to make it a reality. Canons had been promulgated on various occasions forbidding any marriage of the clergy, but they were seldom effective. Popes Nicholas II and Alexander II had made a few gestures of enforcement, but the opposition was so violent that little was accomplished. The efforts of Alexander in Milan had produced open riots in the city. Beyond the Alps, the canons regarding celibacy were universally disregarded. In France, Germany, and England, parish priests as well as bishops had wives, and made no attempt at concealment. Adrian II was the son of a bishop and was himself married, with his wife and daughter living at the time of his election. But Gregory was not to be stopped. In his estimation, marriage canons were as binding as any others, and he proceeded to put teeth in the legislation. Outside of Italy, his demands were received as unprecedented innovations, and consternation speedily gave place to active resistance. He not only insisted that newly-ordained clergy should be bound to a life of celibacy, but he called upon those who were already married to put away their wives. In case of refusal, the people were released from spiritual obedience to such priests, and were forbidden to receive their ministrations. The disorders were most disquieting, but Gregory never deviated from his course, and his persistence eventually won the battle. There were, to be sure, many subsequent instances of relaxation on this point of conjugal discipline, sometimes amounting to open indifference. Thus, Adrian IV, who was pope seventy-five years after Gregory, is known to have been the son of an English cleric. Nevertheless, the principle of a celibate priesthood was successfully established, and has been the law of the Roman Church from that day to this.

While laying down the law of the Church in the case of the clergy, Gregory was not unmindful of the call to battle from political quarters also. The youthful Henry IV

had succeeded to the throne of Germany, and his natural impetuosity soon thrust him into scalding hot water. He quarreled right and left with the nobles of his realm until his unpopularity was the most prominent thing about him. It was Gregory's chance to come to grips on the troublesome question of investiture.

Under the feudal system, the citizens of every country owed allegiance to their respective sovereigns. It was customary for those in official positions to swear fealty to their king upon taking office. Bishops, of course, were the administrators of large temporalities involving considerable revenues. The kings, therefore, exercised their usual prerogatives by investing bishops with the insignia of their rank, and receiving from them the customary homage. But in the case of bishops, the insignia of their office were ecclesiastical, consisting of ring and crozier. Gregory protested that it was an invasion of his spiritual authority for any king to make such investiture. The kings, on the other hand, claimed that the clergy were just as much subjects of the crown as anybody else residing in the kingdom. Obviously, there was a good deal to be said on both sides. A clash between two such overlapping spheres of jurisdiction was inevitable. But, according to Gregory's standards, there could be only one answer. He was eager for a test case, and circumstances made Henry a profitable victim.

Trouble between Henry and the Saxons had been appealed by both sides to the Pope. Henry sent ambassadors to Rome, and Gregory sent envoys back carrying a letter to the King. But the Pope's letter was a bit uncertain in its cordiality. What did he mean by saying—"Health and apostolical benediction—if, however, he obey the Apostolic See as a Christian king ought"? Henry expressed his displeasure in no uncertain terms, and the envoys immediately cited him to appear at a Synod in Rome to show cause why he should not be excommunicated. Henry was furious. He concocted a series of charges against the Pope accusing him of bribery and

violence, of magic, and of praying to the devil. He addressed an open letter to the people of Rome calling upon them to join him against his enemies, "especially the monk Hildebrand." When the Synod met, he coolly sent Gregory an invitation to abdicate his papal throne before it was pulled out from under him. The Pope replied by pronouncing excommunication upon the King, and deposing him from the throne of Germany.

It was a bold stroke, and Henry was soon writhing under it. Attempts to rally his own people about him failed utterly. Threats were even circulated of choosing a new king, and the best compromise Henry could make was a truce of a single year in which to patch up a peace with the Pope. For the better part of the year he dallied, in hopes that his troubles might blow over. But the prevailing winds were all in the other direction. At the end of the year, Gregory was on his way to Germany to render final judgment. In desperation, Henry set out to intercept him. It was in the dead of winter, and the season was exceptionally severe. The passage of the Alps was a terrifying feat in itself. The men of the party crept on their hands and knees over the icy trails, while the Queen, her child, and a few female attendants, were wrapped in cowhides and dragged over the dangerous places. The Pope, warned of Henry's coming, turned aside to a mountain fortress at Canossa, owned by Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, who was one of Gregory's wealthiest and staunchest supporters.

At first the Pope refused to receive the suppliant King. At length, under persuasion, he reluctantly agreed to an appointment if Henry would surrender his marks of royalty and appear in the guise of a true penitent. Unattended, Henry was brought into the courtyard of the castle, barefoot and dressed in the coarse clothing of a penitent. One day, two days, three days passed with the King huddled, shivering and hungry, in the snow and bitter cold. Never was royalty so ignominiously humbled. On the fourth day it was a cold

king that was served to his papal holiness. Numb in body and spirit, Henry submitted abjectly. Gregory celebrated Mass, summoning the royal penitent to the altar. He recalled the absurd charges which had been hurled against him, saying that he might have refuted them with evidence but he preferred to call God as his witness. "Here," said the Pope, "is the Lord's Body; may this either clear me from all suspicion if I am innocent, or, if guilty, may God strike me with sudden death." Then he partook of the Sacrament, while the worshippers watched in silent awe. Turning again to Henry, he challenged him to the same test. Of course it was scarcely a fair proposal. The charges against Gregory had been trumped up to fit the occasion, but everybody knew that Henry had been guilty of some, at least, of the faults laid at his door. The King resorted to evasion, incriminating himself so much the more.

Gregory's triumph was complete—too complete to be permanent. Henry went back to his kingdom sore to the marrow of his bones. Neither were the German people pleased to see their king so thoroughly humbled. The Saxon question was reopened, and Henry's stock began to rise. Victorious with his army, he invaded Italy in search of revenge. Rome fell into his hands, and Gregory retired to Salerno. He was now an old man, and a fatal sickness came upon him. The fickle Romans turned against him, and defeat stared him in the face. But to the last, he never wavered. "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity," he murmured from his death-bed, "therefore I die in exile." And so he died, having rescued the Divine Commission from its unholy traducers.

Gregory had found the papacy corrupted to a point of hopelessness. In thirty-six years he raised it to a position of dominating influence. He cleansed the Church of its moral impurities, and restored its prestige as a spiritual factor second to no other. He placed in the hands of his successors a power of unprecedented proportions. Innocent III, alone,

excelled him in authority a century later ; but Gregory himself had made it possible. One may disagree with all his premises, but no one can fail to admire him for his dazzling vision of a super-Empire, and his dauntless courage in pursuing it. May his soul rest in peace!

CHAPTER VI

THE EASTERN CHURCH

ST. BASIL lived for only fifty years (329-379 A. D.), but in his short life he left an impression on the Eastern Church more permanent, perhaps, than that of any other single person.

He was born of Christian parents and in his youth obtained a wide reputation for his learning and his virtuous habits. When about thirty years of age, he forsook all worldly preferments and went in for the monastic life. But instead of losing himself in a solitary cell in the wilderness after the custom of the Egyptian hermits, he took up the cenobitic or community idea, and opened a new era in eastern monasticism.

To the usual religious exercises of the monks, Basil added many practical duties, so that the country surrounding his monasteries blossomed like the proverbial rose under the agricultural efforts of the brothers. In fact, his rule of life became the basis of the Benedictine rule in the West, which, for many centuries, was the back-bone of European monasticism. After he became Bishop of Cæsarea, he labored incessantly to unite the Orthodox factions, fight off Arianism, and promote friendly relations with the West. The liturgy still used in the Eastern Church received its permanent character from St. Basil, though some portions of it which bear his name, probably came from a later date. His influence grew to such proportions that the political Arians determined to silence him. To their threats, he calmly replied that confiscation meant nothing to him for he had nothing to be confiscated; banishment had no terrors for him because he would be a stranger nowhere in a world which belonged

to God; and as for his life, he was already so far weakened physically by his monastic austerities that death would be rather welcome. Once an officer threatened to tear out his liver and he replied, "I should be very much obliged if you would do so, as it gives me a great deal of trouble where it is."

That Eastern Church which produced St. Basil and to which he, in turn, devoted his life, is the mother of all Christendom. All the Apostles labored in its field, and all but St. Peter and St. Paul died there. It housed the holy places identified with the ministry of Our Lord. It gave to the world the New Testament and the bulk of the other early Christian literature. It fought most of the battles of the Faith against corroding heresies during the infancy of the Church, and it offered hospitality to the seven great Ecumenical Councils. Such matchless names as Ignatius, Polycarp, Irenaeus, Origen, Chrysostom, Athanasius, Cyril, and many others, belong to its children; and, during the first few centuries of the Christian era, it bore the burden and heat of the day in peerless loyalty to the cause of Christ and the integrity of the Divine Commission. Throughout the ages, Christians of all times owe an immeasurable debt of gratitude to that most ancient branch of the Christian Church, without which (humanly speaking) Christianity could scarcely have survived the troubles of its own beginnings.

The first six centuries represent the productive period of eastern Christianity. It was the period of Church consolidation. Within that time the Gospel was planted throughout Palestine and Syria; Egypt was brought within the fold; Armenia was evangelized—the first whole nation ever to become Christian; Christ was carried into Greece; and the Eastern missionaries penetrated remote regions toward every point of the compass—as far as the Malabar coast of India, if ancient traditions are trustworthy. The monastic life was introduced and passed through its earlier stages of development. The Christian Bible was written and defined; funda-

mental doctrines were clarified; permanent lines of Church policy were laid down; churches were erected in large numbers and of imposing magnificence; Constantinople (Byzantium) was created and became the chief centre of Church activity; precedents were fixed which have been studiously preserved down to the present day. Then came the Moslems in the seventh century, and the brakes were set. Eastern Christianity was thrown on the defensive and, from that day to this, has been persistently battling for its very existence.

Three great obstacles have impeded the progress of the Eastern Church from the beginning of the fourth century—doctrinal controversies, political interference, and militant Mohammedanism. And to this last has now been added the final horror of blood-red Bolshevism.

The early heresies did, of course, involve the whole Church in its widest extent. But the issues were most acute in the East, partly because it was the seat of government and partly for temperamental reasons. The genius of the West was for organization, while that of the East was for intellectual definition. Therefore the Eastern Church was the more sensitive of the two when innovations in doctrine were introduced upon the scene. A frank facing of these subtle questions was a necessary measure, and we may be thankful that they were settled when they were. But they took a heavy toll of dissension and factionalism, turning the Eastern Church in upon itself, and thus preventing its normal expansion.

To the three original eastern Patriarchates of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria, was added, in the fourth century, a new one at Constantinople. The imperial prestige of this great city (for a long time, the real centre of world civilization) soon thrust the Patriarch of Constantinople into the first place among his equals. But the price of ecclesiastical leadership had to be paid in the coin of political entanglement which, like a disease, infected the whole life of eastern Christianity. Any idea of the separation of Church and

State was beyond the imagination of the age. The State had controlled paganism when it was supreme; and when Christianity came to the front, the State expected to control it also in the same degree. Incompetent emperors were forever fingering in the affairs of the Church, far more to its hurt than to its benefit. And, unfortunately, very few emperors after Theodosius were either able rulers or successful examples of Christian living.

Following Theodosius, a century of uninteresting emperors led up to the thirty-seven-year reign of Justinian (527 A. D.). A strong and energetic leader, he gained an imperishable title to fame by the codification of law, which is named after him. Notable conquests added to his renown, and these were supported by powerful fortifications on his extensive frontiers. Justinian also erected magnificent buildings, among them churches to a great number and on a lavish scale. The exquisite St. Sophia still stands to his credit, one of the enduring monuments to the architectural skill of his reign. When the beautiful church was dedicated, he cried out, "Glory to God who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work." And then, in a puff of pride, he boasted, "I have conquered thee, O Solomon!"

Nearly another century, and Heraclius was raised to the imperial throne through a revolutionary outburst. He quickly found himself confronted with an invasion of the Avars on one side and a bitter war with the Persians on the other. Chosroes II, the powerful Persian ruler, pushed his advantage relentlessly, conquering Syria, Palestine, and Egypt; and for ten years he kept Constantinople in a state of terror with a hostile army quartered just across the straits. For a time he reigned as the world's greatest monarch. Jerusalem fell into his hands, resulting in the destruction of churches, the defilement of the holy places, unrestrained plunder, and the theft of what was believed to be the true Cross. When the situation had become absolutely desperate, Heraclius made a truce with the Avars and boldly invaded

the heart of Persia in retaliation. The very effrontery of the undertaking won its success. Persian temples suffered grievously in reprisal for the earlier Christian losses, and the true Cross was rescued and restored to Jerusalem, in honor of which event a new festival was inaugurated called the "Exaltation of the Cross."

Scarcely had the Persians been disposed of, when the Moslem avalanche broke loose. It thrust the Christians into heroic battle against hopeless odds, and for the next eight-hundred years of intermittent warfare the invaders gnawed away sections of the imperial realm. Palestine was the first to fall to the Mohammedans, and the holy places thereby passed under the control of infidel conquerors.

Attacked from without, the Eastern Church was now deeply bitten by a venomous controversy from within. One would think that any emperor would have shrunk from creating even the smallest internal discord in the face of the rising tide of Mohammedanism. But Leo the Isaurian did that very thing by his fanatical attack upon images (726 A. D.). In all probability, he scarcely realized the seriousness of his own action. Certainly he was very much surprised at the way in which the public bristled up against him. Yet, far from deterring him, the opposition only stiffened his determination to assert his authority, and the war drums were sounded with iconoclasm as the issue. In the West, as we have seen, it was an abortive attempt; but, in the East, sixty years and more were squandered in violent internal quarrels between the emperors and the public, and all the time the Moslems were peacefully consolidating their conquests in a perilous circle around Constantinople.

There is no question that the presence of images and pictures in Christian churches had been considerably abused. Originally, no doubt, they had been meant for things of beauty to stimulate the religious feelings of the people. But gradually they came to be credited with magical properties to such

an extent that supposed miracle-working powers were counted far more important than artistic excellence. It was customary to kiss them, to pray to them, to swear by them, even to use them for sponsors in Baptism. All kinds of legends clustered about them, and an exceedingly popular cult was rounding into full swing. It may be a question as to whether Leo had enough religious susceptibility to be troubled over the spiritual perils involved. But he did have some feeling of discomfort over the scorn of the Moslems, who rigidly excluded anything approaching images from their religious practices and sneered at the Christians as idolators.

Whatever the mixture of motives may have been, Leo set out to eradicate image-worship, without scruple as to the methods employed. First, he issued an edict for the removal of the images, which met with a quick back-fire from an enraged public. Then he tried to temporize, but was not very successful. A timely volcanic eruption in the *Ægean* Sea served him as a text on the wrath of God against images, while his enemies used the same incident as a counter-text illustrating the wrath of God against Leo for his indecent disregard of sacred things. Perhaps it was merely a portent of the social eruption which was soon to make an *Ægean* volcano look like an amateur display. Plots were hatched to topple the Emperor himself from his throne, and a regular battle ensued. Infuriated by this evidence of treason, Leo ordered all images to be destroyed and all pictures painted on church walls to be washed out. The Patriarch resigned in protest. Riots occurred, and the rioters were severely punished. A strange story went the rounds concerning John Damascene, the noted theologian. A counterfeit letter involved him in a charge of treachery, and his right hand was cut off. He was said to have presented the severed hand before one of the obnoxious images, whereupon it was safely restored to its accustomed place.

Leo's death did not greatly relieve matters, for the next

emperor carried on the controversy with even more vigor and cruelty. For several years a rival emperor threatened his throne, but Constantine successfully held his place. Then he called another Council to bring order out of chaos (754 A. D.). Images of all descriptions were heartily condemned, the Holy Eucharist alone being tolerated as an external symbol of the Saviour. For years thereafter, the cruel and licentious Constantine sought to enforce the decrees of this Council. The monks, as a body, faced him with fervid opposition and he persecuted them viciously, destroying monasteries and perpetrating all manner of indignities upon the monks themselves. In the reign of the Empress Irene, the destructive measures were rescinded and the Seventh Ecumenical Council at Nicaea (787 A. D.) modified the regulations so far as to allow certain reverential devotions to be paid to the images, such as might be carefully distinguished from the worship offered to God. But this applied only to flat pictures in the Eastern Church known as "ikons," and a long time was required to enforce even these reduced prohibitions.

Many differences less formidable than that of the images had driven a succession of little wedges between the eastern and western branches of the Church. But the waning sympathy of understanding between them suffered a still more serious jolt in the ninth century by a double-barreled quarrel over the Patriarchate of Constantinople and the conversion of Bulgaria. Neither party appears to much advantage in the conflict, and Christian history would be much improved if the whole matter could be buried in oblivion.

The trouble began in the reign of the Emperor Michael III. The general setting of the picture may be gathered from the popular title of the Emperor who was known as Michael the Drunkard. He was a sensuous, obscene, irreverent person who wallowed in every conceivable kind of debauchery. A dispute led him to depose the Patriarch of Constantinople and to fill his place with a man named Photius, a learned scholar far superior to his rather unsavory

surroundings. Ignatius, the deposed Bishop, had a strong following in his support, who did not propose to lie down in silence. Photius appears to have been forced rather unwillingly into an equivocal position, and he did attempt to secure at least decent treatment for his rival. But Michael and his disreputable companions took matters in their own hands and subjected Ignatius to physical abuse, insults, and imprisonment, in spite of all that Photius could do. In order to maintain himself against the rising resentment of the public, Photius then appealed to the Pope of Rome for his moral support. But Nicholas I had just been seated in the papal chair and he was much more disposed to issue orders than offer advice.

Nicholas sent legates to an eastern synod equipped with a letter containing various papal commands. Michael was anything but pleased with such a response and treated the legates in a most discourteous fashion. The synod condemned Ignatius and fully supported Photius as the lawful patriarch. Sharp letters passed between all four parties, and the situation was becoming severely strained when the Bulgarian incident occurred which served to increase the tension so much the more.

The Bulgarians had not yet been Christianized and had been engaged in sporadic hostilities with Constantinople for some time before this. In the course of border warfare a sister of the Bulgarian King had been captured and, during her captivity in Constantinople, had been converted to Christianity. Through an exchange of prisoners, she was returned to her home and, after a time, induced her royal brother to embrace the Christian faith also. It was probably Photius who baptized him; and, at the King's request, a Christian monk was sent to redecorate the interior of his palace. The King wanted his walls adorned with some terrifying pictures taken from the perils of hunting, but the monk had his own ideas as to what real terrors ought to be. He depicted a scene of the Last Judgment and did it with such realistic details of future punishment that Bulgaria quickly decided

to dispense with all its remnants of heathenism. Teachers were wanted to instruct the people in the Christian life, but the King was a bit hesitant to be under too many obligations to his powerful neighbor. Therefore he sent to Pope Nicholas asking counsel as to the conversion of his people. This was the kind of opportunity that Nicholas thrived on. He not only gave counsel but full directions, even ordering that the ancient Bulgarian national standard of the horse's tail should be replaced by the holy cross. Also he warned the King against any dealings with the Eastern Church and sent a bishop to reënforce his instructions.

Photius, of course, was deeply incensed at what he considered to be an unwarranted invasion of his missionary preserves. He summoned a council, denouncing the Roman interference with much violent language and spreading anathemas liberally upon the Pope and all his servants. But just at this juncture, Michael the Drunkard was assassinated, and the new Emperor deposed Photius from his office, reinstating the pathetic Ignatius. Another council was called, attended by legates from the Roman See. Photius appeared with real dignity before this council, but he was nevertheless condemned and removed from whatever shreds of office he might still aspire to. The Bulgarian question was sharply debated, and Ignatius was found to be just as insistent as his predecessor regarding the rights of the Eastern Church in that field. In spite of vigorous protestations from the Roman legates, Bulgaria finally acknowledged the leadership of Constantinople and the Eastern Orthodox Church became the established Bulgarian Church from that day to this. The Pope wrote furious letters about it to everyone concerned, and a bitter clash was averted only by the death of Ignatius.

The confused cycle of events then turned completely around once again. Photius was reinstated as Patriarch, and the Pope sent more legates to another synod with a view to passing papal judgment on the new proceedings. The legates,

however, received scanty consideration, and Photius remained firmly in the saddle. The Pope raged and threatened all kinds of excommunications, but the eastern bishops stood solid and nothing came of it. Then, as though the situation were not already sufficiently complex, a new Emperor deposed Photius once again, but he died before anything more could be done. The whole thing was a mad scramble of conflicting interests, leaving a bad taste in everybody's mouth, and the already strained relations between East and West were left in a state of incipient rupture.

That rupture actually came a century and a half later. In the interval, the Emperor, for political reasons, had been attempting to live down the coolness between Rome and Constantinople which had continued at a very low temperature after the Photius incident. One proposal was made that the title "Universal" should be accorded to both the Pope and the Patriarch, and the Pope was dissuaded from accepting it only by a strong adverse expression of public sentiment. Then came a letter from the Patriarch addressed to the Greek churches in southern Italy, warning them against the errors of the Roman Church. Pope Leo IX took this as a direct insult, and dispatched his legates to Constantinople in search of redress. Criminations and recriminations were bandied back and forth until the legates, hopeless of accomplishing their purpose, solemnly laid a degree of excommunication against the Patriarch upon the altar of the Church of St. Sophia and turned their backs on the Eastern Church (1054 A. D.). The Patriarch was anathematized along with all heretics, "Yea, with the devil and his angels, unless they repent." "Let God look and judge," said the legates, and the long-preparing breach between East and West was written on the pages of history. Thus, the Divine Commission was not broken, but it was divided into two strands where there should have been one.

About this time the Turks took up the cause of Mohammedanism and, with vindictive animosity, pursued their

attacks against the eastern Empire. Things were running from bad to worse when suddenly (due to circumstances discussed in the next chapter) Europe broke out with an epidemic of crusades, and for a moment it looked as though a common enemy might both redeem the Empire and reunite Christendom. As it turned out, such hopes were reversed to exactly opposite results.

From the time the first army of crusaders arrived in the East, mutual jealousies clouded the air. The Greeks were suspicious, the Latins were arrogant, and neither side was overly Christian. The climax was reached in that crusade, sometimes called the Fifth (1201 A. D.), which began nobly but entirely forsook its true purpose before it was well started on its way. First of all the Knights of the Cross were cleverly exploited by Dandolo, the blind Doge of Venice, who bargained to supply ships for the Holy Land if the knights would wage a campaign in his behalf against the Hungarians. But the Holy Land was never destined to see many of these crusaders. Once diverted, they seemed unable to get back into their original course. Before ever they entered Hungary on Dandolo's mission, another appeal came to them from Constantinople, where the Emperor Isaac had been treacherously deposed by his brother, blinded, and thrown into prison. A second compact was engineered whereby they agreed to re-seat Isaac upon his throne if he, in his turn, would support them in their contemplated war against the Moslems.

This crusade thereupon expended its initial energies against the Christian Hungarians and its subsequent energies against the equally Christian, even though treacherous, usurpers of the Byzantine throne. The sequel is not pleasant reading. Isaac was reinstated only to face a quarrel as to the extent of his obligations to the crusaders. Street brawls occurred resulting in a conflagration which, for two days and nights, burned portions of Constantinople into a mass of ruins. Open war followed. The Emperor died in the

general distress, and his son was strangled by a hostile faction in the city. Constantinople was besieged and taken by the crusaders amid scenes of wicked cruelty. Churches were stripped of their treasures, and drunken orgies on the part of these Christian knights desecrated even the beautiful St. Sophia. When the Pope heard of it, he exclaimed—"How shall the Greek Church return to unity and to respect for the Bishop of Rome, when they have seen in the Latins only examples of wickedness and works of darkness, for which they might justly loathe them, worse than dogs?"

For the next fifty-seven years (1204-1261) the Empire of Constantinople became technically a Latin empire. A succession of Latin rulers occupied the throne and a succession of Latin patriarchs dominated the Church. Seemingly the Church had been re-united by force of arms with the Pope in supreme control. But in reality, popular sentiment was seething against the foreign domination of both Church and State. Without strong support and frequent subsidy from the West, the Latin Empire could never have lasted as long as it did. Feeble and discordant from the beginning, torn with strife between the rival Venetian and Genoese factions, it was only a question of time before it was due to return into the hands of the Greeks. Such a return at last took place (1261 A. D.) under Michael Palaeologus, who dispossessed the Latins and took over the imperial throne himself.

It is needless to remark that this half century of ineffective Latin domination did little to heal the breach between the two branches of the Church. So far as popular feeling was concerned, the breach was greatly widened. But this Michael was prepared to sacrifice his people for political considerations. He realized that he was none too secure in his newly-won honors, and sought to fortify himself by a reconciliation with the West. Definite overtures were made to the Pope, and by forcible methods Michael prevailed on a delegation of ecclesiastics to carry out his wishes. The Pope

was just then promoting another crusade, and saw in these approaches an opportunity to acquire help from the East. So the second Council of Lyons was called (1274 A. D.), and the Greek prelates were received with imposing honors. Under the instructions of Michael, they were prepared to concede anything that was necessary to effect a reconciliation, even the long-disputed "*filioque* clause" in the Nicene Creed. Soon after their arrival the Pope celebrated Mass; the Nicene Creed was sung in Latin; then it was repeated in Greek and, as unimpeachable evidence of their good intentions, the Greek Bishops sang the "*filioque* clause" three times "with solemnity and devotion." A general love feast was enjoyed by all. Ancient points of friction were tossed on the scrap heap, and a one-sided agreement was forced to unwilling birth. Then the Eastern dignitaries went home to bring their Church under papal jurisdiction.

But all the scheming of Michael was unable to make the Greek Churchmen repudiate twelve centuries of their own history. They resisted the attempt at union even to the point of persecution and imprisonment. Michael died with nothing but failure to his account, and his son quickly abolished the whole business. Churches in which the Latin worship had been introduced were treated to a solemn purification; councils were held which deliberately discredited everything done at Lyons; and even books written in favor of the proposed union were ordered to be burned. When it was all over, the last state of separation was worse than the first.

And always the Turks were pressing harder upon Constantinople. During the next century and a half the court party repeatedly appealed to Europe for assistance, offering again and again to bargain away the independence of the Eastern Church for military aid against the Moslems. But the sentiment throughout the East was so overwhelmingly opposed to such a compact, that all the efforts ended in nothing but a little more bad feeling. The Moslem menace, however, grew more and more grave until the situation

became so very critical that in spite of all public sentiment to the contrary, still another approach was made to Rome. The Pope at that time was at loggerheads with the Council of Basel and welcomed any avenue of escape from his embarrassing position. There was much jockeying on both sides, but the Pope finally sent a fleet of ships to convey the Eastern ambassadors to Venice. They arrived, more than five hundred of them, and were received with much pomp and ceremony (1438 A. D.). A special council was called at Ferrara and all settled down to enjoy a prolonged controversy.

What followed is a tedious and sorry tale of endless delays, petty bickerings, broken promises, and literally months of continuous debate on points of subtle theology. A plague fell upon the city and the council was removed to Florence. The removal offered relief from the plague of sickness but it was powerless to assuage the equally virulent plague of oratory. Why the whole subject was not talked to death is beyond the furthest reach of the modern mind. Perhaps it was, so far as any real settlement was concerned. An equivocal basis of understanding was finally effected amid much rejoicing and promiscuous embracing. The Latins accepted it as a clear-cut victory and, having carried their point, were disposed to treat their erstwhile guests with contemptuous discourtesy. So flagrant was this reversal of attitude that, before the Greeks were well started on their homeward journey, misgivings began to assail them. And when they arrived in Constantinople, their worst forebodings were realized. A storm of indignation broke out from every direction. Churches were deserted when any of the delegation appeared. Three different ecclesiastics refused election to the vacant patriarchate under the terms of union with Rome. Various prominent Church officials resigned their offices. The other Patriarchs blazed forth fury and condemnation. It was plain that the Eastern Church preferred

to face the perils of Mohammedan invasion rather than submit to the domination of the papacy.

The invasion was not long in coming. A dozen years passed, and the Turks were at the walls of Constantinople. For forty days the siege continued. The defenses cracked and crumbled under the assaults of the newly-introduced cannon-fire. The Emperor Constantine went to St. Sophia for his last Sacrament. He rode back to the shivering walls asking forgiveness of his subjects for any unintentional wrongs he might have done them. One by one his companions fell before the savage Janissaries. When the attack was over and the city taken, his body was recovered from beneath a heap of slain, to be identified only by the golden eagles on his shoes. The Sultan rode his war-horse into the Cathedral of St. Sophia where the Moslem faith was proclaimed from what had been a Christian pulpit (1453 A. D.).

So fell the Eastern Empire. Within the next century, the Balkan States came under Turkish control, and for nearly three hundred years the Eastern Church clung heroically to its faith under the ever-threatening cloud of Turkish misrule. The first rift in that cloud came in the Greek war for independence (1821 A. D.), followed by similar uprisings in the other Balkan States. The World War was meant to end Turkish persecutions of Christian minorities, but the international jealousies of Europe have left Constantinople in Turkish hands, and the future of Eastern Christendom is still symbolized by a question mark.

Though the Council of Florence failed to achieve reunion between the Eastern Church and that of the West, a small minority of easterners kept the agitation alive. This opening was strongly capitalized toward the end of the sixteenth century by Jesuit propagandists. The result was a series of defections on the part of a number of small groups who made their submission to the papacy on condition that certain special privileges should be granted to them and their successors in perpetuity. They were called Uniats—those who made union

with Rome. The most important of these were the Ruthenians, living at that time under the rule of Poland. In 1595 several Orthodox bishops met in Brest-Litovsk, and drew up a petition which was presented to the king of Poland and also sent to the Pope. The approach was received in Rome with great rejoicing and a medal was struck off to commemorate the event which, it was hoped, would open the way for the capture of the whole of Orthodoxy piece-meal. In 1646 a similar move was made in the city of Ungvar. These two concordats set the standards for all Uniats. They acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope but were allowed to continue the use of the Ruthenian "rite," including the Mass in their own language, a married priesthood, popular election of their own bishops, the Communion in both kinds—and the bulk of Orthodox canon law. With the partition of Poland, part of the Ruthenians were incorporated into Russia and part into Hungary. The Uniat movement never developed, and most of the modern Uniats are now Czechoslovakians, except for small numbers in Ukrainia, Roumania, and a few neighboring points—and also except for several hundred thousand who have emigrated to the United States.

A special word needs to be said of the curious history of Christianity in Russia. For the Russian Church remains the largest single element in the Eastern Orthodox body.

Christian contacts with Russia had been sporadic and fragmentary up to the tenth century, though it is quite certain that Christianity was not unknown in some parts of the country. The real beginning, however, dates from a visit of the Princess Olga to Constantinople which resulted in her conversion and Baptism. Upon her return to her own people, she endeavored, like a good missionary, to spread the appeal of the new faith. Her son declined to be interested; but when her grandson, Vladimir, succeeded his father, he proved more amenable to religious suggestion. The story goes that he was approached by the advocates of Judaism, of Islam, and of Greek and Latin Christianity. The first two he

quickly disposed of, but he was in a quandary as to a possible choice between the two branches of the Christian Church. At length he decided to send ambassadors to Rome and to Constantinople to bring him reports upon which he might base his judgment. The report from Rome was not very satisfactory (it was the period of the Dark Ages in the West), but the story brought back from Constantinople was entrancing. "When we stood in the temple" (St. Sophia), the messengers exclaimed, "we did not know where we were, for there is nothing else like it on earth; there in truth God has His dwelling with men, and we can never forget the beauty we saw there."

After some parley, Vladimir was baptized and took to wife a Greek princess who was also a Christian. Returning to Kieff, he ordered the ancient idol to be tied to the tail of a horse, dragged to the river Dnieper, and there consigned to a moist oblivion. The next day the whole population was ordered to the banks of the river and they were baptized *en masse*. Christian teachers were imported, churches built, bishoprics erected, and Cyril's Slavonic version of the Scriptures was made the text-book of religion. It was a wholesale act of conversion, superficial in the nature of the case, but a beginning which gradually penetrated throughout the rest of the country.

Russia, at that time, suffered under the weakness of sectionalism. There was no supreme authority, but a number of princes ruled over their own small portions of the land. Consequently there was no adequate defense because there was no united leadership when the Tartars swarmed into the country from the East (1237 A. D.). They overran everything. It was a cruel conquest, and for more than two centuries they lorded it over their Russian victims in true Tartar style. The impress of those two-hundred years has left a deep mark, both for good and ill, upon the Russia of today. One of the benefits is to be found in the stabilizing of their newly-acquired religion. Racial afflictions served to

stimulate religious zeal. It was during this period that Christianity really took firm root in Russian life. Forbidden to govern themselves, they turned their energies to spiritual matters, and expended their patriotism upon their Church. The result was that loyalty to Church and nation became indistinguishable virtues. During this period the headquarters of the Church were transferred to Moscow, and that city became an object of reverent respect as the sacred centre of Russian Christianity.

Ivan the Great (1462 A. D.) finally succeeded in throwing off the Tartar yoke and in consolidating the several principalities into one national body, at the same time following the Church to Moscow as the capital of his united country. A century later, Ivan the Terrible assumed the title of Czar, and shortly afterwards (1589 A. D.) a patriarchate was granted to the Russian Church, raising Moscow to a position of ecclesiastical equality with Jerusalem, Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople.

In the seventeenth century a curious schism broke out in the Russian Church. An energetic Patriarch set himself to the task of modifying certain minor customs in order to bring the Russians into nearer conformity to Greek usage, and to correct certain errors of the copyists in the Christian writings. The name of Our Lord, for instance, had been abbreviated to "Jsus" by the skipping of a vowel; the Greeks, except in priestly benediction, crossed themselves with three fingers instead of two; and the Russians were asked to follow the Greeks in singing triple "hallelujahs" in place of the doubles to which they were accustomed. These were representative of the changes desired and they were the most important ones. But with characteristic love for things as they are, a large number of Russian Christians flatly refused to conform. A controversy, totally disproportionate to the points at issue, separated the objectors into a sect known as the "Raskolniks." Feeling ran high and violent measures were adopted to bring the schismatics to reason. "It was

for these trifles—a letter less in a name, a finger more in a cross, the doubling instead of the trebling of a word—that thousands of people, both men and women, encountered death on the scaffold or at the stake. It was for these things that other scores of thousands underwent the horrible tortures of the knout, the strappado, the rack, or had their bodies mutilated, their tongues cut, their hands chopped off.” (Stepniak, *The Russian Peasantry*, p. 239.) Tartar tactics had left a sorry heritage behind them.

But the greatest blow to the Russian Church came in the expansive reign of Peter the Great (1682 A. D.). This most remarkable man was bent on changing the habits of a whole nation. He set out to Europeanize Russia. In a most thorough-going fashion he began with himself by temporarily relinquishing his throne and going under an assumed name to Holland. There he secured a position in the ship-yards at Amsterdam, working side by side with other mechanics and learning all he could from the bottom up. From Amsterdam he went to England in search of more knowledge, and after two years of such training returned to revolutionize his own country. His energy was boundless. He founded colleges, schools, and libraries; reorganized city administrations; gradually changed long-established customs; and even built, on the marshy shores of the Baltic, a new capital which he named St. Petersburg after himself.

The Church, of course, could not escape his domineering will. When the Patriarch died, he forbade the election of a successor and, for all practical purposes, abolished the patriarchate. In its place he set up the Holy Governing Synod composed of the Metropolitans (or Archbishops), several Bishops, and a Procurator appointed by himself. It simply meant that the Church henceforth was to be under the thumb of the all-powerful Czar. For two-hundred years the Church cherished the recollection of a Patriarch, patiently waiting the time when he might become a reality and restore the Church itself to some degree of independence.

During this period of imperial domination, two critical events occurred of much importance to Russian Christianity. The first was the greatest instance of highway robbery in modern history when Russia, Prussia, and Austria deliberately cut Poland into pieces and helped themselves to the fragments (1772 A. D.). The second was a treaty with Turkey whereby the Crimea was incorporated into Russian territory (1783 A. D.). Both of these acquisitions brought with them large Jewish populations. The Crimean Jews had been originally a people of Asiatic stock, closely akin to the Tartars, who had invaded and settled the country adopting the Jewish religion somewhere on the way. Naturally they were disliked and unwelcome, and racial animosity played its part along with religious differences in the Jewish troubles of Russia.

The addition of this strong Jewish element introduced by these two conquests created a new situation for Russia to face. A solution was sought by setting apart a section of the country on the eastern frontier to be known as "The Pale" (1786 A. D.), where the Jews were to be herded and kept separate from the rest of the people. But such a problem was not to be so easily solved. Far from being settled, it remained extremely active. At various times special classes were permitted to leave the Pale and take up their residence in other parts of Russia. Then when they became prosperous, they were considered dangerous. The old racial, as well as religious, issues stirred the people to "pogroms" for which the Church received an undeserved measure of blame inasmuch as it was controlled by an autocratic government manned with obscurantists, animated by gross selfishness, and possessed of fanatical prejudices. The only achievement of the pogroms was to store up a frightful retribution against that day when the persecuted Jews should flock to the standard of militant Bolshevism.

It is significant that when the Russian monarchy was overthrown (1917), one of the very first acts of the Church

was to elect a Patriarch and attempt a revival of its ancient ecclesiastical freedom. But the terrifying cloud of Bolshevism was already rising, and the Russian Church was entering upon another Calvary. One autocracy gave place to another. A small minority stole the revolution, established a system of so-called communism, and visited the unhappy country with a reign of extraordinary frightfulness. Religion, to these new rulers, was so much "opium for the people." They proceeded to suppress it. No one will ever know how many Bishops and other clergy were killed in the five years following the close of the World War. The Patriarch was imprisoned but refused to be intimidated. The churches were robbed of their treasures, religious education was forbidden, and a scurrilous campaign of atheism was promoted particularly among the young.

But the Russian people are inherently religious, and Christianity had become too deeply ingrained to be uprooted by a mere turning back of the clock to the days of Nero. In the larger cities the Church was seriously affected, but the peasants continued the even tenor of their religious ways, and the peasants constitute eighty to ninety per cent of the people. Realizing their failure, the Bolsheviks then attempted to fight fire with fire. They encouraged a schism within the Church, and gave their backing to a new body under the name of the Living Church of Russia. At this writing, the attempt seems to have been a second failure, but the future is still dark with uncertainty.

So much is necessary regarding the Church in Russia because of its predominating position in the Holy Orthodox Catholic Apostolic Eastern Church. Statistics are a bit vague, but it is probably safe to take the figure of 121,000,000 as representing the entire eastern constituency, of which Russia contains anywhere from two-thirds to three-fourths.

All told, there are some fifteen branches of the Eastern Church, operating under the direction of the five Patriarchs over whom the Patriarch of Constantinople holds the

honorary presidency. It has had a sadly troubled history and the troubles are by no means at an end. With the atrocities against the Armenian Christians still fresh in memory and the equally vicious atrocities against the Chaldean Christians still more fresh; suppressed for centuries under Turkish misrule and wounded by Bolshevist hatred; impoverished by the aftermath of war; torn with nationalistic rivalries; its miseries most unchristianly exploited by other Christian bodies to their own proselytizing advantage—the Eastern Church faces a prospect in which new trials lurk in every nook and corner. Only out of the loyalty of their forefathers to the Divine Commission do they pluck hope for their own continued fortitude while they listen for the voices of the saints of an earlier era crying—"how long, O Lord, how long!"

CHAPTER VII

THE CRUSADES

DEUS vult! Deus vult!" (God wills it! God wills it!),
roared the crowd as one man.

"Let these words be your war-cry," said Pope Urban II. "When you attack the enemy, let the words resound from every side, 'God wills it.' Rid God's sanctuary of the wicked; expel the robbers; bring in the holy souls. Ye are soldiers of the Cross; wear, then, on your breasts or on your shoulders, the blood-red sign of Him who died for the salvation of your souls."

So the first Crusade was launched, opening a unique episode in Christian history. For two-hundred years the Crusades occupied the attention of all Europe, and then they ceased as suddenly as they had begun. A succession of imposing military expeditions went eastward to reclaim the Holy Land from its Moslem conquerors; and when their force was spent the whole complexion of Europe had been changed, while the Holy Land still remained in the hands of the Moslems.

Nothing like the Crusades has ever occurred before or since. At one and the same time they represent the best of medieval chivalry and the worst of human vice. In them are packed the finest zeal, devotion, and self-sacrifice, all interlarded with cruelty, teachery, barbarism, and avarice of the lowest description. When they were finished, the flower of chivalry was left on fruitless battle-fields, great estates were impoverished, and the feudal system was broken beyond all hope of repair. Their one notable achievement was in getting Europe out of itself. Through the contacts made with the neglected life of the East, a whole new

culture was introduced, new habits and a new point of view by which the way was cleared for a new era in western civilization.

The Crusades were an enormous boon to the Church. They offered a convenient outlet for that surplus of energy which was keeping the papacy in very hot water. In bursts of enthusiasm or spasms of piety, kings and knights would take the vows of a crusader, with a more or less definite intention of going to fight the infidel some time. Such vows placed them under a certain pledge of obedience to the Church. Then, when differences arose over some question of papal policy (and such differences were constantly arising), the Pope would call upon his more troublesome opponents to fulfil their holy vows in far-off Palestine. Crusading they must go or stand before the world as forsworn knights.

But it was no simple matter to organize and equip a military expedition and convey it over hundreds of miles of difficult travel. The nobles were frequently obliged to sell or mortgage their ancestral estates, and somehow the Church was generally in the market to buy them up. Hundreds of thousands of these knights never returned, which meant that the top layer of European society was well on its way to extinction when the last of the Crusades was done. The death of feudalism was the logical consequence. As the power and wealth of the nobility were thus being dissipated, that of the Church was increasing in proportionate measure. And all this happened for the sake of religious sentiment, aggravated by the insolence of the "unspeakable Turk."

We left Mohammedanism checked by Charles Martel at the critical battle of Tours (732 A. D.). For the next two and a half centuries, the relations between Christendom and Islam were reasonably peaceful and often quite friendly. Christian pilgrims went every year to offer their devotions at the Holy Places and, on the whole, received a very sympathetic reception from the Moslem rulers of Palestine. In

fact, the Moslems seemed to respect the Christians for their piety, and rather encouraged their coming.

No serious difficulties arose until the advent of the Turks. Then trouble began; and, like a poisonous shadow, it has not failed to accompany the Turks from that day to this. They first appear about the beginning of the tenth century, deriving from the same general stock as the Huns and Tartars, and coming from an uncertain home in central Asia. A small army of them under the leadership of one, Seljuk, were driven out of their own country for some sort of crime, and crossed over into Moslem territory. There they settled and adopted the religion of Mohammed. After a generation or two, they instituted a revolution, seized the government, and imposed their authority upon the adjacent countries in a series of frightfully brutal conquests. They were known as the Seljuk Turks.

Some three centuries later, another tribe of similar origin was also driven out of central Asia by a fierce invasion of the Mongols. They followed the same road as the Seljuks, settled in Mohammedan territory, and likewise absorbed the Mohammedan religion. After a time, a leader named Othman appeared among these second arrivals, from whom they took the title of Ottoman Turks. The Ottomans made war on the Seljuks, usurped from them the already pilfered government, and carried their foreign conquests still farther. The result was the erection of the Ottoman Empire.

Greeks were colonized in many places throughout these subjugated provinces, and they soon found themselves in no enviable position. Heavy tribute was exacted from them, and they were made subject to periodic outbursts of persecution. Every year, they were obliged to supply a levy of Christian boys to their Turkish conquerors. These boys were trained up in the faith of Islam, and placed under rigorous military discipline. They constituted that terrifying body of soldiers known as the Janissaries who were the shock troops in critical Turkish battles. Thus the Christian

Greeks were not only compelled to pay for the privilege of living under an oppressive government, but also to supply their own flesh and blood to strengthen the power of the oppressors.

For several centuries the Turks controlled the political and military machinery of the Ottoman Empire, while the religion was headed up in the person of the Caliph who was always of Arabian lineage. But in the sixteenth century the sultan forced himself into the caliphate and had everything his own way thereafter. Through the Balkans, he pushed his attacks against Christian countries, at one time overrunning the better part of Hungary. His progress was finally checked at the naval battle of Lepanto, in the year 1571, though it was long before the Mediterranean Sea was cleared of Mohammedan pirates.

It was the Seljuk Turks who precipitated the Crusades. As soon as Jerusalem fell into their hands, the former consideration for Christian pilgrims quickly vanished and a reign of terror took its place. The Christian Patriarch was hauled through the streets of the city by his long, white hair, and imprisoned in a dungeon until a large ransom was paid for his liberation. The Holy Sacrament was deliberately profaned. Pilgrims were stripped, robbed, and beaten on their way up to the Holy City, and many of them lost their lives. Seven thousand set out from Germany in one year, of whom two thousand only returned to tell of their harrowing experiences. Reports of these outrages gradually filtered back into Europe, and everyone became uneasy. Resentful suggestions of reprisal began to circulate, augmented by repeated cries for help from the tottering Eastern Empire. Only a live spark was necessary to touch off the wrath of European chivalry, and that spark was applied by the hand of Peter the Hermit.

Chivalry was a strong religious movement which came as a salutary reaction to the decadence of the Dark Ages. It has been described as "the whole duty of a gentleman." Religion, Honor, and Courtesy represented its three-fold

obligation. A complicated system of rules was developed which were to regulate the conduct of a Christian knight. Boys began their education in chivalry at the age of seven, when they were given simple duties to perform in service to the knights. For the next seven years, they learned reading, writing, music, and the elementary rules of the Order. At fourteen years of age, they were inducted into the office of squire in which they served for seven years more. The squire was attached to a knight as his personal attendant; he served him at table, tasting his food before him as a safeguard against poison; he cared for the weapons of his knight, armed him for battle, and fought at his side. When of suitable age and having acquitted himself satisfactorily in his humbler position, the squire was in line to be knighted. But first he had to win his spurs, which meant that he must perform some personal deed of valor. Before receiving the coveted honor, he spent a night in vigil, kneeling before the altar with his sword held upright in his hands and his armor laid on the altar before him. In the morning, came a formal religious ceremony when he assumed the vows of Christian knighthood. He was clothed in his armor by some fair damsel who was henceforth to be his "lady," and finally was dubbed knight by one whose own knighthood qualified him to confer the title upon another. Then he was launched upon his career. He had his own squires and retainers. He had three horses—one for traveling, one for a pack horse, and the third as his battle charger, which was the largest of the three. When he was preparing for trouble he "mounted his high horse." Frequently two knights were associated together as "brothers in arms." They vowed eternal faith to one another, dressed alike, prayed together, and supported each other in all contests against all enemies.

Knightly honor was the animating motive of all their actions. Definite standards of personal integrity were to be observed, no matter what the cost might be. Certain things must be done and certain other things could never

be done, simply because a knight was a knight. Excuses were unknown under the sturdy principle of "noblesse oblige."

Chivalry was ripe for romantic adventure when Peter the Hermit returned from the Holy Land with highly seasoned accounts of Turkish cruelty and sacrilege. Peter was a zealot—all on fire for a righteous cause. The only thing he required was an opportunity, and this was given him by Pope Urban II, before whom he pleaded his cause. With Urban's consent, he went to the people with the compelling eloquence of a single-minded purpose. Meantime the Pope called a Council to be held at Clermont, in France (1095 A. D.). A huge crowd gathered before the Cathedral, agitated with a vague anticipation of impending events. With a cross raised in his hand, the Pope appeared before them, caught the fervor of their enthusiasm, and in a ringing address called them to "remember the vigor of their ancestors and go forth to conquer or die." "God wills it," came the response, while Bishops and knights clamored for the red crosses to wear upon their shoulders. The First Crusade was in the air; and, during the months that followed, the contagion of it ran like wildfire from country to country and among all classes of people.

Popular feeling, once aroused to a pitch of frenzy, was not easily controlled. Everyone wanted to be a crusader, and most of the people were impatient to be about it. The military leaders who knew something of organized expeditions, proceeded to make careful preparations, but the common people refused to wait. In the spring of the following year, some fifteen thousand undisciplined enthusiasts gathered at Cologne, and set out for Constantinople under Walter the Penniless. His name was a good forecast of what might be expected. No advance provision was made to supply the needs of such a motley party, and when they came into the desolate regions of Hungary, Walter's primitive system of guidance proved totally ineffective. An empty stomach is

habitually careless of property rights, and this crowd ran true to form by breaking loose and taking what it wanted. Somehow the recently converted Hungarians were not very sympathetic to such tactics and offered a firm resistance to the attempts at friendly robbery. A large contingent of the pilgrims sought refuge in a church to which a torch was applied and they died a miserable death. Those who escaped found hiding in the rough country, and a pitiful fraction of the original company straggled on to Constantinople to await the coming of Peter.

It was a much larger band which presently followed Peter in disorderly array over the same route. Women and children were among their number, and the hardships of the journey cost them heavy losses on the way. When they came upon the wreckage of the previous expedition, they were highly incensed at the signs of massacre, and Peter lost control of them completely. Friction with the Hungarians flared into open hostility, with the pilgrims at the receiving end of most of the trouble. It was another demoralized remnant which finally joined Walter the Penniless in the East, plainly unfit to cope with the redoubtable Turkish forces. But the mob spirit was upon them, and their unruly actions became such a nuisance to the people of Constantinople that they were glad to speed them on their crusading way. So they scrambled forward to meet a Turkish army before the walls of Nicaea. The outcome was tragic. Most of them were slaughtered, many were carried away captive, and a handful of fugitives trailed dejectedly back to a doubtful safety in the city of Constantinople.

There is no need to trace the progress of a third mob, under a German priest named Gotschalk, who innocently presented themselves before the same enraged Hungarians. They were called upon to lay down their arms under a specious promise of safe conduct, and then were mercilessly massacred. It was a sorry beginning for the attainment of a lofty purpose.

Better things, however, were in the making. While these disorderly bands were playing havoc with those who should have been their friends, a group of able knights were laying their plans for a truly effective expedition. Godfrey of Bouillon is the outstanding figure in this first concerted effort. By different routes, five knightly armies laid their courses eastward. This time, discipline was a reality and Constantinople was reached with no serious mishaps. The figures of the chroniclers may not be altogether reliable, but it seems likely that the total force numbered upwards of half a million men. The Emperor at Constantinople was somewhat dismayed at the sight of such a host camped at his very doorstep, for one could never be sure just what a large and well-equipped army might take it in mind to do. Being a crafty person by nature, he endeavored to secure his own safety by playing upon the jealousies of the various leaders. Thus opens the first chapter of that endless intrigue and rivalry which blackened the record of the whole crusading movement. As time went on, many a promising opportunity was ruined because of petty bickering between those who were supposed to be united in a holy cause. Too many Christian cooks made unsavory broth out of more than one Christian campaign, while the Turks bided their time to clean the Christian platter.

Temporarily, these particular knights settled their particular differences, but without much credit to any one of them except possibly Godfrey, who appears as the noblest character of them all. Heavily armed, they marched upon Nicaea where they wrought a cordial vengeance for the whitening bones of the foolish mob which had preceded them. The Turks withdrew, and the way was opened to Antioch. It was a cruel march, in the heat of mid-summer, and through country stripped of all supplies by the retreating Sultan. Fresh dissensions arose, resulting in the departure of one army on a mission of its own into the kingdom of Edessa, which was reduced and brought under Christian control.

The remainder of the host pressed on to Antioch where they laid siege to a strong garrison of Turkish defenders. For three months they camped before the city, and then diminishing supplies, coupled with the terrific heat, began to waste away their strength. Affairs were running to a crisis when a bit of treachery on the part of the inhabitants gave occasion for a successful assault. Shouting their battle cry of "Deus vult!" the crusaders swarmed over the walls, and amid much rejoicing Antioch fell into their hands. It was a notable victory, well calculated to inspire either fear or determination in the hearts of the Moslems. But, worn down by privation, the crusaders became momentarily careless. Instead of preparing themselves for a counter-attack, they settled down to a well-earned breathing spell. Before they realized their peril, a huge Mohammedan army surrounded them, and the besiegers found themselves besieged in a city denuded of its own resources and not yet re-provisioned. A few days and their condition was far worse than when they themselves were in the rôle of attackers. Disorders occurred and spirits were at a low ebb when one of those strange incidents happened which occasionally change the whole course of destiny.

Peter Barthelemy, a priest and chaplain of Raymond of Toulouse, announced that he had had a wonderful dream. In his sleep, St. Andrew had carried him to the Church of St. Peter where he had been shown a lance-head, the very one which had pierced the side of Our Lord as He hung on the Cross. He was solemnly instructed that if this were carried at the head of the army, nothing but victory could be their lot. Possibly his despondent companions were ready to catch at any straw; or, perhaps, in an uncritical age, people were naturally prepared to stretch their faith to meet the needs of the hour. At any rate, the dream was accepted at its face value, and a solemn procession led the way to St. Peter's where squads of workmen dug feverishly at the indicated spot. When nothing was forthcoming, Barthelemy

himself was lowered into the pit and "at last," writes the chronicler, "the Lord, moved by such devotion, showed us the lance." Confidence soared to unbelievable heights as the excited knights craved only a chance to prove their faith with their swords. Early the next morning, they sallied forth in battle splendor, marching in twelve battalions, one for each of the twelve Apostles, and led by a bishop bearing aloft the sacred symbol of their victory. By every rule of warfare the crusaders were walking into certain defeat and sudden death. But all ordinary rules were suspended in the face of their invincible faith. With the odds overwhelmingly against them, they fought as an army possessed, and the bewildered Turks shrank from the fury of their attack. When the day was done, the weary knights were completely victorious while the brilliant Moslem army was scattered to the four points of the compass.

A fantastic sequel followed somewhat later when the rested crusaders took up their march to the Holy City. Barthelemy indulged in more visions, and unpleasant comments began to circulate. Rumors of fraud were passed about which he indignantly denied. But his denials proved ineffective; and, as a last resort to silence the gossip, he demanded the "ordeal by fire" in proof of his integrity. "Make me the biggest fire you can," he said, "and I will pass through the midst with the Lord's Lance in my hand. If it be the Lord's Lance, may I pass through unharmed; if not, may I be burnt up." So two great fires were kindled, and Barthelemy passed through the narrow space between. The crowd watched breathlessly as they saw him emerge apparently unharmed. In their zeal, his friends seized him, pulling him hither and thither in search of tangible evidence that his flesh was unscorched. But it was evident that he was badly burned, and a few days later he died. His friends said that the rough treatment following the fire had been too much for him. His critics declared that the fire had taken his life. The argument was unsettled, and both sides held to their

previous opinions. The only certainty was that Antioch was theirs and Barthelemy was dead.

On they went to Jerusalem. They found it defended by forty thousand picked troops. The neighboring wells had been poisoned, and food was scarce. But their spirits were revived by the sight of the Holy City, and their furious attack would not be gainsaid. It was a fearful battle with no quarter asked or given; but victory fell to the crusaders, and the object of their aspirations was realized. The Holy City had been redeemed. The First Crusade had proved a shining success. The Divine Commission was crowned with triumph to the sound of martial music.

But that success had to be properly consolidated. Therefore, the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem was established for the public good, and Godfrey was chosen to be its first king. His acceptance of the honor was what might have been expected. He declined to wear a crown of gold where his Saviour had worn one of thorns. The only title he would accept was that of Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. Whatever the title, it was no easy office. More battles had to be fought, many strategic positions had yet to be acquired, and the country had to be organized under a Christian administration. Godfrey himself was killed in a battle a year after his elevation, but the kingdom continued to be a success for the next fifty years.

At the time Jerusalem was taken, there was a society in the city known as the Knights Hospitaller. They had been organized for the sole purpose of caring for pilgrims who fell sick on their visits to the Holy City. Their work was expanded under the new kingdom; and, in the course of time, they became a powerful factor in all the affairs of the East. Recurrent attacks of the Moslems led the Hospitallers to modify their rule in favor of military activities; and after the Crusades were ended, they stood as a spear-head of Christian defense against the extension of Mohammedanism. Driven out of Palestine after the collapse of the Christian

kingdom, they established a strong position on the Island of Rhodes, retreating at last to the Island of Malta, which they defended with superlative valor after Europe had practically forsaken them.

The Teutonic Knights were a similar body dating from a century later than the Hospitallers and restricted to those of German birth. They also were originally dedicated to the care of the sick, but were diverted to military interests. They figured subsequently in northern Europe in a more important capacity than they did in Palestine during the Crusades.

It was the Knights Templar who represented the real standing army of Palestine. Their humble beginning goes back to eight knights, led by Hugh des Payens, who, in the year 1118, banded themselves together for the protection of pilgrims traveling up to Jerusalem. They were military from the outset, though living under a modified monastic rule. The usual vows were assumed of poverty, chastity, and obedience, together with a military discipline of extreme rigidity. They were Christian knights always on crusade. The lure of the Order won its way quickly throughout the chivalry of Europe. Men of the best blood in all Christian countries flocked to its standard, eager to pray and to fight clad in the long white garment adorned with the blood-red passion cross. Its banner, the *beauseant*—half white and half black, signifying “fair and favorable to the friends of Christ; dark and terrible to His enemies”—was always to be found at the most hazardous post in every battle against the Moslems. At first, the Order was poor to the point of real poverty; but, as it grew in favor, large gifts were made to it until it became excessively wealthy. The strength of the Order, the independence of its knights, and their frequent disregard for any other authority than their own, were eventually responsible for a reaction of popular sentiment against them. But their downfall was a clear case of public assassination due to the personal hatred of the King of

France and with the connivance of the Pope. They were seized on unfounded charges, tortured, imprisoned, and burned at the stake. Finally, in 1314, the Order was formally declared dissolved. Nevertheless, throughout the period of the Crusades, they were the strongest single continuous factor in the struggle for the possession of Palestine.

It is scarcely possible to say just how many Crusades there were. Formal expeditions marched out at various times, but some of them went in sections with such intervals between that they might well be counted as separate ventures. And then there were always knights "taking the cross" in fulfilment of some vow, who would make brief excursions to strike a blow for the Holy Sepulchre, returning homeward with their mission completed but with little accomplished. Some kind of fight with the Moslems could always be had for the asking, and it was all part of the general crusading movement.

What is generally counted the Second Crusade (1147 A. D.) was chiefly the work of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, undoubtedly the most influential man of his day. Slackness of administration in the Palestinian kingdom had given the Mohammedans an opportunity for renewed activity. No one paid very much attention to it until the startling news came that Edessa had fallen. Immediately the air was electric with the spirit of re-conquest. Bernard threw himself into a campaign calculated to stir the most somnolent Christian knight to a new sense of his duty. About the same time, the King of France had reason to pacify a troublesome conscience, and decided that the best way to be rid of his sins was to bury them in the same grave with a large number of slain Moslems. The Germans also came in and, cheered with the glowing predictions of Bernard, they set forth to teach the infidel a wholesome lesson. Unfortunately, the instruction was all the other way. Quarrels with Constantinople dulled the edge of enthusiasm and provoked a scandalous bit of treachery which all but annihilated the first

contingent. Near Laodicea another disaster befell the united armies, and an ineffective remnant was all that ever reached Jerusalem. An abortive attempt to redeem themselves by an attack on Damascus marked the Second Crusade as a complete failure. St. Bernard was voluble with explanations, but a severe blow had been struck at his prestige.

Moreover, a new leader came to the front in Islam about this time, who was destined to inflict fearful damage upon the Christian cause. Two rival Caliphs had long ruled in Syria and Egypt respectively, and between the two there was no love lost. This rivalry had been a serious source of weakness to the Moslems heretofore, but it was removed when the notable warrior Saladin made himself master of both factions. His energy and skill soon began to make telling inroads on the Kingdom of Jerusalem, culminating in the capture of the Holy City itself (1187 A. D.). Christendom winced under the shock, and mustered its forces for another heroic effort.

France, England, and Germany united for the Third Crusade, with Frederick Barbarossa as the outstanding figure at the beginning. A "Saladin-tax" was instituted to defray expenses, whereby every man paid a tenth of his income into the treasury of the crusaders. Frederick was drowned at an early stage of the expedition, and Richard the Lion-hearted of England took the centre of a picture immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in *The Talisman*. As usual, slumbering jealousies came to life and withheld success as far as the retaking of Jerusalem was concerned. But this Crusade has given us the romantic story of King Richard—embellished, no doubt, by legend; yet still the type of what the Christian knight ought to be. A quaint illustration of the prevalent spirit is given in the words of the chronicler: "It was the custom of the army each night, before lying down to rest, to depute someone to stand in the middle of the camp and cry out with a loud voice, 'Help! Help! for the Holy Sepulchre!' The rest of the army took it up and repeated

the words; and, stretching their hands to heaven, prayed for the mercy and assistance of God in the cause. Then the herald himself repeated in a loud voice: 'Help! Help! for the Holy Sepulchre!' and everyone repeated it after him a second and a third time. The army appeared to be much refreshed by crying out in this fashion."

Terrific battles were fought, in which Richard's dauntless bravery won him peerless renown. Once, when Saladin angrily reproached his captains because of a disastrous defeat, one of them replied in this wise: "Most sacred Sultan, saving your majesty, this charge is unjust, for we fought with all our strength and did our best to destroy them. We met their fiercest attacks, but it was of no avail. They are armed in impenetrable armor which no weapon can pierce, so that our blows fell, as it were, upon a rock of flint. And, further, there is one among their number superior to any man we have ever seen; he always charges before the rest, slaying and destroying our men. He is the first in every enterprise, and is a most brave and excellent soldier; no one can resist him or escape out of his hands. They call him *Melech Ric* (King Richard). Such a king as he seems born to command the whole earth; what, then, could we do more against so formidable an enemy?"

Richard's men, of course, idolized him. One day, he went hawking with a small escort and, being fatigued, lay down to rest. While he was asleep, a much superior company of the enemy swooped suddenly down upon him, not knowing who he was. In spite of his valiant defense, he must soon have been taken if it had not been for one of his own knights who called out that he himself was *Melech Ric*. Dazzled at the prospect of capturing so great a prize, the Moslems gave all their attention to this knight alone, while Richard was left to make his way back to his army. The courtly courtesy which passed between him and Saladin has been the theme of song and fable. Each recognized a master in the other. Indeed, Saladin sent his brother on

one occasion with an offer to relinquish the Kingdom of Jerusalem to Richard on certain conditions. But Richard was a better warrior than statesman, and the parley fell through.

The campaign was hopelessly prolonged, adding many a laurel to Richard's crown but never quite attaining its object. Meanwhile, his brother John was playing havoc with England, and Richard realized that his presence at home was increasingly necessary. With much reluctance he bade farewell to the Holy Land, intending to return and finish his uncompleted task. But such a man was not without his enemies. Shipwrecked in the Adriatic, he was imprisoned in a castle in the Tyrol while his friends sought vainly to discover his whereabouts. The story goes on to relate how the faithful Blondel, minstrel to Richard, wandered from country to country in quest of his master. As he sat resting beside a certain castle, he sang to himself some of the old ballads which Richard had loved. His astonished ears heard the songs coming back from within the walls, telling him that his search was ended. Back to England went Blondel with the good news, and soon Richard was released, only to meet an untimely death on an English battlefield. This tale, like many others about Richard, may have little basis in fact; but, as Lord Charnwood says in another connection, "It deserves to be regarded as the particular sort of lie that people tell about that sort of man."

The Crusade which expended itself in founding the Latin Empire of Constantinople has already been recounted. The next in order is the pathetic Children's Crusade, one of those curious extravagances devoid of rhyme or reason which now and then sweep people irrationally off their feet. Famine and pestilence had been reaping a gruesome harvest in Palestine when the cry of the miserable sufferers echoed throughout Christian Europe. The Pope tried to arouse the old crusading spirit on a new line of mercy, but a lethargy had fallen upon knightly valor. As if to shame their elders,

the children in various countries seemed moved with a common desire to commit an obvious folly. Common sense would have checked the movement at its inception, but common sense was not the virtue of the day. First, they gathered from Germany—some seven thousand children, headed for Genoa on their way to the Holy Land. The Alps became strewn with their little frozen bodies, and only a few half-starved survivors stumbled down into Italy with the pitiful acknowledgment that they did not know why they had come. Another band actually embarked from Brindisi and were never heard of again. The largest number came from France seeking ships at Marseilles. A couple of merchants who had waxed fat on the slave-trade with the Saracens offered to lend them seven ships. Two of these ships foundered with all hands, while the rest discharged their unfortunate cargoes at Moslem ports where the children were cruelly condemned to a life of servitude. Not one of them ever reached the Holy Land, and many a home was left desolate to mourn a wholly useless sacrifice.

The next Crusade (1219 A. D.) begins with tragedy and ends with a touch of humor. Originating in that same Hungary which had proved a stumbling block a century before, the knights achieved several notable successes which were all lost when an inexplicable and unwarranted panic came upon them. Regaining their composure after a time, they determined to strike down into Egypt and so enter Jerusalem by the back door. They sailed up the Nile to the strong Moslem fortress of Damietta which was considered all but impregnable. But during the siege, the Sultan died, and courage oozed out of the defenders. Rather than run the risk of losing their valuable stronghold in Egypt, the Moslems offered to surrender Palestine if Egypt might be spared. Inasmuch as Palestine was the real objective, it is a cause for wonder that the opportunity was not speedily accepted. The strange fact is that it was refused. The siege was continued and, eventually, Damietta

fell to the crusaders' arms in empty triumph. They then pushed on across the desert to Cairo, short of provisions and stricken with plague. The sluices of the Nile were opened against them, and their opponents had them in a fatal trap from which they were only too happy to extricate their irresponsible lives by returning Damietta to the Egyptians. All they carried away was much grief. Through the alchemy of bad judgment, a golden opportunity had been converted into the cross of failure.

Meantime Frederick II of Germany was keeping things at home in something of a turmoil. Being of an impulsive disposition and at the same time unusually keen in his intellectual processes, he was carrying on a merry quarrel with the Pope. He had taken the vow of a crusader, and the Pope was more than eager to shunt him off to the East where he would be temporarily harmless. But Frederick dallied, using one excuse after another, until eleven long years had passed with his vow still unfulfilled. John of Brienne, through marriage, had secured the nominal title to the throne of Jerusalem. He appeared in Europe with his beautiful daughter to make a personal appeal for help. The Pope urged Frederick to marry the beautiful daughter, thinking that such an alliance would hasten the long-desired Crusade. Frederick, to be sure, was not averse to a handsome wife, and he saw other things on the horizon as well; so he fell in with the Pope's plans. But as soon as the marriage was solemnized, he coolly remarked that John had acquired the royal title through his wife who was now dead, and that the crown therefore fell to the daughter; but as he, Frederick, was now her husband, the marriage made him King of Jerusalem and he would take his time about the affairs of his own kingdom. Two years more of delay, and the Pope excommunicated him for his recalcitrance. Frederick was actually preparing for his Crusade at the time, but he refused to be hurried. When his leisurely plans were complete, he hoisted anchor for the East.

A Crusade under excommunicate leadership was an unheard-of thing, and the Pope ordered him to stay until he had done penance. But Frederick refused to change his plans at that late hour. He was off for Palestine, though his natural intelligence told him that he must not count too much on his own following. Obviously, in meeting the Moslems, discretion would be much the better part of valor. Therefore, instead of throwing himself into romantic hostilities he opened a series of diplomatic conferences with the Sultan, which were so adroitly handled that a truce of ten years was effected, to the great advantage of the crusaders. Joppa, Bethlehem, and Nazareth were given into their hands, together with the Holy City itself, excepting Mount Moriah where the Mosque of Omar stood. Frederick proclaimed his victory with much satisfaction, but no one seemed to agree with him. The Moslems were very angry with their Sultan because of his concessions, and the Christians were quite disgusted with Frederick for doing all his fighting with his tongue. It is quite likely that Frederick himself chuckled heartily over the situation he had created. Others had submitted to years of bitter warfare to no purpose whatever, and had been acclaimed for their noble deeds; while he, in a few short months and without a drop of anyone's blood being shed, had accomplished what the others had failed to do—yet he was despised for his very success. The truth back of it all was that he had violated the code. As a crusader he was an excellent diplomat.

Frederick's ten years' truce was not observed with much accuracy by either party concerned. Occasional skirmishes here and there were like so many irritations to old wounds. It was in one of these minor engagements that the Templars lost their Grand Commander; and that, in itself, was sufficient excuse for another expedition from Europe (1235 A. D.). Factionalism had sprung up among the Moslems, and the Sultan trod no path of roses in maintaining his sovereignty. Open hostility between these factions made life

intolerable for the whole country, and was doubtless responsible for much of the truce-breaking. Such confusion among their foes was, of course, an invaluable asset to the crusaders. It is true, they suffered a defeat in their first battle; but reinforcements arrived, and the Sultan was so skeptical of his ability to hold his own, that he quickly sued for peace, offering the release of all Christian prisoners and the full surrender of the Holy Land. This time, the crusaders were eager to realize their hopes; and, for a moment, the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem again became a reality.

Perhaps the good fortune came too easily to be lasting. With little or no warning, a new catastrophe enveloped Christian and Moslem alike when a horde of savage Tartars swept down upon them, carrying fire and sword wherever they went. Nothing seemed able to check the fury of their attack. Former hostilities sank from view in the appalling presence of this common peril, and Christian fought side by side with Mohammedan in fruitless efforts to stem the tide. The military Orders were cut to pieces, and Jerusalem fell a prey to indiscriminate slaughter. A fine story comes from the Christian defense of Joppa. It seems that a mixed army of Moslems and Christians had suffered a grievous defeat at Gaza, in which the Prince of Joppa was captured. When the Tartars moved on to the latter city, they elevated the prince on a cross and commanded him, on pain of death, to order his people to surrender. Instead, he courageously called out to the defenders on the walls—"It is your duty to defend this Christian city, and mine to die for Christ." The prince died and the city was taken, but a splendid example of Christian fortitude was bequeathed to posterity. When the wave of Tartar destruction subsided, this last Crusade had been obliterated and Jerusalem reverted to the Moslems once more.

The last two expeditions to take the cross are associated with the name of Louis IX of France—a saintly character who typifies the highest idealism of the whole crusading period.

Regal dignity, unimpeachable piety, and personal humility were closely interwoven in his life, at a time when no one of these virtues was particularly abundant. A woman, disappointed in an unworthy appeal made to the King, once snapped out her opinion that he was not fit for his office. "You speak truly," Louis replied. "It has pleased God to make me King; it had been well had He chosen someone better able to govern this kingdom rightly."

Louis had long cherished a desire to go crusading, but had been restrained by the pleas of an over-anxious mother. His mind was finally made up after a serious illness when the attendants thought, for a moment, that he had actually died. The following Christmas, he distributed gifts to his barons in the form of a new robe for each one. To the surprise of many, they discovered, when they put them on, that they were all decorated with the cross. So the Crusade was manned and set out for Egypt (1248 A. D.) with a view of renewing the siege of Damietta. The city capitulated with unexpected celerity; but the old story of thirst, hunger, and pestilence was repeated, all of which were capitalized in the strong Mohammedan resistance to farther advance. Disaster followed upon disaster. Finally, King Louis was captured and held for ransom, but he preferred to give up Damietta in exchange for his own release on the ground that it was not fitting that a King should be auctioned off for gold. Nevertheless the ransom was paid. When the King learned that, through sharp practice, his captors had been induced to accept a sum short of that agreed upon, he was very indignant at such trickery and refused to accept his own liberty until the full amount had been delivered. After a pilgrimage to Nazareth, he returned home with a heavy heart to live the next fifteen years in a simplicity quite incompatible with his royal position. During those years, affairs in the Holy Land were going very badly. One Christian stronghold after another slipped from Christian control until only Acre was left.

All the time, Louis had his heart set on another effort; and at last, when the Pope issued a call, he and Prince Edward of England agreed to lead the forlorn hope. Again Louis set out for Egypt (1267 A. D.) but he was seized with a fatal illness when his ship touched at Tunis. At his own request, he was laid on a bed of ashes; and, as his strength ebbed away, he was heard to whisper, over and over again, "Jerusalem! Jerusalem!" The last words upon his lips were indicative of his saintly spirit—"I will enter Thy house, O Lord, I will worship in Thy sanctuary." And his chronicler adds: "It was at the same hour that the Son of God died upon the Cross for the world's salvation."

Edward of England attempted to carry on. A few blows were struck for the Holy Sepulchre, and Edward all but lost his life at the hands of an assassin. He was obliged to leave things much as he had found them. It was the last gasp of an expiring cause. Acre, left to its fate, was soon forced to surrender (1291 A. D.) and the last Christian foothold in Palestine became a thing of the past. The Divine Commission turned to more peaceful pursuits.

The medieval Crusades were ended. The face of Europe had been revolutionized in the process, but the Holy Land was safely bulwarked against Christian aggression for the next six hundred years. This chapter, however, cannot be closed without a reference to that "Last Crusade" which had its own touches of real romance and was not without its own spirit of modern chivalry.

Up out of the same old Egypt, in the year 1917, the British army launched its Palestinian campaign as one of the many movements on the great checker-board of the World War. The hazards of the desert were met by the famous "chicken-wire road," over which heavy military equipment was safely transported, and by the remarkable pipe-line which carried the purified water of the Nile, step for step, with the British advance. It marked the fulfilment of an old Arab proverb, two centuries old—"When the Nile flows

into Palestine, then shall the prophet from the West drive the Turk from Jerusalem."

Samson's city of Gaza, the scene of many a crusader's battle, was the first to fall into British hands. Hebron, once David's capital city, soon followed; and the British soldiers refreshed themselves with water from the ancient wells of Abraham. Battles were fought in the foot-hills of the Shephelah where Israelite and Philistine had contested their respective rights long before Godfrey and Richard the Lion-hearted carried the Cross over the same ground. Throughout the campaign, the Bible was the guide-book of the British forces. In one instance, carefully laid plans for a modern assault were scrapped in favor of the bolder exploit of Jonathan at Michmash, and history repeated itself in a stunning British victory. The Holy City was carefully pinched out, with no destructive use of gun-fire against the holy places, and Jerusalem was once more freed from Turkish sovereignty. More as a Christian pilgrim than as a conqueror, General Allenby took over the city on December 11, 1917. No flags were flown, no bands played, no drums sounded, no guns were fired, as this Christian gentleman quietly entered by the Jaffa Gate, on foot and accompanied only by a few personal attendants. The follow-up was a masterpiece of strategy. Completely fooled by camouflage, the Turks prepared for an attack across the Jordan by way of Jericho. Meanwhile, the British forces were concentrated on the seacoast. A sharp attack opened a way into the Turkish defense, through which the British cavalry rushed across the hills of Samaria; and there, at the very entrance to Armageddon, two whole Turkish armies were overwhelmed. It wrote "Finis" to the story of the Crusades.

May the Prince of Peace speed His day of good-will, when the war-like crusades of violence shall give place to kindlier crusades of Christian service, and the Holy City shall realize the destiny which its name implies—Jerusalem, "the City of Peace!"

CHAPTER VIII

THE GREAT SCHISM

THE reign of Pope Innocent III (1198-1216 A. D.) marks the real zenith of papal power. It was he who consolidated the stupendous pretensions of Hildebrand and made the papal monarchy a thoroughly going concern.

At the time of his election, he was only thirty-seven years old; but by training and temperament he was exceptionally qualified for the problems he had to face. He successfully revived the waning power of the popes over the Papal States, and snatched great profit for himself out of the local dissensions of Guelph and Ghibelline factions; Rome itself became the back-yard of the Vatican. By a carefully conceived programme of gradual legislation, he centralized the control of ecclesiastical affairs in his own hands—much to the enhancement of the papacy and with corresponding curtailment of the authority of the bishops. No pope, before him or since, has held the commanding position which his own ability, plus fortunate circumstances, was able to produce.

The Crusades were still an active force, at great cost to the nations of Europe and none whatever to Rome where all the advantages accrued. The great minds of the day were engaged in the intricacies of scholastic theology which gave the pope his opportunity to define doctrine as well as to organize a closely-knit administration. "Transubstantiation" found its place in Catholic dogma during his time, together with the fixed rule of private confession, and the administration of the Sacrament in one kind. The Mendicant Orders offered new means of spiritual leverage upon the Common people; and the ground work was laid

for what, later, attained its obnoxious maturity in the Inquisition.

There were three great powers in Europe at that time—Germany, France, and England. The young German prince, presently to be the troublesome Frederick II, was under the personal guardianship of Pope Innocent during the early years of his reign, which gave the Pope a firm hand-hold on the turbulent conditions in that country. The King of France placed himself at the mercy of the Pope by his own immoral connections, and Innocent brought him to submission by laying the whole country under an interdict. "Awful and wonderful it was to see, in every city, the doors of the churches locked; Christians debarred like dogs from entering them; a cessation of divine offices; no consecration of the Lord's Body and Blood; no flocking of the people, as had been usual, to the high solemnities of the saints; the bodies of the dead not committed to burial with Christian rites, but the stench of them infected the air, while the frightful sight of them struck horror into the minds of the living." Meanwhile, England was under the rule of the despicable King John, who enjoyed such cordial hatred from his own subjects that he had scarcely a friend in the world when the papal tweezers systematically plucked him to the bone.

The old adage, "Be bold, be bold—be not too bold!" is a good epitome of Innocent's policy, and it worked with beautiful precision. Everywhere his hand was felt, and nothing went on without his penetrating scrutiny. Of himself he said—"Not only am I not allowed to contemplate, but I cannot even get leave to breathe; I am in such a degree made over to others that I almost seem to be altogether taken away from myself." Perhaps that is why he died in his early fifties. Success is a hard master, and there are heavy penalties attached to great power.

The influence of Innocent's reign lasted through several pontificates after him, but changes were in the air—and such changes as were not to be altogether healthy to the exag-

gerated proportions of the papal monarchy. The vigorous intellectual activity inspired by the work of the "schoolmen" could not long be restrained from overflowing into other fields than that of theological disputation. Scholasticism itself was academic in character; but it placed weapons of scholarship at the disposal of the universities, which could cut more ways than one. The seeds of the Reformation were planted several hundred years before Martin Luther ever graced the world with his presence.

To the modern way of thinking, scholasticism may seem trivial in its finespun subtleties, but it represents a significant shifting of ground in the whole matter of Church doctrine. Up to the eleventh century, discussion centered around the interpretation of earlier authorities, of whom St. Augustine of Hippo was the chief. The integrity of the doctrine itself, in the light of a revival of philosophy, was the particular concern of scholasticism. Berengar of Tours precipitated the controversy over the Eucharist. Abelard and Anselm opened up separate avenues of study, drawing scholars into conflicting camps of opinion. Out of the mists of pre-Christian times, Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, was haled forth as the standard of logic and Christian reason. Not only did much new information become available, but men began to accept a new discipline of thought. It began to assume some definite shape in the "Sentences" of Peter Lombard (1150 A. D.) where, for instance, the fluctuating number of sacraments was finally reduced to seven. Many lesser lights studied the Sentences diligently and expended their energies in writing commentaries upon them. But the two men who towered head and shoulders above their fellows were Duns Scotus, the Franciscan (died 1308 A. D.), and St. Thomas Aquinas, the Dominican (died 1274 A. D.).

Duns Scotus was a marvel of intellectual acumen, unsurpassed in his penetrating dialectic. St. Thomas Aquinas was gifted with a remarkable facility in organizing his conclusions, and stands today as the greatest theologian in Christian

history. It is true that scholasticism ended in feeble quips of purposeless logomachy, but it did teach men to think. It prompted a spirit of inquiry which made it possible for William of Ockham and Marsilius of Padua to broadcast views which at other times might well have cost them their lives. They were the forerunners of Wyclif and Huss, who fired the warning guns of the Reformation itself.

While the schoolmen were straining their minds over terms and doctrines, another movement was launched among the common people which proved to be of little less importance. The Mendicant Orders, at least in their beginnings, represent one of the finest phases of the Middle Ages. They were the creation of two men of matchless piety and singular devotion—St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic.

Everyone loves St. Francis (died 1226 A. D.). At a time when the Church was best known for its insatiable appetite for power, Francis faced himself about to a life of utter self-denial. Born into a family of considerable wealth, he lived the life of a free and easy young blade until, during a short period of captivity, he found time to think. His release brought to light a very different Francis. In response to Our Lord's injunction, "Give to everyone that asketh thee," he scattered his money; and when it was all gone, gave away his clothes. He sought out miserable lepers as a particular object of his affection, and washed their feet and kissed their sores. Once he sold some of his father's goods for money to repair a dilapidated church. But his father's sense of business did not consort well with such irresponsible generosity. Francis was called to account; and, in the presence of the Bishop, cheerfully stripped off the garments with which his father had clothed him, stood forth in a raw state of nature, and announced himself responsible to none but his Heavenly Father thereafter. His outraged parents greeted him with curses whenever they met; so Francis provided himself with a casual beggar as a traveling companion whom he called "father," and for every paternal curse

the beggar responded with a blessing, making the sign of the cross. He wore only a single piece of coarse clothing with a rope around the middle, traveling in his bare feet to tend the sick and preach a simple gospel of repentance. His plain goodness drew him disciples. People began to talk about him and his strange company of friars. After a time the Pope recognized his work and gave him a commission to preach. His instructions to his followers were that they were to welcome contemptuous treatment, to refuse all ecclesiastical preferment, to reverence the clergy, to live on the plainest possible fare, and to own no possessions of any kind whatever. He preached to anyone who would listen, including birds, worms, and flowers. He used to speak of his body as "Brother Ass" because of the burdens he gave it to bear. As his life was flickering out, he is said to have exclaimed, "Welcome, sister Death."

His Order grew rapidly, but it was not long before it showed signs of departing from its primitive standards. Wealth flowed into it, great monasteries were erected, schools opened. A generation or two after his death, Francis would scarcely have recognized his own work. It has been said that at the time of the Reformation the Franciscans were, perhaps, the most profoundly corrupted of all the Orders.

Of a very different sort was St. Dominic and the Order which popularly takes its name from him. He was a Spanish contemporary of St. Francis, but his family connection is a bit uncertain. From his youth, he was studious and devout, gaining an early reputation for both virtues, about which much legend has accumulated. He is said to have spent more hours on his knees than in his bed. Every night he belabored himself with an iron chain, once for his own sins, once for the sins of the rest of the world, and once for the sinners in purgatory. In a time of famine, he even sold his beloved books for the relief of the hungry sufferers.

His life-work grew out of a visit to southern France where the Albigensian heresy was flourishing in spite of all

efforts to suppress it. A full-fledged crusade had been proclaimed against the Albigenses by Innocent III, which resulted in several years of open warfare reeking with beastliness on both sides. In spite of wholesale slaughter and many stupid atrocities, the heresy continued to spread, largely through the somewhat unusual stimulus of eloquent preaching. Dominic was appalled by the state of affairs and decided that the best way to counteract the heresy was to fight it with its own approved weapons. So he preached, and his preaching was wonderfully successful. He formed a Brotherhood dedicated to the training of preachers who were to refute the arguments of the heretics and instruct the people in the knowledge of the true Faith. His friars became known as Dominicans, though the official title of the Brotherhood was (and still is) simply The Order of Preachers. The original field of their labors was southern France; but, in the course of time, their activities extended wherever heresy raised its head.

At first, Dominic was willing to provide for his work in the usual way, but the growing popularity of the penniless Franciscans impressed him with the idea that the best way to approach the common people was through the door of self-imposed poverty. So the Dominicans became the second of the famous Mendicant Orders. To be sure, the poverty did not last much beyond the time of Dominic; but, for the moment, it was a salutary experience for the Church to know that in an age of scheming rapacity, there were those who were willing to sacrifice everything in a spirit of utter service to their Lord.

In view of the purpose for which they were formed, it was almost inevitable that the Dominicans should have been drawn into the Inquisition. There was a time when the admirers of Dominic were eager to give him the honor of having originated the Inquisition, but that day has passed. His present admirers are far more likely to concern themselves with proving exactly the opposite. And they are

probably right. Dominic dedicated himself to the persuasion of men's minds—not to the torture of their bodies. But the policy of rigid organization developed under the papal monarchy demanded outward conformity rather than inner conviction, and the easier way soon gained the ascendancy.

The Inquisition, or Holy Office, dates from the pontificate of Gregory IX (1231 A. D.). Much earlier than this, individual bishops had instituted courts of inquiry to bridle the heretical excesses of groups of people known as the Cathari. But these strange fanatics multiplied too rapidly for comfort, and some settled policy of dealing with them seemed desirable. Nearly half a century before Gregory, a compact had been effected between Lucius III and Frederick Barbarossa, providing that culprits convicted by ecclesiastical courts might be turned over to the temporal power for punishment. Resting on that agreement, the Inquisition has been able to say for itself that it was never guilty of shedding any man's blood. This, of course, is technically true; but it is also true that the civil authorities who did the blood-letting were commissioned for it by the ecclesiastical courts, and were expected by the hierarchy to do it. There was no doubt in the minds of the judges as to what would happen when they passed judgment.

Gregory gathered these local tribunals under his own control and organized them into a wholesale system for the extirpation of heresy. Inquisitors were appointed by the pope and were accountable to him. In theory, they were supposed to work in collaboration with the bishops; but they had their own staff of assistants and, in practice, gave the bishops slight consideration.

It is a difficult matter to unravel the story of the Inquisition. Restraining orders frequently emanated from the Vatican, but just as frequently the inquisitors got out of all control; so that many commendable efforts at moderation appear on paper which are entirely contradicted by the chroniclers of the actual events. Neither did the same rules

prevail in every country. The inquisitors were granted wide latitude of judgment, and the severities authorized in one place were often greatly reduced elsewhere.

In general, the procedure would run somewhat as follows. The inquisitors would appear in a certain district and proclaim a month's "term of grace." During that month, everyone was supposed to set himself right with the Church. At the end of the month, the Inquisition was prepared to receive charges against recalcitrants. Accused persons were arrested on secret information. They never saw their accusers, who might be the worst of characters or even heretics themselves. Always the accused was assumed to be guilty on the strength of the charges preferred. He was allowed no legal counsel or advisors of any kind. If he denied, he was tortured. Even witnesses might be tortured to get evidence against a third party. If the accused confessed or was convicted, he might be tortured again for information against other persons. By papal order, torture was to be inflicted only once on any person. But it was easy to beat such an order with a little clever manipulation. A charge would be split up into several charges and the victim tortured once for each charge. Sometimes a poor tortured wretch would collapse into unconsciousness, and then the process would be repeated the following day—not as a new torture but merely as an adjourned session. When Alexander VI complained of the slow progress made with Savonarola, the inquisitors replied that he was a tough monk and it was hard to torture him successfully. In self-defense, the accused often resorted to devious tricks. The Albigenses, for instance, would name one of their leaders after the reigning pope and another after the local bishop; one of the women would be nick-named the Virgin Mary, another the Church, another the Eucharist. Then when they were asked if they were loyal to Pope So-and-So, they would truthfully answer "Yes." When they were asked if they loved the Church and were reverent toward the Eucharist, their curious consciences suffered no

spasms of remorse at an affirmative reply. The penalties varied according to circumstances, running all the way from confiscation of property, imprisonment, or banishment, to burning at the stake.

The original field of the Inquisition was in central and southern France. The Scandinavian countries appear to have had none of it, and England escaped very lightly. Germany had a few bad years when a bilious-minded person named Conrad of Marburg terrorized the country in a fearful campaign of frightfulness. No one, including the bishops, was safe when he was around. His motto was—"Confess and be burned, or deny and be burned." If the victim was guilty, he deserved it; if he was innocent, he had the honor of being a martyr. Conrad was so crude in his violence that one day he was waylaid and assassinated, to the regret of nobody. The stench of his memory was so nauseous that Germany was spared further inquisitorial inroads. For a short time, the Inquisition was called in to handle an hysterical aberration about witches in northern France. Certain unfortunates were tortured into confessing that they flew to secret meetings on an anointed stick and participated in sundry vile practices. Whereupon the inquisitors found further opportunity to exercise their merciless offices. The bulk of such work fell into the hands of the Dominicans. It was not exclusively theirs; but, from the beginning, the Dominican Order had specialized in heresy, and naturally fell heir to inquisitorial duties.

The climax was reached in the Spanish Inquisition (1478 A. D.). While the Moors were in control of Spain, many Jews had settled in the country and had intermarried freely with both Moors and Christians. In the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella (circ. 1492 A. D.) the Moors were dispossessed, and a general clean-up was inaugurated. The confessor of Queen Isabella persuaded her that a very suitable mode of thanksgiving would be found in a wholesale persecution of the Jews.

For this laudable purpose, Thomas de Torquemada was appointed as chief inquisitor. He built up a powerful organization and showed a marvelous capacity for unmitigated cruelty. In Seville alone, in forty years, four thousand were burned as *autos-da-fé* (acts of faith). The people of Aragon entered a protest against his unrelenting violence, but the Pope himself was unable to curb his activities. Riots and assassination greeted some of his inquisitors, and Torquemada lived in daily fear for his own life. He kept a magical horn on his dinner table as a safeguard against poisoning. His order was to the effect that all Jews must submit to Baptism or be exiled. Crowds of them were obliged to dispose of their possessions at enormous loss and make a hurried escape into neighboring countries, leaving homes which they and their forefathers had enjoyed for hundreds of years. Neither did the other countries offer them unanimous hospitality, and a scattering of them drifted over to the western world forming the nucleus of that splendid stock of Spanish Jews who proved a strong American asset at the time of the Revolutionary War.

After the Jews came the Moors in the chronology of the Inquisition. The fall of Granada (1491 A. D.) removed the last stronghold of Moorish culture in Spain. At the time, they were given promises of religious liberty; but Cardinal Ximenes was the gentleman who made easy disposition of that. It was something of a custom among inquisitors to consider promises made to those without the fold as of no binding consequence. Many Moors were bribed into Baptism—three thousand of them were Christianized in a single day by aspersion, which means that they were casually sprayed into the Kingdom of God. And, to complete the unsavory business, the old order—Baptism or exile—was repeated against the Moors. They hastily fled from conversion, most of them crossing into North Africa whence they had originally come. How much, we might ask, has that to do with the inveterate hatred of the Riffians for everything Spanish?

With a short lapse, the Spanish Inquisition as an organized institution continued down into the nineteenth century (1834). It effectually quenched the Reformation in Spain, and stayed the entrance of rationalism at the time of the French Revolution. It is interesting to note that though the Spanish Inquisition was dissolved a century ago, the Holy Office itself is still in existence and is one of the important adjuncts of the papacy today.

To grow rabid on the subject of the Inquisition is a popular pastime with a certain kind of well-meaning people. It is easy to select its worst aspects and make them standard for the medieval papacy. This, of course, is unfair. Indeed, the papacy is not to be too severely reproached for having created the Inquisition in the first place. The real motive was to guard the Divine Commission against contamination. There is no reason to think that something similar might not have occurred if the tables had been reversed. It was simply a case of medieval mentality, the relics of which are not so far distant from the twentieth century. Luther's treatment of the peasants was not much improvement on the Inquisition. Neither was the incident of Calvin and Servetus. Puritans notching the ears of Quakers and hanging witches in Salem is all of the same stripe. Is the world really getting better and more Christian? The modern apologetic sense of horror over all these needless cruelties of earlier times is sufficient answer to the question.

Meanwhile the papacy was smashing to pieces the magnificent structure erected for its own benefit by Hildebrand and Innocent III. Strangely enough, the later Middle Ages were made glorious by matchless architectural triumphs while the life of the Church was steadily crumbling away. The thirteenth and fourteenth centuries mark the climax of the Gothic cathedral, and they also mark the period of internal disintegration which took its rise in the Vatican and poisoned the Church to its extremities.

For the better part of a century after Innocent III, no

one occupied the papal chair who left any record worthy of mention, unless it be Hadrian V (1276) who survived the dignity of his office little more than a month. He was in deacon's orders at the time of his election, and was never even advanced to the priesthood. Yet in that month he exercised the prerogatives of a pope, even to revoking the regulations of Gregory X regarding papal elections. Inasmuch as a man becomes pope only as he becomes Bishop of Rome, and inasmuch as Hadrian did not live long enough to become Bishop of anything, it is singular that he could have made legitimate changes touching the election of his successors.

In 1294, a peculiar situation arose. Celestine V was elected pope, and in a short six months proved himself a lovable incompetent. All the privileges of Peter were incapable of making an able administrator out of a merely pious monk. No one realized it more than Celestine himself. When the suggestion was made to him that he might resign his office, he was only too happy to accept the release. It was an open question which has never been satisfactorily answered, as to whether a pope can ever legally resign. But Celestine was obdurate, saying: "St. Peter's ship is wrecking, with me at the helm." A resignation is supposed to be made to a superior authority; yet, though the cardinals were all inferior to the Pope, they accepted it and chose Benedetto Gaetano who took the name Boniface VIII. So the Church was obliged to exist for a time with two heads, equally legitimate.

Though an old man, Boniface was alive with energy, very worldly-wise, and crafty to a degree. Also, he had a positively limitless conception of papal prerogatives. He could not be satisfied with a papal monarchy; he wanted an empire. "I am Cæsar; I am Emperor," he said on one occasion. But in his attempt to outdo Innocent III, Boniface was reckoning without the facts. Europe had been ripe for the adventures of Innocent, but the problems of Boniface

were of another color. An element among the cardinals still questioned his right to his throne. Italian partisanship exhausted much of his strength. France was ruled by Philip the Fair, who was exceedingly powerful and exceedingly unscrupulous. England had for its king Edward I, who was prepared to play second fiddle to nobody. And the universities had been turning out a crop of legal talent which was uncomfortably critical of the whole papal system. Against such an unsympathetic combination, it would have been no easy matter for an able pope merely to hold his own, let alone extend his authority. Boniface made the mistake of overplaying his hand. He did crush the rebellious cardinals; and, by a bit of knavery, all but ruined the powerful Colonna family, though the latter was still able to keep things interesting for him in Italy during the balance of his pontificate. For years, he fought the recognition of Albert of Austria as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; but the combined antagonism of France and England was too much for him, and he finally made an ungraceful submission.

In England, Boniface met a stone wall of defiance. He presumed to impose his authority in a settlement of the difficulties between England and Scotland, but King Edward checkmated him completely. The English nobles signed a statement in which they declared that the claim of Boniface was an unheard-of novelty; and that even if their King wished to argue it out before the Pope, they would never consent to it.

Worst of all was France. Boniface was guilty of a serious blunder early in his reign when he offered to arbitrate as a private individual in a question between Philip and Edward. But his decision was issued as a papal bull, and Philip never forgave him. Other points of friction arose, until Philip compromised all other quarrels to concentrate against the papacy. Boniface boldly insisted that his authority was superior to that of all princes, and garbled the Scriptures in support of his position. According to Boniface, when the

Apostles said to Our Lord "Behold, here are two swords," He did not answer, "It is too much," but, "It is enough"—which was positive evidence that the Pope was to exercise both spiritual and temporal sovereignty. He excommunicated Philip, and actually prepared a bull releasing all French subjects from their allegiance to their King. But before the bull could be published, the Pope was violently kidnapped, and died soon after from the excitement of his strenuous experience. Philip was implacable even after the Pope's death, and demanded that the following pope should condemn Boniface posthumously as a heretic. And it would have been done if Philip had not traded off his vengeance for the destruction of the Knights Templar. The net result of the efforts of Boniface was the ruin of the medieval papacy. Philip was triumphant and, more than that, his people staunchly supported him in his victory. Having things in his own hands, he was determined to take no further chances with papal opposition. One more pope, and Philip was ready to assert himself.

In the year 1305, he manipulated the election of Clement V, and made him a handyman for the furtherance of French policies. The astounded Romans suddenly awoke to the fact that the Pope had deserted them, not only in spirit, but in person. For Clement established his headquarters at Avignon in France, and let Rome look out for itself. During the next seventy years, the Vatican was empty, while seven popes lived in a new French palace, surrounded by French influences, and under the royal thumbs of French monarchs. Roman Catholic historians call it the period of the Babylonish Captivity, which is a good scriptural curse taken from the seventy years of Hebrew exile in the real Babylon. The papal court at Avignon degenerated to a scandalous condition of profligacy; even an occasional high-minded pope was helpless in its sinister atmosphere. Petrarch says, "Whatever you have read of the gates of hell will apply to this place." The Romans denounced it as a typically French product, while

the French reviled it as an Italian importation. Once during this period, when the pope died, some Italian cardinals in Rome hurried through an election and seated a new pontiff in his proper place. But, in their own good time, the French elected another Frenchman and kept the papacy where they wanted it.

Ceaseless efforts were made to induce the popes to return to their see city, but they were without avail until 1362 when Urban V, a man of fine character and quite uncontaminated by the vices of his own court—for he had never been a cardinal but was abbot of a monastery in Marseilles—determined to make the change. In spite of vehement protest from his courtiers who loved the accustomed luxuries of Avignon, Urban carried out his purpose and took his court to Rome. The city was overwhelmed with joy and received him with all the ancient honors, but it was not long before the fickle populace was back at its old game of strife and factionalism. In three years, saddened by the experience, Urban reluctantly returned to Avignon just in time to die where he shouldn't have been.

If any one person deserves the credit for placing popes permanently in the Vatican again, that credit probably belongs to St. Catherine of Siena. She was a singular mixture of a contemplative mystic and a practical politician. Her letters have become Italian classics of that period. Simple and uneducated as she was, she played the rôle of counselor of popes and adviser of kings. Gregory XI, Urban's successor, was really a devout man haunted with a secret desire to restore the papacy to its Roman home, but the French pressure against such a move was almost irresistible until Catherine stepped to the front. She left no stone unturned, and finally induced Gregory to take the bit in his teeth in spite of the French cardinals. So the day came when the Pope abandoned his foreign palace and took up his permanent residence in the Vatican. It was a clear case of duty accepted, for Gregory himself was a Frenchman, unable to speak the

Italian language and with every tie of family and personal interest binding him to France. Moreover, Rome was in a disjointed state, filled with partisan rivalries, and with its fine buildings crumbling to steady decay. The change proved too much for Gregory, and he died at the age of forty-seven years. But the "Babylonish Captivity" was ended, and Rome enjoyed her popes once more.

But if the captivity was ended, it was soon to be followed by a still more critical problem for the Church. The majority of the cardinals would have preferred to elect another French pope to succeed Gregory; but when they met in conclave, a howling mob filled the streets shouting, "We will have a Roman or at least an Italian." Now a Roman crowd in an excited state of mind is not something to be taken lightly. No one knew this better than the cardinals. After considerable backing and filling, they agreed upon a Neapolitan who took the name of Urban VI. On the face of it, the choice appeared to be a happy compromise; but it soon became evident that the honors of the office had gone to Urban's head. He showed all the haughty arrogance of a low-born man invested with power to domineer over his betters. In his "exuberant unwisdom," he developed the habit of telling the cardinals to "Shut up!" when their suggestions were not acceptable. Once he roused a gasp of astonishment by calling the noble Orsini a fool. After he had openly accused some of them of bribery, one cardinal replied: "As you are the Pope, I cannot reply, but if you were still the little Archbishop of Bari I would tell you that you had lied." St. Catherine remonstrated with the Pope, saying, "Mitigate a little, for the love of Christ, these sudden impulses." For the cardinals, the situation became unbearable. At length, thirteen of them issued a statement full of scalding epithets directed at their Pope as "antichrist, devil, apostate, tyrant, deceiver, elected by force, etc." They called upon him to resign. It is an interesting sequel to the voluntary resignation of Celestine V. If the cardinals were in a position to

accept the resignation of one pope, why were they not in a position to demand it of another? But Urban was a fighter. Only one cardinal stood by him, and that one died. Now it was a battle between the Pope, without any cardinals, on one side; and the cardinals, without any pope, on the other. Both sides showed no hesitation about remedying their respective deficiencies. Urban created twenty-nine new cardinals at one blow, and the old cardinals elected a new pope, declaring Urban deposed from his holy office.

It was the beginning of the Great Schism (1378 A. D.). For the next forty years rival popes occupied rival thrones at Rome and Avignon. They sputtered excommunications at each other and played contrary politics in all the courts of Europe. The nations were divided in their allegiance. England and Germany supported the Roman line, while France and Spain supported the French, with the smaller nations divided according to their political connections with the larger powers. If it had been costly before to maintain one papal court, it was doubly so now to maintain two. Leading ecclesiastics were equally divided in their allegiance. Catherine of Siena, for example, remained staunchly Roman, while Vincent Ferrar was one of the principal advocates for the French line—and both of them have been canonized since. Eight popes were involved on one side or the other, and no one yet has ever been able to untangle their contradictory claims to precedence as guardians of the Divine Commission.

The whole thing was a sickening business. Those who really had the interests of the Church at heart made untiring efforts to bring the hostile factions together, but it was one of those diseases which had to get worse before it could be cured. When one of the popes died, solemn promises were exacted from the new candidates that, if elected, they would participate with the rival pope in a dual resignation, and so open the way for a general reconciliation. But such promises were broken as easily as they were made.

Each court had its quota of hangers-on who were far more

concerned with their own selfish interests than with the welfare of Christendom. As a game of ecclesiastical maneuvering it was very diverting, but the expenses were terrific. Every conceivable scheme was devised for extorting money from one side or the other. Bishoprics and other preferments were sold outright to the highest bidders. Then mortgages on future preferments were sold in advance. Spies were sent about to keep watch on possible vacancies. If some old prelate fell dangerously ill, his office made a particularly valuable prize for the prospective buyer. When such mortgages had been exploited to the last possible limit, they were sold over again in the form of preferential claims until no one knew whether or not his purchase had any value. Then one of the popes tried to clear away the confusion by promulgating a set of sales regulations, and found a new source of revenue by selling exemptions from his own rules. Europe was in a riot of bewilderment, and the Church was torn with dissension.

At last, heroic measures became absolutely necessary. Twenty cardinals, gathered from both obediences, met on their own initiative and determined to call a Council in the name of the Church to take things in its own hands. They wrote letters to kings and universities asking their coöperation and paying their respects to their two spiritual superiors as "perjurers and liars" together with similar choice epithets. The Council met at Pisa in 1409, with an imposing number in attendance both of ecclesiastical and civil representatives. It was an epoch-making event, for no Council had, for centuries, been called by anyone but the Pope. In this case both popes were conspicuously absent, Gregory XII for the Roman line and Benedict XIII for the French. It was not a very dignified Council, but it was not dealing with a very dignified situation. Coarse lampoons were circulated and much indecent vituperation indulged in. On three successive days, officers were sent to the doors of the cathedral, publicly summoning Gregory and Benedict to appear before the Council. When no reply was forthcoming, they were both declared

contumacious. It took three hours to read the charges which had been prepared against them. Once more they were summoned and, failing to respond, they were formally deposed. Then the cardinals went into conclave and elected a new pope under the title of Alexander V. There were clamorous demands that the Council should take up the pressing question of reform in the Church; but the cardinals evidently thought they had done enough when they cashiered a couple of popes, and they referred the other matters to another Council which the new Pope was to call three years later.

The results of the Council of Pisa were very disappointing. Neither of the deposed pontiffs was ready to acknowledge its authority, and Alexander was not strong enough to carry the day. Instead of reducing the number of popes, Pisa succeeded only in adding another. Now there were three popes and three colleges of cardinals. As one contemporary writer put it in the mouth of the Church—"I had two husbands before; now they have made me three-husbanded." It was a choice between divorce and polygamy, with each husband desirous of preserving the conjugal relationship for the purpose of ill-treating his wife. Alexander died before the date for the second Council to be called, and the Church caught its breath in amazement when it learned that this third group of cardinals had elected the notorious Cardinal of Bologna to succeed him as John XXIII. It was bad enough for them to elect anybody, but it was nothing short of criminal to intrude a man like John into the picture. As a young priest, he had been a pirate by trade. As Cardinal of Bologna, no woman was free from his lascivious approaches; bribery was his regular habit; and his calculating cruelty was said actually to have thinned the population of the city. Yet this was the man who created new cardinals and excommunicated his two rivals.

It was no wonder that the voice of John Huss found a ready echo wherever Christians were still trying to be Christian. He was a Bohemian priest, full of moral courage

and deeply indoctrinated with the ideas of his English predecessor, John Wyclif. It was in the piping days of the Babylonish Captivity that Wyclif had stormed against the corruption in the Church, mingling his protests with some interesting theological innovations, and adding certain political theories which did his cause no good. Wyclif was allowed to die in good standing in the Church; but, some years later, his bones and his books were publicly burned. This posthumous indignity did him little damage, however, for he had no more use for his bones and the contents of his books were already safely lodged in the fertile brain of John Huss. By the time Huss got into action, conditions in the Church had become steadily worse and he had the temerity to say so in plain and simple language. He was forbidden to preach; but he continued, in spite of orders to the contrary, defending Wyclif and denouncing the shocking morals of his fellow clergy. He was excommunicated, and some of his friends were murdered; but his excoriations continued to heckle Pope John until he became something of an international problem.

Bound by the action of the Council of Pisa, John attempted to call a Council for Church Reform; but he was not very enthusiastic on the subject, and judiciously packed the Council with his own creatures. At one of the conciliar services, John was just beginning the Hymn, "Come, Holy Spirit," when an owl flew into the chapel and sat blinking at him eye to eye. As a dove, the owl was not much of a success. The cardinals laughed, and the Pope was visibly embarrassed. Of course this Council accomplished nothing, and the European monarchs were insistent that something must be done. Sigismund had recently been crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; and, in spite of John's reluctance, he compelled him to call another Council to meet at Constance, in Switzerland, which could be truly representative of the Church.

The Council of Constance (1414 A. D.) is really impor-

tant. The attendance ran into the thousands, including not only cardinals, bishops, priests, and doctors of theology, but also a very large number of nobles and knights from all the countries of Europe. For the first time in any such international gathering, they caucused in national groups and voted on national lines. It marks the real beginning of the period of nationalism which supplanted the feudal system of the Middle Ages.

One of the preliminary matters to be considered was the troublesome question of John Huss. He was persuaded to come to Constance under the personal safe-conduct of Sigismund, and it is a dark blot upon an otherwise good record that the Emperor allowed his own guarantee of safety to be violated. The point was that the teaching of Huss was a severe arraignment of the whole papal system, and the cardinals realized that unless it could be definitely repudiated their own standing in the Council would be in serious danger. Sigismund did make some motions in defense of Huss, but he was plainly told that the cardinals would boycott the Council if they could not have their way with this heretic, and Sigismund was determined that the Council must be a success. So Huss paid the penalty at the stake, but his influence was perpetuated among the persecuted Hussites of Bohemia whose descendants remained as a sympathetic minority when the Reformation movement swept down out of Germany a century later.

The Pope was expecting to manipulate the course of events by his usual tactics of coercion and bribery. But, to his chagrin, he soon discovered that popes were a drug on the market, and the Council intended to handle its own affairs. One of the opening sermons, preached by a French cardinal, made him squirm uneasily as he heard it boldly stated that, while the pope summons Councils, "when once summoned their power is above the pope." And, further, that "St. James, when he presided over the First General Council, did not publish the decrees in the name of Peter,

but said, 'It seemeth good to the Holy Ghost and to us.' " Still worse was a paper of unknown authorship which quietly went the rounds detailing the crimes of John XXIII with unprintable particularity. And, finally, came the proposition, backed by all the leading nations, that each of the three popes should abdicate his throne and leave the field entirely clear for a fresh start. John wriggled and twisted, but Sigismund was adamant. Disguised as a groom, John ran away under cover of darkness, calling upon his cardinals to follow him. He went from place to place, hoping to throw confusion into the ranks of his enemies; but they were not to be led astray. A pronouncement was drawn up and read in public assembly which contained the following significant declaration: "This Council, lawfully assembled in the name of the Holy Spirit and forming a General Council representing the Catholic Church militant, has its power immediately from Christ; and everyone of every rank, even the Pope, is bound to obey it in matters pertaining to the Faith and the extirpation of the present schism." John was suspended, and charges were read against him which were so excessively disgusting that the Council refused to listen to them. A delegation was sent to inform him that he had been formally deposed from his office and to extract a promise that he would never attempt to secure reinstatement. Of course, the promise was kept because he had no friends left to support him.

Gregory was next. He was really an estimable old gentleman, deeply troubled by the disjointed condition of the Church. He freely offered his resignation; and died, soon after, with the best conscience of them all.

Benedict XIII was not so easily disposed of. He made a lot of absurd demands, one of which, however, is rather interesting. "If," he said, in substance, "you are wiping this schism out of history by dethroning the three of us, then you are nullifying all three lines of popes back to the beginning of the schism forty years ago. That, of course, vitiates all ecclesiastical appointments made by these disqualified

popes. Now it happens that I am the only person living who was appointed cardinal before the schism began. Therefore I am the only one empowered by canon law to vote for a new pope. Therefore I will resign if you will allow me to choose my successor." Obviously there was much merit in his contention, but it would have been fatal even to argue it. Nevertheless, the question still awaits an answer as to whether every pope since the Council of Constance has not been an illegal intruder in the Vatican—because the College of Cardinals, as then existing, was not competent to elect a new pope, and anyone elected by them would have been equally incompetent to appoint new cardinals.

The obstinate Benedict stuck to his guns, leaving nothing for the Council to do but to vote him out as they had done to John. Benedict denied their authority to do any such thing, and lived out the remaining few years of his life going through the motions of being a pope, but with no one to pay him the customary honors.

The question, then, before the Council was whether to proceed to an election or first to take up the much needed reforms in the Church. Some said that, with a pope in office, the reforms could be all the more easily effected; while others were frankly fearful that, if such an election took place, the Council would dissolve with no reform accomplished at all—for already they had been sitting three years. The arguments were endless. Wearied and drenched with oratory, the reform party at last agreed to an election, and Martin V was chosen with much rejoicing (1417 A. D.). But, as the reform party had feared, the Council was presently adjourned with the promised reforms postponed to a later date.

The Great Schism was ended. For that, everyone was (and is) thankful to the Council of Constance. But, in view of later developments, that same Council has a stubborn way of treading on sensitive toes. As Dr. Locke well points out in *The Great Western Schism*, p. 231: "The Council of Constance declared in explicit terms that it had from Christ

immediate power over the universal Church, of which it was the representative; that all were bound to obey it, of whatever state and dignity, even if papal, in all matters pertaining to the faith, the extirpation of the existing schism, or the reformation of the Church in its head or members. It summoned three popes before it with full conviction that it had authority to do so. The Council of the Vatican (1870 A. D.) decreed exactly the reverse. It decreed that the pope had from Christ immediate power over the universal Church; that all were bound to obey him, of whatever rite and dignity, collectively as well as individually; that this duty of obedience extended to all matters of faith, of morals, and of discipline and government of the Church; that in all ecclesiastical cases he is judge, without appeal or the possibility of removal; that the definitions of the pope in faith and morals, delivered *ex cathedra*, are irreformable, and are invested with the infallibility granted by Christ in the said subject-matter to the Church. Here, then, are two great Roman Councils, both confirmed by a pope and thus both with the stamp of infallibility, and directly in conflict. Which are men to follow?"

CHAPTER IX

THE CONTINENTAL REFORMATION

"**S**T. PETER had no authority over the other apostles and the legend that he was the first Bishop of Rome rests on no Scripture authority and has no historical evidence. . . . The authority of the Roman bishop is necessary to give a head to the Church and a president to its councils, but he has no power of coercion beyond what a council bestows. His primacy springs from convenience and respect."

Such words have a distinct flavor of Reformation controversy. As a matter of fact, they were penned two hundred years before Luther thundered forth his denunciations. This, together with much more in a similar strain, was written by Marsilius of Padua and represents a radical change in attitude, of which Rome was all too slow to take cognizance. Such ideas found definite expression at Pisa and Constance where the medieval papacy was effectually stripped of its magnificent pretensions. Had the popes and cardinals read the signs of the times, and had they been prepared to make reasonable concessions to the demands of a discontented Church, there might have been no such thing as a Reformation to cripple the progress of the Divine Commission. But they could not or would not see that the world was changing. In the century following the Council of Constance, a New World was discovered across the Atlantic; the Moors were driven out of Spain; Constantinople fell to the Turks; the feudal system gave way to the growing nationalism of France and England; printing was introduced, and a new scholarship supplanted that of scholasticism in the brilliant humanist movement. Changes hung like great bubbles in the air, ready

to burst at the slightest provocation, and the Vatican played with them like tennis balls.

The Council of Basel (1431 A. D.) attempted to finish the work left from the prolonged sessions of Constance. It started upon the assumption that a General Council is the ranking authority in the Church, to which the pope is obliged to submit or face trial and deposition; and the papal legates were called upon to sign a statement to that effect in the name of their master. It was too much for Pope Eugenius IV who called a rival Council at Ferrara and prepared to wage war. The upshot of it was that the Church, for a few years, was again humiliated with the spectacle of a pair of rival popes hurling epithets over the heads of their respective followers.

In 1447 A. D., Nicholas V tried to regain the diminishing prestige of his office by making Rome the centre of renaissance culture. Beginning with St. Peter's, he projected a huge building programme. The new scholarship took hold of him like an obsession. He scoured Europe for manuscripts, and attached to his court (the Roman Curia) the leading intellects of his day. What matter if most of them were professional atheists! Anything could be excused for the sake of literary skill and brilliancy. To turn a clever phrase was a better accomplishment than to love God. He spent quantities of money on these literary parasites who had reason to mourn him grievously when he died. Calixtus III spent his short three years in abortive efforts toward another crusade for the re-capture of Constantinople. Pius II continued the efforts with no better results. Paul II had a troubled time both with his scholars and his cardinals, finding his one solace in the jewels which he took to bed with him in order that he might have something to enjoy when his asthma kept him awake.

With Sixtus IV (1471 A. D.), the secular papacy got well into its stride. This pontiff bent most of his energies to advancing the fortunes of his nephews who recompensed

him with lives of criminal lawlessness involving a series of reprehensible acts for which their uncle has been made to bear an undeserved measure of blame. His one lasting monument is the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican palace. Innocent VIII followed him, and proved the accuracy of his title by living openly with his large family of children. And then came the Borgias.

Alexander VI (1492 A. D.) was interested in everything except religion. Everyone knew what he was when he was elected. In his youth, he had been rebuked by a previous pope for participating in a party so scandalous that "shame forbids mention of all that occurred." He came to the pontificate as the proud father of several illegitimate children, and never found it necessary to modify his habits. The two most famous of his children were Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia whose names are classical for everything that is bad. The beauty of Lucrezia was a prize which brought much profit to her father. The son Cesare was at first made a cardinal, but was dispensed from his office "for the salvation of his soul." He was an attractive scoundrel and an able soldier, with a peculiar claim upon his father's affection. His unscrupulous boldness made him the terror of Italy's male population, and the romantic nemesis of its pleasure-loving females. He died in a fracas in Spain.

Alexander was a suitable father to such children. Perhaps it is enough to say of him that he was "the model prince" who inspired Machiavelli to offer such pungent advice on practical politics as this: "Pope Alexander VI played, during his whole life, a game of deception; and, notwithstanding that his faithless conduct was extremely well known, his artifices always proved successful. Oaths and protestations cost him nothing; never did a prince so often break his word or pay less regard to his engagements. This was because he so well understood this chapter in the art of government."

It was this sort of moral corruption within the Church which now brought to the fore another reformer closer to

the centre of things than either Wycliffe or Huss. This was Girolamo Savonarola, a young Italian destined for the medical profession, but impelled by what he saw about him to become a Dominican friar. As such, he appeared in 1482 in Florence, the seat of the powerful Medici family, and there for more than fifteen years, his character and preaching gave him a position of unique religious and moral leadership. Unfortunately, however, he became entangled with the political affairs of the city, and at length, in 1498, the long arm of Alexander reached him, and, excommunication proving a vain means of checking his reforming zeal, he was hanged and burned.

Julius II (1503 A. D.) was a warrior-pope. He not only played military politics but he dressed and acted as a soldier, being especially proficient in the soldierly profanity of his day, and sometimes he led his armies in person. At his death, he left a strong papal kingdom and a well-filled treasury, the latter being a very welcome inheritance to his extravagant successor. Leo X (1513 A. D.) was a member of the famous Medici family of Florence. Soon after his election, he is credited with the significant remark—"Let us enjoy the papacy, since God has given it to us." His idea of a good time was to pour out money in a succession of gorgeous entertainments. The papal palace became a theatre where Leo indulged his indolent nature by playing the lavish host to a throng of artists, poets, and loose-living sycophants. His papal treasury was soon exhausted, and he was driven to devious methods of replenishment. His income amounted to about three-quarters of a million dollars a year; yet he was always hopelessly in debt. He created new offices in the Curia, which sold at imposing figures; he held jubilees which netted handsome returns, and finally he flooded the market with Indulgences, selling spiritual forgiveness for hard cash. It was this last which roused the ire of a conscientious German monk—and the Reformation was on.

Leo took it all very casually, being utterly incapable of

understanding a man to whom religion was a really serious matter. In their round of glittering carousal, the Pope and his cardinals quite lost sight of the fact that some of the common people were still trying to be Christian. They tried to smother a spark of spiritual resentment under a shower of rose petals. The roses turned to tinder, and the result was a conflagration.

The latter part of the fifteenth century marked the culmination of one of the most remarkable periods in the world's history. New conceptions of social rights and relations had gradually undermined the foundations of feudalism—whether political or ecclesiastical. Bold sea-faring people from Portugal, Spain, and England, led by their mariner's compass—a new invention—had steadily pushed farther the limits of the known world. New regions were opened for conquest made easier by the introduction of gunpowder, and from these regions a fresh flood of gold poured into Europe. Science had begun to get a foot-hold on the solid ground of accurate observation, and was profoundly affecting man's conception of himself and of the universe around him. Above all, the rise of Humanism—the conception of man as a rational being born with the right to enjoy and use his world—brought with it a passion for the rediscovery and appropriation of the literary and artistic productions of past ages. Far and wide, search was made for manuscripts, especially of the Greek classics; and the beauty of their form became a ready excuse among the cultured for the adoption of the paganism which they enshrined. Thus came the so-called Revival of Learning, to be spread abroad through the recent invention, in Europe, of paper and the art of printing. The whole period was a time of rebirth, appropriately named the Renaissance, in contrast with the Dark Ages which preceded it.

In Italy, the artistic and literary aspects of the Renaissance—coupled with an extraordinary revival of paganism, flourished exceedingly; but among the more sober and more

practical peoples of northern Europe, especially in Germany, the fruits of the Renaissance were seen in a passion for education and a search for reality in religion. During a century-and-a-half, some seventeen new universities had sprung into existence in Germany alone. People were growing restless. Social insurrections were of frequent occurrence, most of them tinged with a strong spirit of anti-clericalism. Something like a revival of religion could be seen in the endless pilgrimages which kept the land a-quiver with swarms of religious tourists. Mothers sang their children to sleep to the melody of popular religious hymns; and instructed the youth in the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments. Certainly an age which could produce Thomas à Kempis and his "Imitation of Christ," was not bereft of spiritual sensibilities.

Moreover, the Bible was gaining a wide circulation, not only in the Latin Vulgate, but in translations into the vernacular. The idea that Luther opened the Bible to a Scriptureless world is scarcely borne out by the facts. In the century preceding his outbreak, there were no less than fourteen complete versions of the Bible printed in High-German and three in Low-German, besides numerous editions of the Psalms and the Gospels.

Finally, the German princes were not satisfied with the failures of the Councils to introduce the desired reforms into the clerical life of the Church. Many of them took matters into their own hands and laid down local restrictions on ecclesiastical courts, abolished enforced idleness on innumerable holy days, and enacted sundry other regulations of a similar nature. Lay associations for the promotion of religious living appeared in various quarters, some like the "Brotherhood of Eleven Thousand Virgins" being dedicated especially to prayer. The death of Savonarola roused many searchings of heart as the news of it spread across the Alps. In England, John Colet was startling the world of theology with his new approach to the study of the Scriptures and his

outspoken condemnation of the ruinous evils propagated from Rome. And the nomadic Erasmus turned his scintillating intellect to penetrating stabs of scorn against those who were impoverishing the Christian religion for a perpetual Roman holiday.*

Such was the mixed atmosphere into which Martin Luther was born in the year 1483. To quote Lindsay—"Humanism had supplied a superfluity of teachers; the times needed a prophet. They received one; a man of the people; bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh."

Luther's father was a miner who attained some prominence in his community, but during Martin's childhood the family life was often overshadowed by the perils of poverty. His early education was acquired with difficulty; he was one of the "poor scholars," often singing on the streets for his daily bread. He went to the University at Erfurt to study law, but ended up as a monk in an Augustinian Convent. Being of an earnest turn of mind, he was greatly exercised over his spiritual condition. The task of saving his own soul claimed his best efforts. He studied assiduously, fasted, scourged himself, and went through the whole routine of self-discipline, even inventing new austerities when the usual ones seemed insufficient. The other monks looked upon him as a model of piety. But the further he went on with it, the less satisfied he became with himself. His religious practices only convinced him of his own unworthiness, until the burden of it became unbearable. Then he took up a study of the Epistle to the Romans, and a new light dawned upon his troubled soul. Faith in God—meaning a complete reliance upon the divine mercy—relieved his mind of the tempestuous fears for his own salvation. It was a severe struggle, the scars of which never left him; but it brought

* A most vivid picture of Erasmus and his times is given by Charles Reade in his popular novel, *The Cloister and the Hearth*. The Macmillan Company, New York.

him peace of mind and confidence for the future. With several of his brother monks he went to the new University of Wittenberg to teach. While there, he was sent on a mission to Rome for some business connected with the Augustinian Order. He eagerly undertook the usual round of pious acts which pilgrims were accustomed to perform and, one day, was ascending the *Scala Sancta* on his knees when the thought flashed across his mind that "the just shall live by faith"; whereupon he got up on his feet and walked down. The impression he received, on this visit, of the vices and corruption of the papal court was destined to be fuel to the flames of rebellion as the years rolled by.

As a lecturer at Wittenberg, he soon made a name for himself. Slowly his ideas were crystallizing, though he scarcely realized it himself until a particularly crude campaign for the sale of Indulgences stirred his slumbering resentment.

The doctrine of Indulgences rested upon the theory of the "Treasury of Merits." The Church, it was said, is one body, and the good deeds done by any of its members become the common property of all; therefore, sinners may profit by the good deeds of the saints which are collected in a Treasury of Merits; the Pope is the custodian of this treasury, and in him resides the power to allocate its spiritual benefits. To be sure, the sacrifice of Christ was sufficient to cleanse the penitent sinner of his guilt and to free him from eternal punishment, but it did not remove the necessity for temporal punishment, as a matter of personal expiation, which must be worked out in purgatory. The righteousness of the saints constituted an offset to these temporal punishments, which righteousness the individual sinner might secure from the Pope through the possession of his Indulgences. The real idea was that the penitent should do certain prescribed acts of holiness, himself, as a means of earning the Indulgence, but it was also permitted to make offerings of money instead. At that point the evil of the system appeared. With a pagan

pope badly in need of funds, it was only to be expected that the Treasury of Merits would be made to yield real money. However contrary the theory may have been, it was nevertheless the fact that Indulgences were peddled for cash, and one's immunity to the consequences of sin was to be reckoned by one's financial resources. It is easy to see how violently this would conflict with Luther's own inner experience.

The issue was joined when, in 1517, a Dominican monk named John Tetzel was sent into Germany to sell Indulgence tickets for the replenishment of the papal coffers. His methods were, to say the least, crude. Luther is authority for the statement that Tetzel was accustomed to encourage prospective purchasers of tickets by assuring them that the moment their money clinked in the bottom of the chest the souls of their deceased friends made an instant start for heaven. Luther called the whole proceeding in question by nailing up his famous Ninety-five Theses. It was simply an invitation to a debate in the usual academic manner. The Theses were not so much a denunciation as a basis for discussion. Under other circumstances they would have called forth a scholarly argument far above the heads of the people, and it is doubtful if Luther had anything more than that in mind. But the atmosphere just then was highly charged with popular dissatisfaction, and the people took up the question with unexpected avidity. Everyone wanted copies of the Theses, and the presses worked overtime to supply the public demand, with a corresponding slump in the Indulgence market. Something had to be done. Luther was ordered before the Papal Legate and called upon to recant. He prepared an appeal "from the Pope ill-informed to the Pope well-informed," and another to a General Council. He published careful accounts of his interviews, and the people rallied to him with amazing enthusiasm.

The Elector of Saxony was an influential person, and he was provoked at the attempt to discipline Luther, considering it to be an attack on his favorite university over the

shoulder of the popular professor. So it behooved the Pope to walk carefully, for political reasons. He therefore sent a special delegate to Germany, who was himself a German, to inquire into the situation. This delegate quickly saw that there was more in it than the presumptuous rebellion of an obscure monk. He approached Luther with some degree of sympathy, and prevailed on him to write a conciliatory letter to the Pope. Had his efforts been supported at Rome, the whole matter might have quieted down. But Rome did not know its Germany. A beetling person, named John Eck, challenged Luther to a public disputation at Leipzig, and the monk was driven into a corner. Eck may have had the better of the argument, but Luther's position was now sharply defined and he had been thrust to the centre of the stage in spite of himself.

The Pope then resorted to more direct methods by issuing a Bull in which Luther was forbidden to preach; he and his friends were commanded to recant within sixty days; otherwise they were to be treated as heretics, and any town which presumed to offer them shelter would be subject to an interdict. Luther understood this to mean his excommunication and, therefore, his automatic release from his monastic vows. His writings were ordered to be burned. He retaliated by announcing an opposition bonfire which was largely attended and upon which he solemnly burned a copy of the papal Bull.

Then politics took hold in the person of Charles V, King of Spain and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. On January 22, 1521, he came to hold a Diet at Worms for the discussion of various internal questions in Germany. But no other question could be satisfactorily settled until the Church issue was disposed of, so Luther was summoned to the Diet. His friends warned him to stay away, but he sturdily replied that "he would come to Worms if there were as many devils as tiles on the house roofs to prevent him." Dr. John Eck was there—"Eck of the swelled head," as the

people called him—prepared to annihilate his adversary. Luther appeared before the Emperor, made a plain statement of his case, and finished with the memorable words, "Here I stand." This was enough, though some reports state that he added, "I can do naught else. God help me. Amen!" In any case, compromise was out of the question, and Luther's friends were harassed with recollections of the fate of John Huss at the Council of Constance. Asking leave of nobody, they boldly kidnapped their leader and carried him away to a place of concealment. Charles signed an imperial edict placing Luther under a ban, and threatening his sympathizers with extermination. No one was to "offer to Luther either shelter, food, or drink, or help him in any way with words or deeds, secretly or openly. On the contrary, wherever you get possession of him, you shall at once put him in prison and send him to me, or at any rate, inform me thereof without any delay."

The evangelical teaching now took hold in earnest. Teachers, priests, and even bishops proclaimed themselves for it. The movement was getting into full swing, but its leader was not there. It was a golden opportunity for the extremists who soon put in an uproarious appearance. Carlstadt lost all sense of proportion and preached all sorts of revolutionary radicalism. The "Zwickau prophets" headed by Münzer began to indulge in visions, while the people of Wittenberg clamored to upset all the social and religious traditions of the city. Luther's friend, Melancthon, was in despair, and the papal party made great capital out of the insubordinate fanaticism. In the midst of it, Luther returned to take the situation in hand. But it was not so easily handled. His own blunt teaching had carried further than he knew. The *Peasant's War* may not have been the direct result of his agitation, but it easily tied into it, and the country was in a tumult. Armed bands of peasants went marauding and, in spite of Luther's protests, destroyed property and slaughtered those who opposed them. Luther called upon the

princes to crush the insurrectionists without mercy. "In the case of an insurgent," he wrote, "every man is both judge and executioner. Therefore, whoever can, should knock down, strangle, and stab such, publicly and privately, and think nothing so venomous, pernicious, and devilish as an insurgent. . . . Such wonderful times are these that a prince can merit heaven better with bloodshed than another with prayer." His tirade against the peasants is a sorry blot upon his record, and the whole incident cost him a large part of his more conservative following. While this was going on, Luther enjoyed his honeymoon with an ex-nun.

When the first Diet of Speyer went into session, in 1526, Charles was waging a successful war against the Pope whom he finally imprisoned in Rome, turning his soldiers loose upon the helpless city. Perhaps that is the reason he acquiesced in the agreement adopted at Speyer by the contending parties—for a rebellious Germany was a good club to hold over the Vatican. At any rate, the agreement provided that each State should determine for itself whether the evangelical or Roman faith should prevail in its own territory until a General Council should pass upon the matters in dispute. But when the second Diet met in the same place three years later, the Pope had been brought to terms and Charles was in a very different frame of mind. The former agreement was revoked, whereupon the evangelical princes entered a formal protest against the revocation, thereby earning the title of "Protestants"—a term which has suffered a considerable evolution since its unpremeditated coinage.

The weakness of the evangelicals, particularly at this period, was the lack of unity among themselves. Luther was always suspicious of the movement in Switzerland, led by Zwingli, because of its open connection with things political, though it is true that political issues were well interwoven with the German movement as well. But the Church in Switzerland had, for many years, been accorded more freedom of action than in other countries because the popes were

accustomed to hire Swiss soldiers and it was the part of discretion to keep that source of supply even-tempered. Also Zwingli's theology was much more radical than Luther's. If it had been merely a cleavage between Germany and Switzerland, it would not have been very serious; but the Swiss spirit seemed to suit the adjoining districts of south Germany, and so interfered with a united front in Luther's own country.

In an effort to break down these differences, the Marburg Colloquy was arranged in 1529, where Luther and Zwingli faced each other in a series of conferences. Unfortunately for both of them, the argument became focused upon the question of the Mass. Zwingli took the position that the Mass was merely a commemoration of the sacrifice of the Cross, and that the consecrated elements were merely symbols of the faith which was in the heart of the believer. Luther, on the other hand, opened the conference by chalking on the table before him the words of Our Lord, "This is My Body," saying, "I take these words literally; if anyone does not, I shall not argue but contradict." After such an ultimatum, everybody went home with his original convictions and a poor opinion of everybody else.

Meantime, the Emperor had come to the summit of his career. Nothing but success had crowned his plans elsewhere, and he was determined to bring order out of the chaos in Germany. Another Diet was called in 1530, to be held at Augsburg where the Protestants were to make a formal statement of their case. The statement is known as the *Augsburg Confession*. It was phrased largely by Melancthon, and is the critical document of the Reformation movement. It was adopted by the reforming elements in other countries as the sufficient expression of their aims and grievances, and it clearly showed the unavoidable parting of the ways. The answer of the Diet was a term of grace until the next year, after which the reforming movement was to be vigorously suppressed.

But the pendulum now went into reverse swing. The

Schmalkald League was formed by the Protestants, both for self-protection and for the forwarding of their cause. The success of Charles in other parts of Europe raised apprehensions in the minds of lukewarm German princes, and one by one they gravitated toward the banner of Luther. Zwingli died, and some of the South German leaders patched up a concord with their northern brethren. Everywhere the evangelical groups gave promise of a real consolidation, and Charles was casting about for compromises. Then it was that Luther was guilty of an inexplicable error of judgment, to say nothing of the moral breach involved. Philip of Hesse, one of the Protestant princes, was not doing well in his married life, and was out in search of another wife. It was not a question of divorce, but of bigamy; and Luther, together with Bucer and Melancthon, signed his name to an approval of such an action. "The existing law of the land," they said, "has gone back to the original requirement of God, and the plain duty of this pastorate is to insist on that original requirement of God, and to denounce bigamy in every way. Nevertheless, the pastorate in individual cases of the direst need, and to prevent worse, may sanction bigamy in a purely exceptional way. Such a bigamous marriage is a true marriage (the necessity being proved) in the sight of God and of conscience." Of course, when it became known, there was a great to-do about it. The Emperor ruled that the second marriage was no marriage at all. Philip was angry and the other princes were disgusted, while the Roman opposition made the most of it to discredit the evangelical movement. It seriously weakened the Protestant cause and greatly strengthened the hands of Charles, as he forced the Pope to call the Council of Trent. And then, a year after the Council met, Luther died (Feb. 18, 1546).

War followed very shortly. Charles brought in a Spanish army, and was soon in armed control of most of Germany. He appointed a committee to draw up the *Augsburg Interim* which was an ambiguous document reaffirming medieval sacra-

mentalism and attempting to dovetail it into Luther's doctrine of "justification by faith." This *Interim* was to be enforced by Spanish and Italian armies. Whatever the Protestant princes may have thought of the *Interim* itself, they were certainly not disposed to tolerate the presence of foreign troops within their dominion. An uprising followed, in which Charles barely escaped with his life by fleeing the country. By this time everyone realized that temporizing methods were hopeless, and that some solution was necessary which might be really permanent. Another Diet was called to meet at Augsburg, while the Protestant princes held a meeting of their own at Naumburg. There they agreed to stand solidly by the original *Augsburg Confession*, and so reported to the Diet. On that basis, a settlement was reached giving legal recognition to the Lutheran religion and providing that the secular ruler in each principality might determine which faith should be established within his own territory—such a choice to be binding on all his subjects. This, it should be noted, applied only to Lutheranism—not to any other form of evangelicalism; and when Queen Elizabeth of England was excommunicated twenty-five years later, it was not for being a Protestant but for participation in the "impious mysteries of Calvin," which, as we shall see later, were a million miles away from her wildest imaginations.

The Religious Peace of Augsburg was a peace in name rather than in fact. What it really did was to sign the death warrant for the Holy Roman Empire by its acknowledgment of the autonomy of individual states. Yet it could hardly be expected that the Empire would submit gracefully to its own dismembering, and its dying spasm was a fearful one.

After an interval of nervous watchfulness, the storm broke in the terrific upheaval of the Thirty Years War (1618-1648). All of Europe was involved, with Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus playing the leading rôles. It was an ugly business, leaving central Europe stripped bare; and ceasing only when mutual exhaustion gave every promise of

mutual suicide. In that war, Germany lost half of her population and two-thirds of her wealth, and in Bohemia the losses were even greater. The Empire eked out a phantom existence for another couple of centuries, inspiring Voltaire to say of it that it was neither Holy nor Roman nor an Empire. Finally, it was snuffed out by Napoleon Bonaparte. The break in the Church established the principle of ecclesiastical secession until modern Protestantism, following out its own logic, has converted the original split into several hundred sectarian splinters. Thus the Divine Commission suffers vicariously for the sins of its erstwhile friends.

Outside of Germany, the Reformation runs through a varied history in different countries. In Spain and Italy, it never had a chance by reason of the all-seeing eye of the Inquisition. England blazed a trail all of its own which constitutes a story by itself. And in the other countries where the reformed religion gained the ascendancy, many local circumstances varied the programme.

Zwingli led the movement in Switzerland during its earlier phases. He was a diligent scholar and a brilliant preacher; strongly imbued with humanist ideas, but never subjected to the soul-searching experience which moulded the life of Luther. As in Germany, so in Switzerland, the trouble began in the first place over a campaign for the sale of Indulgences. Zwingli openly preached against the system, but with far different results at Rome from those which greeted the German protest. Switzerland, as the source of man-power for the papal armies, was not to be antagonized, and the proposed sale was called off. But Zwingli, by this time, was on the warpath. He preached reform with persuasive eloquence and much scholarship. His position would have been intrinsically stronger if he had not given an illustration in his own life of the desperate need of certain reforms. He took to himself the lady of his choice, and lived with her without benefit of the marriage rite. To be sure,

it was only what other priests were doing, but it ill-befitted one who was clamoring for reform to set a personal example of one of the most flagrant moral evils of his day. But, as we have indicated, Zwingli's approach to the Reformation was intellectual and political rather than moral and spiritual. Nevertheless, his own city of Zurich fell in with his position and was soon followed by neighboring cities as well. Though less violent than in Germany, the struggle was by no means easy going in Switzerland. There were many public disputations and some shifting of allegiance. At length, there was a short period of open warfare in which Zwingli lost his life (1531), and the leadership removed to the city of Geneva. Notice of a sale of Indulgences had roused the citizens of that city also. William Farel led the ensuing fight, but he was presently overshadowed by the advent of a Frenchman named Jean Cauvin, better known under the Latinized name of John Calvin.

Born with a passion for dogmatics, Calvin had associated himself with reforming groups in France until his native land was too hot for him, when he escaped to Switzerland. There he published his famous *Institutes*, following it up by a copious correspondence with his French sympathizers. For a time he collaborated with Farel; but his unbending disposition got him into disfavor, and he was invited out of Geneva. He found temporary asylum in Germany, until the distracted Genevans, sorely in need of strong leadership, urged him to return. Calvin was long on discipline and held a firm hand over Geneva, though his theory of Church Government was more fully exemplified in France and Scotland than it ever was in Switzerland. Neither can the rigid regulations associated with his régime be properly laid altogether at his door. It had been a recognized custom, of many years standing, for communities to legislate as to the kind of clothes servants might wear, the number of guests permitted at wedding parties, and similar directions regarding food, language, and amusements. Calvin was simply a little more thorough than

others in the matter of enforcement. Heresy, too, was an offense against the State, and it was not Calvinistic eccentricity that brought about the burning of Servetus for heretical teaching, though Calvin cannot escape the obliquity of having sat as one of the judges in that deplorable case. Some people thought that they had merely traded a Roman pope for an evangelical one; but Calvin, nevertheless, made the Reformation a reality in Switzerland.

In nearby France, the absent Calvin exercised a remarkable influence from his Swiss citadel. He was in persistent correspondence with the French reformers, and kept a stream of trained leaders flowing from Geneva into French territory. The lid was blown off when, in 1534, an edition of placards was posted simultaneously throughout the country—one appearing even on the door of the royal apartment—speaking many bitter things about “the Pope and all his vermin.” The King was furious, and many a reformer went to the flames in the years that followed. Fourteen were tortured and burned alive at Meaux for participating in a reformed version of the Lord’s Supper; in another place four-thousand Waldenses were treacherously slaughtered. The Protestants organized; and, in the popular reaction from over-much bloodshed, they grew in numbers at a disquieting pace. Some of the nobility joined the evangelical party, and soon the issues were resolved on political lines. The Protestant Huguenots were led by such able men as the Duke de Condé and Admiral Coligny, while their inveterate opponents were gathered around the family of the Guises. There was a whole series of religious wars with regrettable violence on both sides and no end of political intrigue. Catherine de Medici, the queen-mother, dominated her weakling son, Charles IX, and engineered the fearful Massacre of St. Bartholomew’s Eve (Aug. 23, 1572). No one will ever know how many were killed in that massacre, but the estimates run all the way from eight thousand to ten times that number. When the Pope heard of it, he sang a *Te Deum*

and had a special medal struck off in honor of the glad event.

More wars followed, with the Protestant Henry of Navarre laying claim to the royal crown. He finally made good his claim, but he did it by deserting his friends, saying, "Paris is well worth a Mass." A few years later (1597), the Edict of Nantes granted a general liberty of conscience, and the storms died down until Louis XIV decided that he was under a divine call to rule the world at large. The Edict was revoked and the Huguenots were pursued. Many of them fled to England; some to America; many more of them died or went to the galleys. The remainder hung on, to suffer jointly with their former opponents during the atheistic aberrations of the French Revolution. Napoleon, with a grand gesture, decreed that both forms of religion should stand on a parity, each enjoying the regulation and support of the State; and the last development came in the more benign atmosphere of the twentieth century when, in 1905, the French government severed official relations between the State and the Church in any form, leaving the religious life of the people to stand on its own feet.

Beyond Germany, Lutheranism, as distinct from Calvinism, gained the day only in the Scandinavian countries. In all three of these, there was a widespread discontent because of the joint arrogance of the Church and the nobility which kept the common people well ground into the dust. The agitation in Germany found a fertile field for transplantation under such conditions. But it was all accomplished very peacefully in Denmark, and that meant also in Norway; for both countries were under a common government at that time. The old ecclesiastical system was politely turned out, and a new one was installed on Lutheran lines.

In Sweden, the situation was somewhat more acute. The tax question was exceedingly irritating because two-thirds of the land was owned by the Church and the balance was chiefly in the hands of the nobility, both groups being exempt

from taxation. Sweden had only just broken free from the Danish king, and was endeavoring to erect its own national life under Gustavus Vasa. He found it impossible to develop a national policy with no other resources than those available from the impoverished peasants. He demanded subsidies from the Church, which were grudgingly given and only partially relieved the stringency. Finally, he served notice on the Diet that all ecclesiastical property which was not absolutely necessary for the Church's support must be turned over to the government. This was done, and evangelical preachers were imported to supply the places of those who declined to accede. Violent methods were not required; and, in the course of the transition, the historic Episcopate was preserved, as was not the case in Denmark and Norway. To be sure, there were attempts to restore the old order, and it was not until Gustavus Adolphus had consolidated the reformation spirit in Sweden that the country settled down to a definitely evangelical future.

Very different was the progress of events in the Netherlands. It took a bitter struggle of some sixty years, marked with inhuman atrocities, before that tortured country was granted any liberty in its spiritual life. Unfortunately, the movement there was badly complicated by the presence of an aggressive group of Anabaptists who were fanatically inclined. The country was under the direct sovereignty of Charles V, and what he could not do in Germany he could do in the Netherlands. Edicts were published ordering all those who were perverted by this sect to be burned alive; those who recanted were graciously allowed to perish by the sword; and the women were "only to be buried alive." As a matter of fact, the favorite way of disposing of the women was by drowning, and the burning process for the men was converted into a roasting to death by a slow fire. In carrying out these orders, it was customary to make little distinction between Anabaptists and any other kind of evangelicals.

All suffered alike, and the greater the suffering, the stronger they became.

When Philip II succeeded his father, as King of Spain, that which had been bad before became infinitely worse. Spanish troops were imported to enforce the merciless measures, and they had evidently been well-nurtured in the mental atmosphere of the Spanish Inquisition. William of Orange took up the cause of his people—a man of fine leadership and unimpeachable character. Riot and bloodshed were the natural response to torture and persecution. Things went from bad to worse, and then to the Duke of Alva. This brutal sadist, sent by Philip to mop up the country, left no stone of cruelty unturned to accomplish his purpose. People were condemned in batches. Early one Ash Wednesday morning, he had fifteen hundred persons dragged out of bed and ordered to their death. "The gallows, the wheel, stakes, trees along the highways, were laden with carcasses or limbs of those who had been hanged, beheaded or roasted."

The rescue came from quite an unexpected quarter. A hardy and independent element sailed their little ships in and out of the broken seacoast—sailors and fishermen who feared neither storms nor Spaniards. These were sent against the Spanish ships upon which Alva depended for reënforcements and supplies. At first, it was merely a matter of semi-piratical raids; but, to everyone's amazement, these despised "Sea-Beggars" completely destroyed an imposing Spanish fleet which was sent for their extermination.

About the same time, Alva's finances began to run low. England had her own quarrel with Spain and preyed energetically upon the ships loaded with wealth from the New World. The combination was too much, and Alva went home to an ignominious oblivion. Years of fluctuating fortune followed before a truce was obtained (1609) which was later indefinitely extended. And finally, when the country was split up by the separation of Belgium (1830), the Holland

Dutch emerged as an evangelical people with a reformed Church constructed on Calvinistic lines.

It was also Calvinism which finally prevailed in Scotland. The policy of the English Tudors was to break the political connection between Scotland and France which was a perpetual menace to the peace of England. Intrigue bubbled furiously when the infant Mary Stuart (born in 1542) inherited the Scottish throne on the death of her father. In spite of the best efforts of Henry VIII of England, Mary was betrothed to the French Dauphin and was sent to Paris for her education, where she was brought up in the Roman faith. Meantime, evangelical influences had taken fast hold on the people of Scotland; and, when Mary returned as Queen to her native country, she was faced with the complicated duty of ruling as a Roman Catholic sovereign over a Protestant people. With the unmarried Elizabeth now on the throne of England, Mary had a claim to succession in both countries, which was strongly capitalized by the disgruntled English Roman Catholics. But Mary seemed born to blunders. The most beautiful woman of her day, she was much sought after on the death of her French husband. She married a worthless cousin named Darnley who, after a time, was assassinated, leaving a cloud of suspicion over Mary. To make matters worse, she then married another man who had divorced his own wife, and the popular indignation forced her to flee to England. There she was involved in plots to unseat Elizabeth who was driven to execute her for the safety of the realm.

While all this was going on, John Knox was growing in public favor. He was a Scottish priest of dour severity, much interested in the Reformation movement. He was carried off to France where he suffered the tortures of a galley slave for a couple of years. Upon his release, he went to Geneva and sat at the feet of Calvin. Upon returning to Scotland, he was a thorough-going Calvinist and the implacable enemy of everything Roman Catholic. He played successful politics

with England where Lord Cecil realized, only too well, the grave seriousness of the Scottish struggle. Said Cecil: "The Emperor is aiming at the sovereignty of Europe, which he cannot obtain without the suppression of the reformed religion; and, unless he crushes England, he cannot crush the Reformation." The outcome in nearby Scotland was plainly critical to the outcome in England, and so to the whole evangelical cause. An English fleet settled the question of French interference, and Knox was left free to fight it out with Mary Stuart. Calvinism won the day, but it still had more battles to fight with the established Church of England before, in 1690, it was left in peaceful possession of the field.

Through these tumultuous upheavals, the papacy was thrown on the defensive. Clearly, if it was to survive at all, it had to give serious attention to the long-delayed house-cleaning which had been the adjourned business of the Church ever since the Council of Pisa. Hence the so-called Counter-Reformation emanating from the Council of Trent (1545).

When Charles V insisted on the calling of the Council, he had intended to use it as a weapon against the Pope as well as against the reformers; but he was quite outwitted by a new factor known as the Society of Jesus, or, more popularly, as the Order of Jesuits. A Spanish soldier named Ignatius Loyola had conceived the idea of a new monastic order built to a standard of military discipline. The members took the usual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; but added to them an extra pledge of unswerving loyalty to the Pope. Supported by two companions, Pedro Faber and Francis Xavier, he developed his system around the "Spiritual Exercises." It was some years before Ignatius gained formal recognition at Rome, but it was a happy day for the papacy when it was given (1540). Here was a band of men, absolutely dedicated to self-obliterating service, and never dismayed even by seemingly insurmountable obstacles. "To attain the truth in all things," wrote St. Ignatius, "we ought

always to hold that we believe what seems to us white to be black, if the hierarchical Church so defines it." The much criticized juggling of moral responsibilities which characterized the later Jesuit casuistry was mostly a subsequent addition to the original scheme. The time came when the Jesuits were driven out of many countries and the Order was suppressed by papal authority for the good of the Church. But all this cannot properly be read back into its beginnings.

The Jesuits saved the papacy when it had its back to the wall. They dominated the Council of Trent, and were the chief agents in carrying out its intentions. The Council ranged over a span of eighteen years, with two periods of suspension. During that time, it accomplished mainly three things; first, it re-defined Roman Catholic dogma; second, it instituted many moral reforms in the Church; and third, it firmly entrenched the papal monarchy, strongly supported by a powerfully organized hierarchy. The Counter-Reformation flowed out of it.

The Congregation of the Index, set up to censor all books for the faithful, went at its work with a zeal born of a crisis. Europe was flooded with evangelical literature shouting for suppression and so vigorously did the Index do its suppressing wherever it was able to operate, that Paolo Sarpi, an Italian priest, and one of the most brilliant and astute figures in Europe, called it "the finest secret which has ever been discovered for applying religion to the purpose of making men idiots." Spain was at the zenith of her power at that time, and was staunchly loyal to the Vatican with her influence, military resources, and enormous wealth. Moreover, the Inquisition was a going concern. With such weapons to hand, the Jesuits did an heroic work of salvage. It was hopeless to look for a return of the good old medieval days, but the retrogression was checked, some lost ground was regained, and an opportunity was provided for future rehabilitation.

The more recent Vatican Council (1870) was a logical

sequel to the Council of Trent. In spite of outspoken opposition, resulting in the withdrawal of some of its best leaders into the "Old Catholic Church," the Curia carried through, at that Council, its dogma of Papal Infallibility. It was the logical conclusion of the Tridentine profession of faith—"I acknowledge the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church for the mother and mistress of all churches; and I promise and swear true obedience to the Bishop of Rome, successor to St. Peter, Prince of Apostles, and Vicar of Jesus Christ." Strangely enough, while that Vatican Council was still in session, Garibaldi's army of Italian patriots entered Rome to make it the capital city of a united Italy, and to deprive the infallible Pope of the last of his temporal possessions, after which he lived in protest as a voluntary prisoner of the Vatican until the 1929 Concordat restored a few acres to Vatican City and gave the papacy a technical political standing among the nations of the world.

CHAPTER X

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

AS NIGHT fell on the first Good Friday, the body of Our Lord was safely laid away in the tomb of St. Joseph of Arimathea. With twelve companions, Joseph fled from the scene of the world's greatest tragedy, carrying with him the chalice of the first Sacrament, later to be known as the Holy Grail. The travelers landed on the Island of Avalon on the west coast of Britain where Joseph planted his staff in the ground. The staff took root, blossoming thereafter not only in the Springtime but also on Christmas Day of each year as a symbol of our Saviour's birth. A little church was built nearby (where the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey now stand)—and so Christianity came to Britain.

It is a very old and appealing tradition. There is another which says St. Paul first preached the Gospel in Britain. There is still another telling how King Lucius, in the second century, sent to Eleutherius, Bishop of Rome, asking for Christian missionaries; and how they planted the Church in the Island. They are all traditions. None of them is history. Taken together, however, they indicate a very early origin for the British Church—but how early, it is impossible to say.

We do know that, back in Ephesus, St. John the Evangelist, in the first century, taught the Faith to St. Polycarp who, in turn, taught it to St. Irenaeus; and that St. Irenaeus became Bishop of Lyons in France (then known as Gaul). We know that contact was easy and frequent between Gaul and Britain; and that four centuries later, some of the customs preserved by the British Church had more of an eastern than western flavor. There is a strong indication here that

Christianity may have been introduced into Britain some time during the first two centuries of the Christian era through eastern connections.

The story of St. Alban's martyrdom dates from the persecution of Diocletian, about 304 A. D. Alban was a pagan when the persecution began. A Christian priest burst in upon him one day, fleeing for his life from the persecutors. Out of the kindness of his heart, Alban gave shelter to the fugitive and was converted to Christianity by his devout example. So when the pursuers appeared, Alban arrayed himself in the priest's clothing, gratefully substituting himself for his Christian guest. He was condemned to death, and became the first martyr of the British Church. This is also tradition, but it points to some sort of virile Christianity in the British Isles at that period. And only a few years later (314 A. D.), the actual records show that British bishops were in attendance at the Council of Arles.

St. Patrick was a product of the British Christianity of this century. So much legend has gathered about him that it is difficult to sift out that which is reliable from the mass of obvious fiction. He was probably born in Scotland, the son and the grandson of deacons in the Church. While still a youth, he was carried off by a raiding party to Ireland where he lived for several years as a slave in Armagh. Upon his escape he traveled to Gaul and to Italy where he received Holy Orders, eventually returning again to Ireland to spend the rest of his life as a missionary bishop among his former captors. The romantic experiences attributed to him are legion—wizards, snakes, shamrock and what-not. The only sure thing is that Ireland became Christian under his teaching—"a lion in boldness, a serpent in cunning, a dove in gentleness and meekness, and a laborious servant to the Creator." When he died, he was "waked" for twelve nights.

During this period, Rome was gradually withdrawing her outposts of empire, the better to defend herself against the incursions of the barbarians. Britain lost the protecting

presence of the Roman soldiery, and, in 449 A. D., became a prey to the wolfish Angles and Saxons from the nearby continent. For more than a century these invaders penetrated the country with all the accompaniments of heathen ferocity. Christian Britain retreated into the hills of Wales where it maintained a precarious existence for another hundred years, while the Saxons dotted the lowlands with their temples to Woden and Thor. Even so, the Church was not entirely on the defensive. By way of Ireland, a monastery was established on the little Island of Iona, off the west coast of Scotland, which proved to be a centre of aggressive missionary activity. St. Columba was a stalwart missionary product of Iona. An offshoot of similar missionary character was founded on the east coast in the monastery at Lindisfarne, made famous as the training school of St. Aidan, St. Wilfrid, and St. Cuthbert. These two monasteries were ready to pour forth their missionary zeal from the north when St. Augustine undertook a like mission in the south under orders from the Bishop of Rome.

It seems that an Italian monk walked one day through the slave-market in Rome where some British boys were up for sale. Their fair hair and pink cheeks struck an exotic contrast with the prevailing Italian swarthinness. The monk asked who they were.

"Men call them Angles," replied the slave-trader.

"They ought to be called 'Angels,'" said the monk.

"They come from a place called Deira* in Northumbria," went on the salesman.

"From God's wrath we will save that race," was the monk's pious ejaculation.

"And the name of their king is Aella," the trader concluded.

"Well named," said the monk. "Now his race shall sing Alleluia to Jesus."

* The Latin words *de Ira* mean "from wrath."

Christian tradition never forgot the puns, and the monk never forgot the Angles.

Presently the monk became Pope Gregory the Great, and he proceeded to realize his dream. One of his own close friends named Augustine was chosen for the hazardous task, and accepted it with many misgivings. In the year 596, he and his band of companions made their way up through Gaul and crossed to the Isle of Thanet. Their fears were soon dispelled because a happy opening had already been prepared for them. Ethelbert, King of Kent, had married a Frankish princess named Bertha who was a Christian and who had secured permission to bring with her a Frankish bishop as her chaplain. So it was that St. Augustine found Christian worship being offered in St. Martin's Church, Canterbury. It is worthy of note that this little stone church is still in use, and is said to be the oldest church in the world where Christ has been continuously worshipped. Ethelbert gave the newcomers permission to preach their Gospel, and it was not long before he himself was baptized. Soon after this, Augustine was consecrated Bishop of his new field and made his headquarters at Canterbury where, on the ruins of an ancient British church which he discovered within the city walls, he built his own Christ Church, by which name the present Cathedral of Canterbury is still known.

It was only a question of time before the Roman mission and the old British Church should meet, each as a bearer of the Divine Commission. They did so under an oak tree near Gloucester where a conference was held between St. Augustine and the British bishops. Augustine called upon the bishops to recognize his jurisdiction over them, and to bring some of their peculiar customs into conformity with those of Rome. Both of these things the British declined to do; and the breach was not healed until, a generation later, the Irish and the Roman Missions, one from the north and the other from the south, met in Northumbria. Paulinus, one of Augustine's monks, was the first to penetrate the north

country. He became the confidant and councillor of Edwin, King of Northumbria, who finally agreed to call together his wise men and let Paulinus talk it out with them. One of the wise ones told his famous parable of the sparrow:

"The life of man, O King, in comparison with that unknown life beyond, is like a sparrow's flight through the hall where ye sit in winter at meat, a goodly fire on the hearth, but the snowstorm beating without. The sparrow flies through one door, and for a while is safe in the warmth; but then he flies out at another door into the dark winter from whence he came. So is the life of man for a short space; but of what he was before, and of what is to follow after, we have no knowledge. If this doctrine will tell us aught of that, then let us follow it."

Like St. Paul of old, Paulinus then arose and preached the Risen Christ. The King was baptized, the pagan temples were burned, and a Christian church was erected on the very spot where the magnificent York Minster now stands.

Meantime, the British Church had not been idle. We have already seen how that ancient Church, driven into the mountains of Wales, bore rich fruit for Ireland and Scotland in the persons of St. Patrick and St. Columba. The great monasteries of Iona and Lindisfarne were thus products of the British Church, and when, in 635, Edwin's nephew Oswald became King of Northumbria, it was to Iona rather than to Canterbury that he sent for missionaries of the Faith. Down from the north came the saintly Aidan, the humble St. Chad, the high-minded St. Cuthbert, and the turbulent St. Wilfrid. So out of Iona and Lindisfarne in the north and out of Canterbury in the south came three flames of Christian zeal hot enough to consume the strongholds of paganism and kindle a true spark of Christian devotion. In both quarters the Church was alert and aggressive. What was now required was a capable statesman to consolidate these several efforts and bind them into a united Church for

the land which was now called England. That statesman was found in Theodore of Tarsus, an aged priest of eastern origin who, in 669, came to be Archbishop of Canterbury at the request of the Kings of Kent and Northumbria.

Theodore was assiduous in his visitations. He straightened out kinks here and there, corrected where correction was needed, and developed a masterly plan of organization. His authority was firm without being obnoxious, and it was not long before his capacity for leadership was both recognized and welcomed. After four years, when conditions seemed ripe, he summoned the bishops to a synod at Hertford where the old differences were ironed out and a working programme of diocesan administration was agreed upon. The Church of England, as distinct from the older British Church, and as the custodian of the Divine Commission for subsequent English history, may be said to date from that synod.

Of course, it was not all clear sailing even for a man like Theodore. He soon had his troubles, for example, with Wilfrid, Bishop of the Northumbrians, who made his headquarters in York. Part of Theodore's plan was to divide the cumbersome dioceses into less unwieldy units. Wilfrid objected violently to any infringement upon his jurisdiction and, for the first time in English history, appealed his case to the Pope. It led to a protracted controversy, during which the Pope ordered Theodore to restore the disputed district to the rebellious Wilfrid. It is an interesting commentary on the whole subject of papal authority in England, that Theodore declined to do any such thing. Wilfrid spent some time in an English prison and the rest of his life in another field. Theodore established his policy, and left a Church strongly buttressed against the trials which were soon to test its strength. During his lifetime, St. Hilda won her place as the Abbess of Whitby; and Caedmon, often called the father of English poetry, composed his historic verses.

The impetus of Theodore's administration is further shown in the romantic missionary adventures of both St.

Willibrord among the Friesians, and of St. Boniface who found his martyrdom in the same field.

But, most of all, we owe a debt of gratitude to that saintly chronicler, the Venerable Bede, whose whole life was an act of devotion. In his monastery at Jarrow he was once commenting on the monastic services. "I know," he said, "that angels are present at the canonical hours and congregations of the brethren. How if they do not find me among them? Will they not say, 'Where is Bede? Why does he not come to the devotions of his brethren?'" Gifted with a true sense of scholarship, he undertook the task of recording the story of the Church from very early times to his own day. He wrote many other things too, but without his history of the Church those early years would now be a mysterious blank to modern historians. At the time of his death he was engaged in a translation of St. John's Gospel into English. His strength was ebbing fast when one of the monks reminded him that only a little remained to be done.

"Take thy pen and write quickly," said Bede and, rousing himself, dictated until weakness overcame him.

"There is but one sentence more, dear master," urged the anxious scribe. With a last effort the sentence was completed and the scribe announced that it was finished.

"Yes," said Bede, "all is finished now. Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost"—and his gentle soul passed out in a hymn of praise.

But neither England nor the Church was to be left long in peace. Up in northern Europe was a fierce heathen race known as Northmen who, for three centuries, were to keep their neighbors in a ferment. From time out of mind, Norway had been split up into numerous small kingdoms, each with its own little princelet. About the beginning of the ninth century, Harold Fairhair determined to consolidate these quarrelsome fragments, and succeeded in establishing his authority over everything within reach. Restive under

their unaccustomed subjugation, the deposed princelets took to the seas. About the same time Charlemagne erected a stout barrier against overland incursions from northern Europe, thus depriving the successors of the original Huns and Vandals of their inherited privileges as brigands. They turned pirates instead. From these two sources, the predatory sea-rovers began to multiply. Their long, low ships, manned by the hardiest sailors of the day, spread over the sea like a plague. They would hide in little creeks called "viks," and dart out upon other ships with destructive fury. This particular trick earned them the nickname of "Vikings." They were also called Norsemen or sometimes simply Danes. Everywhere they plundered, burned, and killed. Churches and monasteries, being often rich, generally defenseless, and always Christian, were their special objects of prey. Every country with a sea-coast suffered from their depredations. For a long period, they held the Kingdom of Naples, and were a thorn in the flesh to many a worried pope. The rivers of France became thoroughfares for their adventurous enterprises, even up to Paris itself, until they were bought off by the gift of a large French territory which they settled under the name of Normandy. And England, exposed to the sea in every direction, was practically helpless before them. Wave after wave of Northmen swept in over the country, apparently irresistible, both as to numbers and rapacity. It looked as though newly Christianized England was about to be totally submerged in a flood of virulent heathenism.

Legend has greatly embellished the virtues of King Alfred; but it can scarcely be denied that, as a Christian king, he was an example of righteousness; and, as an intrepid soldier, he was a model of excellence. Certainly he rescued England when it most needed rescuing. For it was Alfred who stopped the Northmen. By the Peace of Wedmore, the northern portion of the country was ceded to them, while he retained the south as a Christian kingdom. The

Northmen settled down in their "Danelagh," and the plundering came to an end.

Kindly and lovable with his own people, Alfred rebuilt his dominion like a Christian and a statesman. He founded schools, codified laws, encouraged religion, and promoted learning by his own indefatigable example. "So long as I have lived," he said in his old age, "I have striven to live worthily." Under his sons, England was once more Christianized and united into one kingdom. Not only that, but English missionaries went to the homeland of the invaders and were chiefly instrumental in planting the Gospel among the Norwegians. It was the French monk Anskar (died 865) who did such heroic work in Denmark and Sweden; but out of England came Grimkill to Christianize the people of Norway. At the close of the tenth century, the path was opened by Olaf Tryggvessen, King of Norway and a Christian, who had peculiar methods of his own for propagating the Faith. On one occasion, he assembled eighty heathen sorcerers for the purpose of conversion. First he tried them sober, then he tried them drunk. When they persisted in refusing his kindly offices under either condition, he locked them up and burned both building and sorcerers to the greater glory of God. His son is known as St. Olaf, and it was he who imported Bishop Grimkill and other English missionaries. The religious issue was settled by them at Dalen where a test of faith was to be publicly witnessed before a great image of the Scandinavian god Thor. Grimkill was there to preach, but St. Olaf conceived a little strategy of his own. Suddenly pointing to the sun, he drew the attention of the crowd, while one of his soldiers smote the image a splintering blow. Out of the shattered pieces scampered a swarm of loathsome creatures which had grown fat on the sacrifices offered to the god. The incident must have offered an excellent text for Grimkill, and Norway soon followed England into the ranks of the Christian nations. But matters were far from right in England. The debilitating

fumes of the Dark Ages swept across from the continent and did sorry things to the spiritual temper of English Christianity.

To be sure, one bright spot appears in the vigorous person of St. Dunstan (died 988). For a brief period he corrected abuses and stiffened discipline to the vast improvement of Church conditions; but his work was largely nullified by dynastic controversies between the English and the Danes. Battles were fought, kings were made and unmade. The Normans were brought into the confusion by efforts to improve the life of the Church with imported talent. There came to be a Norman party and an English party, with feeling growing rapidly bitter between them. William of Normandy claimed a right to the royal succession because of a blood relationship to King Edward the Confessor. But Harold, son of Earl Godwin, was the popular English choice. It chanced that Harold fell into William's clutches through a shipwreck on the coast of France; and, under pressure, he swore to support William's claim to the English throne. But upon regaining his liberty, Harold promptly forgot his oath. William lost no time in branding him as a traitor, and took advantage of a controversy over the archbishopric of Canterbury to throw a cloak of religion over his cause. Hildebrand (the power behind the papacy, though not yet pope himself) was already hurling his thunderbolts of purification from the Vatican, and was only too thankful for an opportunity to lay his hand of authority upon England where papal control had never really obtained. That is how William of Normandy invaded England with his banners blessed by the Pope. In 1066, at the battle of Hastings, he won his title of "the Conqueror," and found a reasonably comfortable seat on the English throne.

The effect of the conquest upon the Church was decidedly beneficial. Lanfranc, a Norman monk and one of the greatest scholars and most able administrators of the day, became Archbishop of Canterbury. Under his wise guidance, the

Church took on a new orientation. Norman bishops were brought over to fill vacant sees; the disorganization due to factious quarrels was replaced with a well-knit coördination; and spirituality, both among clergy and laity, received powerful stimulation. The Normans were great builders. They not only reared imposing castles for the protection of their newly acquired rights, but they also reconstructed churches and cathedrals which had fallen into considerable decay. New monasteries were erected, old ones were strengthened, and endowments were everywhere increased. Ecclesiastical courts were accorded a new dignity, and the personal habits of the clergy came under a system of salutary inspection. At first, of course, there were disgruntled murmurings at this imposition of foreign authority; but in a remarkably short time Englishmen and Normans were blended in a new common nationality, and the Church of England became the spiritual home for both.

The relationship established between the Church of England and the papacy under William and Lanfranc, has some interesting aspects. For several centuries, England had looked to the Pope as the logical spiritual leader of Europe. Deference was paid to him, money was sent to him, and his judgments on disputed questions were always received with respect. To be sure, such judgments were not always followed (as in the case of Wilfrid), but it was commonly conceded in a feudal society that the Church could maintain its spiritual prerogatives only under a recognized central leadership. On the continent, that leadership had developed (not without protest) into an ecclesiastical autocracy built upon the False Decretals and the exigencies of medieval conditions. But in England, the Church had retained a large measure of local autonomy. The Primate at Canterbury was the governing head of the English Church. He was elected by his English brethren under royal approval, and then received his pall as a mark of union with the Roman See. But the idea that ecclesiastical England was the servant

of the Bishop of Rome had never gained British acceptance. William was not slow to recognize this, in spite of the fact that papal backing had played an important rôle in the success of his predatory ambitions. At the very time when Hildebrand (now Gregory VII) was bringing the Emperor to terms at Canossa on the question of investiture, he raised no voice against William for doing the same thing in England. He did attempt to extend himself once, when he demanded that William as King of England should do homage to him as Pope, and also should pay up the arrears of "Peter's pence." To these demands William replied, "One demand I have allowed, the other I have not allowed. To do homage I refuse, because I never promised to do it, nor do I ever find that my predecessors have done it. The money shall be more regularly paid."

William, moreover, laid down a rule that no pope was to be acknowledged in the Kingdom of England without the consent of the crown; neither were any papal bulls to be enforced without the crown's approval. It seems quite clear that, up to this point, England knew nothing of papal supremacy as Hildebrand and subsequent popes sought to impose it upon western Christendom.

The Norman conquest opened the door for new ideas by bringing England into closer contact with continental interests. These new ideas were to be bones of contention for the Church during the next five hundred years. It began with the Conqueror's son, William Rufus, who had no such sense of responsibility to his people as his father had known.

According to feudal usage, upon the death of a bishop the episcopal revenues reverted to the king until a successor was chosen. One of Rufus' favorite habits was to keep such bishoprics vacant as long as possible for the benefit of the royal purse. When Lanfranc died, Canterbury was without an archbishop for four years, much to the pecuniary advantage of the king. This, of course, was intolerable. And it

might have lasted longer if Rufus had not fallen grievously ill and sought to make death-bed amends by thrusting the office hurriedly upon the unwilling hands of Anselm, Abbot of Bec. Unfortunately for everybody, Rufus recovered and flew into a great rage over his own hasty action. "By the Holy Face of Lucca," he blasphemed, "God shall never have me good for all the ill that He has brought upon me." Apparently the "ill" referred to was Anselm who quickly discovered how unpleasant a bishop's life could be. Rufus badgered him on every conceivable occasion, finally driving him into exile for three years. Then Rufus died and, with the accession of Henry I, Anselm returned. But during his absence, he had been highly honored at Rome, and he was now prepared to raise the question of investiture on his own account. King and Archbishop fought bitterly for a time, and at last came to a compromise whereby Henry relinquished his hereditary right to invest bishops with ring and staff which were the symbols of spiritual authority, but retained the right to claim an oath of homage to himself as king.

Yet the battle was by no means over, the next round being fought between Henry II and Thomas à Becket (died 1170). This Henry found everything demoralized after the chaotic reign of his predecessor Stephen, and was determined to set the kingdom in order. He was a forceful man, subject to occasional bursts of temper, but on the whole a good figure of a king. His zeal for orderly government was too much of a personal passion to suit the best interests of the people; it might easily have run into a tyranny; but there is much to be said for him in the particular issues on which he crossed swords with Becket.

One of the abuses of the day lay in the ecclesiastical courts in which any cleric had the right to be tried for any crime, but where punishment consisted only of ecclesiastical censures. This "benefit of clergy" obtained for all who were in Holy Orders, and a great number of disreputable rascals qualified for minor Orders as a means of availing themselves

of these extraordinary privileges. Henry demanded that the King's courts should remedy the scandal. Becket, who was Archbishop of Canterbury, smelt the odor of royal domination over the Church, and fought back with equal determination. The King drew up his famous "Constitutions of Clarendon" which, he said, represented the ancient customs of the realm, and ordered Becket to accept them. One of them stated that clergy accused of crime should not be protected by the Church against the King's courts; and another, that no appeals should be carried to the Pope without the King's consent. These were the two points on which Becket raised his chief protest. The controversy raged through various stages of exile and excommunication, with the nobility siding with the King, and the common people backing the Archbishop.

One day, Henry sputtered forth some wild words in a fit of anger, with the unexpected result that four of his knights went head-hunting for Becket. Shouting, "Where is the traitor?" they came upon the Archbishop in his cathedral. "Here is the Archbishop," Becket answered. "No traitor but a priest of God." Whereupon the four knights took off his head. The country was ablaze with indignation. Henry was wise enough to disclaim all responsibility and, in proof of it, did public penance before the tomb of his adversary. Becket was later canonized, and his tomb became a favorite spot for pilgrimages for hundreds of years thereafter. To the popular mind, he stood out as the valiant defender of the people's liberties against the encroachments of a royal dictator.

The next round was soon to follow. It was fought between King John and Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, with others playing contributing parts. Innocent III was Pope, the most powerful of any who ever occupied the Vatican, and bursting with eagerness to bring the Church of England to heel. Philip Augustus was King of France, with a very persistent grievance against England

because of English rule over portions of his own country. And, finally, there was Richard the Lion-hearted, who, as we have seen, had left his kingdom to the doubtful mercies of his brother, John, while he went adventuring with other crusaders to the Holy Land.

There is not much of evil from which King John can claim exemption. Treacherous, greedy, and lascivious, he made himself thoroughly hated even by those who truckled to him most. He was one of England's very worst kings from almost any point of view. He had difficulties with everybody, including the Pope. At length his evil career approached its climax when, in 1205, a new Archbishop of Canterbury was to be elected. It seems that a group of Canterbury monks, probably in distrust of their King, had secretly elected one of their number to the archbishopric and hustled him off to Rome for his pall before John knew what happened. When John heard of it, he demanded another election, and sent a delegation of monks to explain the whole matter to Pope Innocent.

From Innocent's point of view, it was an opportunity built to order. He could have asked for no better means of exerting his authority than to declare both elections void and intrude a third candidate of his own choosing. He not only did this, but he made the delegation of monks go through with the election at once while he had them in Rome where he could see that they did it his way. Stephen Langton, an Englishman, was the man so elected, and he was duly consecrated for his office by Innocent. This was a violation of precedent which made John purple with rage. Calling up his reserves of profanity, he swore "by the teeth of God" that he would seize all Romans in his kingdom and send them back to their master blind and mutilated. Innocent replied by placing England under an interdict. But the lack of religious ministrations was nothing in John's life and, besides, the interdict was never very thoroughly enforced. John treated the clergy as outlaws, abused them, and robbed

them of their property. The following year he was excommunicated, but no one had the temerity to publish the papal bull in England. For two years more he fought back, making clerical life a horror, and crowding his prisons with priests. But Innocent was no man to stop something which he had well begun, and he knew that John's hold upon his own people was exceedingly tenuous. Finally, he threatened John with a bull of deposition which would have released all England from allegiance to the King, and further stated that he would call upon John's arch-enemy, Philip Augustus, to make the deposition effective. That meant a French invasion. John continued to struggle for another couple of years, vainly attempting to rally his feudal nobility to the defense of himself and his crown. But the limit had been reached. Persistent treachery on his part had shattered all loyalty on the part of his people. John found himself hopelessly deserted, with Philip marshaling his forces across the channel. Once a bully is punctured, he collapses very suddenly. John collapsed. He not only agreed to receive Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, but he resigned the kingdoms of England and Ireland to the Pope, receiving them back again as the Pope's feudal vassal. He promised to recall the clergy whom he had driven out of the country, and to compensate them for the losses they had incurred through him. He agreed to submit to the papal judgment all the debated points leading up to his excommunication, and pledged England to the payment of annual tribute to the Vatican. As a matter of fact, he gave away just about everything except his appetite and his bad habits.

Then the storm broke. John was getting too generous with things which belonged to other people as well as himself. Englishmen in general had a stake both in their kingdom and in their Church; and, in spite of the claims of feudal over-lordship, they were not disposed to submit to a wholesale exploitation without at least being consulted. They needed only a leader and, strangely enough, they found him

in the person of the man about whom all the hostilities had centered—namely, their new Archbishop. Langton had no reason to love John, but he might have been expected to tune his music to that of the Pope, if it had not happened that the latter had now accepted the rôle of John's ardent supporter. As Innocent looked at it—John of evil fame and *disobedient* to the Pope was the vilest of vile persons; but John of the same evil fame and *obedient* to the Pope was worthy of all respectful consideration. Langton's statesmanship was of too large a caliber to see things in just that way. He placed himself at the head of the barons, and took up the cudgels for some decent degree of freedom for Church and people. Before a meeting of nobles held in St. Paul's, London, he produced a charter of liberties granted by Henry I and confirmed by Henry II, upon which all present swore to take a firm and united stand. John fumed and raged; the papal legate threw all his influence against the Archbishop and the barons; but they held solidly behind Langton. Finally, on June 15, 1215, the barons assembled at Runnymede, near London, and here they brought the King to terms, forcing his signature to the historic document known as Magna Charta or the Great Charter. In the very first article of this charter, occurs the significant statement that "the Church of England shall be free, and shall have her rights entire and her liberties uninjured." It has been contended that this claim to freedom was directed exclusively against royal encroachments, but the Pope evidently saw another possible interpretation.

This unexpected development did not suit Pope Innocent at all. He had no sooner got England nicely in his hand than he found it squirming out between his fingers. He promulgated a bull in which he announced the Great Charter null and void, releasing everyone from its provisions. The barons who signed it were excommunicated. Langton came in for a scorching rebuke because of his share in the proceedings; and papal excommunication was held over the heads

of any who should dare oppose the King. The whole matter was argued before the Pope who upheld John in every disputed point. But England had its back up; the Great Charter was never withdrawn; copies were sent to every cathedral with orders to give it public reading twice a year; and king after king, in the years that followed, was obliged to subscribe to it.

John, Innocent, and Langton died in due course, but others saw to it that the issue was kept alive. Indeed, the next three centuries are one long contest with a succession of popes on one side endeavoring to capitalize the advantages acquired when John sold out to Innocent and, on the other side, the English Church and Parliament throwing up all manner of obstacles in self-defense. Papal taxes increased enormously and Italian clergy who never set foot in England were appointed to English benefices and cheerfully received the revenues which were sent to them. Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, and one of the greatest men of his day, estimated that this system of absent treatment was drawing a total of cash out of England equal to three times the sum of the royal income. And Grosseteste was the man who spoke his mind in plain, uncompromising terms in the presence of the Pope himself.

Henry III, who succeeded John as king, was petulant, extravagant, and incompetent. When he fell out with the barons, he turned to the Pope for support. That largely accounts for the growth of the intolerable exactions mentioned above which bade fair to squeeze England dry. Simon de Montfort, strongly supported by Bishop Grosseteste, led a revolt which, after a period of civil warfare, won a re-confirmation of the Charter liberties.

With Edward I began a series of parliamentary enactments calculated to restrain, still further, these ecclesiastical abuses. First, came the *Statute of Mortmain* restricting the acquisition of property by religious corporations, whereby such property had, heretofore, been exempt from any possible

service to the State. Then, the *Statute of Provisors* was enacted and reënacted, by which the Pope was forbidden to make appointments to English benefices, and anyone accepting such appointment was to be subject to fine and imprisonment. Finally, a law was passed on increasingly stringent lines, which made it a crime to bring papal bulls into the country without the royal consent, and also a crime to appeal a case from the royal courts to those of Rome. This was known as the *Statute of Praemunire*.

That these various laws restricting papal interference in English affairs were not the result of hasty action but, rather, of a determined policy, is indicated by the fact that their passage covered a period of more than a century—1279 to 1393. It should further be noted that no part of this legislation was aimed against the spiritual leadership of the Pope. Certainly since the time of Theodore, the Church of England had always been ready to recognize a primacy of honor in the See of Peter. But the medieval papacy was a different matter. A pope credited with authority to order, direct, or disrupt as he saw fit, the internal life of their Church and to interfere as a temporal sovereign with the administrative policies of their government, drawing out from them excessive revenues, laying down upon them arbitrary rules of long-distance discipline, placing over them foreign appointees without regard to their own preferences—this was more than the English had bargained for, and more than they were ready to accept. Other countries may have submitted more or less gracefully, but England lived in persistent protest.

That it was more than a game of diplomatic check-mate is shown by the surprisingly popular response which arose to the bold utterances of John Wyclif (died 1384). He was a teacher at Oxford University at the time when Oxford and Cambridge were developing their collegiate systems, and students were crowding in from all parts of the land. As a scholar, Wyclif was intelligent and honest. He wrote trenchantly for the world of letters, and lectured effectively

to large classes at the University. If that had been all, his work might have begun and ended in the academic atmosphere of higher learning; but it seems that Wyclif was also a born fighter and was possessed of extraordinary fluency in the plainest of plain English. His preaching became very popular. It was the time of the Great Schism—two popes and two curial bodies sending cross currents of intrigue through every court in Europe, and both demanding large funds with which to do it. Wyclif surprised everybody by discussing it as a Christian rather than as a politician. He boldly denounced the materialistic clerical mind which concerned itself more with money, power, and preferment than with the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God. This led him on to an attack on the papal system. The Pope sent word that he must be silenced; but when Wyclif received the warning, he remarked that the Eastern Church had managed without a pope for thirteen centuries and it might be possible for the Western Church to do the same. He repudiated the doctrine of transubstantiation, and stressed the need for inculcating habits of personal righteousness. The common people at that time were not having a pleasant time of it. Living was hard, and the country was taxed to impoverishment for unsuccessful wars with France. But the monasteries had accumulated large riches, and some of the nobility held huge estates. Wyclif's explosive ideas found ready lodgment in the minds of the half-starved and discontented peasants. Watt Tyler brought it to a head in the Peasant's Revolt, when castles and monasteries went up in flames and many a life was lost. Wyclif was blamed for it, though he had nothing to do with the revolt itself. He was brought to trial, and his teachings were condemned; but he lived out his life as a parish priest at Lutterworth, devoting himself to the first translation of the Bible in the popular English tongue. All of this shows the drift of the time.

Step by step, for three hundred years, England had been steadily repudiating the submission of John to Innocent III.

At the opening of the sixteenth century, popular sentiment was ready to uphold the English end of any national issue in which the Vatican might become involved. Therefore, when Henry VIII forced such an issue in the matter of his marriage, the public supported him just as it had supported the Statutes of Mortmain, Provisors, and Praemunire. Henry's morals were not worth fighting about, but the historic independence of the Church of England was. All of this was caught up in the maelstrom of the Reformation movement, and extraneous influences filtered in. But the Reformation in England comes out of a different background than that of the continental Reformation. On the continent, it was actually a revolution, while in England it was more truly a reformation. The continental reformers overturned the Church in which they had been brought up; the English reformers were dedicated to the Divine Commission. They were determined to keep the Church which had been theirs from the beginning, but to cut it free from the bonds of subservience with which John had been led to tie it up to the Vatican. Without keeping this distinction clear, it is impossible to understand the English Reformation or the aftermath of controversy which came in the wake of the Puritans.

CHAPTER XI

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION

“**W**ITHOUT being guilty of notable profligacy in comparison with the other monarchs of his time, it is doubtful if Henry’s married life had ever been pure.” So speaks the Catholic Encyclopedia regarding Henry VIII of England. It is well to keep that comparison in mind, in view of subsequent developments.

Henry stands as a striking example of a young man faced with brilliant opportunities to do large things well, who so far fell victim to his own desires that he converted the means of public service into an instrument of the boldest tyranny. When, in 1509, he became King of England, he was handsome, generous, popular. He came naturally by a certain regal dignity. With a keen intellect and widely diversified interests, he was no mean scholar for his day. He was vigorous, energetic, and positive. Moreover, his religion was very real to him. Certainly things were auspicious for Henry and for England at the opening of his reign.

It is pathetic to note the changes wrought in his originally likeable character. Private love affairs, international differences, disappointed hopes, and all the turbulence of the Reformation convulsion, brought out the worst in him rather than the best. His strength of character degenerated into autocratic wilfulness. His geniality soured and turned to bitterness. His generous impulses were transmuted into senseless greed. His religion was resolved into a fanatical hatred for his ecclesiastical opponents. At the time of his death, he was a symbol of destruction for the Church of England. But he had not always been so.

The diplomatic policy of his father, Henry VII, had

leaned strongly in the direction of Spain. At that time, Spain was at the zenith of her power and was well worth cultivating. Therefore a marriage alliance was plainly a good piece of practical politics for England. Such a marriage was arranged, with Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII, and Catherine, the aunt of Charles V of Spain, as the contracting parties.

But Arthur was in very bad health, and died some four months after the marriage which, according to Catherine, had never been anything but nominal. Henry, unwilling to lose the advantages of such an alliance, then made the proposal that Catherine should be married to his second son—the same who was later to become Henry VIII. The obstacle in the way of this shifting of affections was a canonical one. The marriage of a man to his sister-in-law was within the circle of forbidden relationships, only to be made possible by special dispensation from the Pope. Such dispensation was secured on the grounds that the original marriage had been a marriage only in name, and therefore the canonical prohibition could not properly apply. So Henry, at the age of eighteen, married Catherine who was eight years his senior.

For a matter of ten years the royal couple lived happily enough together. Seven children were born to them, six of whom died in infancy. Then Catherine's health began to waver and Henry diverted his affections toward sundry ladies of his court. It bothered him to realize that he had no male heir to succeed him. With a touch of superstitious fear, he entertained the thought that there might be something wrong with his marriage when only one of his seven children survived infancy, and that one, the Princess Mary. Cordiality toward the royal house of Spain may also have been somewhat affected by the fact that Henry had been a candidate for the office of Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire and had been outvoted in favor of Charles V. And

then there was Anne Boleyn, with whom Henry had fallen desperately in love.

The possibility of another marriage was in the air when negotiations were undertaken for the union of Princess Mary with one of the sons of the King of France. It was very disturbing when the French envoy raised an embarrassing objection, to the effect that the former Pope had exceeded his authority in granting a dispensation for the marriage of Henry and Catherine, and that therefore there was some question concerning the legitimacy of the Princess Mary. Perhaps the objection was raised for purposes of diplomatic bargaining, but it offered one more reason for disposing of Catherine. Cardinal Wolsey took charge of the matter for Henry. Wolsey was a statesman of no mean ability, an adept at the game of diplomacy, with strong connections at Rome, and not without some really patriotic impulses. He undertook to secure from the Pope a formal statement nullifying Henry's marriage to Catherine on grounds of consanguinity, and so leaving Henry free to contract another marriage for which Wolsey was already laying his own plans. Commonly the question is referred to as that of "Henry's divorce." Strictly speaking, there was no divorce about it as we use the term today. It was a request for annulment—the invalidating of the marriage itself, rather than the dissolution of it.

At the time the decision was made to carry the matter to the Pope, there was little reason to think that any particular difficulty would be met. Marriage annulments constituted one of the chief sources of revenue for the papal lawyers in Rome, and a decision very similar to that desired for Henry had been rendered in favor of Louis XII of France a few years earlier. Before he became king, Louis had married a French princess, Jeanne of Valois, whose saintly life has since won her canonization. Physically she was not strong, but morally she was blameless, in striking

contrast to the riotous behavior of her brutal husband. As soon as he ascended the throne, Louis decided to be rid of her, and made the usual representations to the Pope on technical grounds. The annulment was granted, and Jeanne was despatched to a cloister for the remainder of her sorrowful life, while Louis took to himself another spouse. From a moral point of view, it was a clear case of criminal conspiracy. The Catholic Encyclopedia speaks of Ste. Jeanne as "an unjustly repudiated wife and queen." Naturally, if such a favor could be granted to Louis, there was no reason to think that a similar favor, involving no greater injustice, might not as easily be granted to Henry. And in all likelihood it would have been, but for the Pope's political involvements.

Catherine was the aunt of Charles V who had no desire to have her sent back home in disgrace; and Charles was a power to be reckoned with. He was not only King of Spain and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, but he was also ruler of the Netherlands, of Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia, and he had fallen heir conjointly with his brother to the hereditary dominions of Austria. He had huge armies at his command, and a sea force which was beginning to exploit the unknown resources of the western hemisphere. To complicate matters still more, the Pope, Clement VII, had seen fit to adopt a political policy of his own which was antagonistic to that of Charles, and the latter was determined to have his way. Things were going badly for the Pope when Henry made this request which would have involved a direct insult to the royal house of Spain. And then, as though even that were not enough, events so came about that just as an English delegation set off for Rome to argue the case of Henry, a large Spanish army attacked Rome and seized Clement as a prisoner of war.

Under the circumstances, it was most inadvisable for Clement to do anything contrary to the will of Charles. Also it was most impolitic for him to antagonize such a powerful sovereign as Henry, particularly at a time when

the Reformation caldron was at the point of violent explosion in Germany. The best Clement could do was to postpone action, and the wisest thing Henry could do was to wait. He did wait. For seven long years he waited, while Clement died and was succeeded by Paul III. Meantime, the hand of Charles never failed to hold threats over the Vatican. Wolsey was dismissed from the English court for his failure to obtain a decision, and every measure known to diplomacy was tried without avail. Neither pope was willing to render a judgment one way or the other—and the seven years rolled by.

It is not uncommon to hear the whole question neatly dismissed by the broad statement that Henry was a dissolute king, fighting an evil battle against the principles of Christian morality as personified in the two popes who opposed him. It sounds well, but the facts will scarcely bear it out. It is quite true that Henry was a dissolute king, but it is also true that Clement VII was an illegitimate son in the Medici family, and that Paul III was the father of illegitimate children (See *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. IV, p. 24 and Vol. XI, p. 579). Such a combination shouts the query—where can any moral issue possibly enter in? There was none. It was a case of politics, pure and simple. The wonder of it is that Henry, passionate and headstrong as he was, ever restrained himself for a period of seven years.

Then that occurred which Wolsey had foreseen years before. Soon after the original appeal went to Rome, he had written Henry that if the Pope persisted in the course he was then assuming, the Church, both in England and in France, might be expected to renounce all obedience to him. Somewhat later, Wolsey had sent a similar warning to the Pope himself. Now his prophecy was about to be realized. Hopeless of getting anywhere on the old lines, Henry determined to appeal to the patriotic sentiments of his people. The struggle of the past three hundred years to correct the duplicity of King John was now to serve as

a cue to his own actions. He would have the Church of England discharge its own affairs as in the olden days, irrespective of papal decisions. As a definite act of repudiation, he asked the Convocations of the Church to adopt a formula acknowledging the King to be the "supreme head of the English Church and clergy." The Bishops objected that such a statement implied spiritual authority over the clergy on the part of the King. Henry wrote personal letters explaining that he had no such intention, but that the title as proposed indicated their allegiance to the crown in temporal matters and the responsibility of the crown to see that spiritual authority was discharged in a peaceable and orderly manner. Even so, the only way in which the clergy would accept the title at all was with the qualifying phrase, "so far as the law of Christ will allow." Later, when Henry went berserk, he made it mean anything he pleased; but the Church was not a party to the exchange of a Roman for an English pope, and soon after the death of Henry the title lapsed.

The following year, Parliament passed an act estopping the payment of the usual "Annates" to the Pope, and forewarning the world at large that if the Pope, in reprisal, should refuse the customary bulls for the consecration of English bishops or should lay down an interdict, the sacraments would be administered without cessation and bishops would be consecrated without papal approval. Thomas Cranmer worked out a scheme of handling the marriage annulment without further recourse to the Pope, and was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury for that purpose. The question was laid before the Convocations where it was decided that the marriage with Catherine had never been valid in spite of the special dispensation which a former pope had granted for it. Cranmer then publicly declared the marriage annulled; but Henry had forestalled him by marrying Anne Boleyn while final action was still pending. Parliament added the last touch by passing another act forbidding

any appeals to Rome. Then, in 1534, after years of compromising silence, the Vatican spoke. The Pope confirmed the validity of the marriage with Catherine, and called upon Henry to restore her to her former conjugal position. A few weeks later, both Convocations countered by adopting a resolution in which it was plainly stated that "the Bishop of Rome hath not, by Scripture, any greater authority in England than any other foreign bishop." Paul III thereupon prepared a bull of excommunication against Henry, but it is not certain that it was ever promulgated.

Such was England's break with the papacy. To worry out of these events a conclusion that "Henry VIII started the Church of England" is a fearful and terrible way to handle the facts of history. The name "Church of England" (*Ecclesia Anglicana*) had been written into Magna Charta hundreds of years before. The Church of England, as a fact, had been in existence hundreds of years before that—even if more or less closely associated with the papacy at different points in its history. Now it simply dropped relationships with Rome. Its primitive character—meaning its worship, ministry, sacraments, and doctrine—was not altered in any single essential respect. Changes certainly were in the air, and many of them were gradually adopted; but none of such a description as to violate the historic character and continuity of the Church of England. This was the nub of the thing in the Church's controversy with the Puritans who did propose clearly revolutionary alterations and went out on their own because the Church refused them. As for Henry VIII, he would have puckered his brows in royal bewilderment at the thought of anyone starting a new Church when England already had its own. The Pope was dispensed with, but the Divine Commission was preserved as a matter of course.

What follows makes a dismal picture. In all probability, Henry was a bit apprehensive of a possible reaction following his high-handed dealing with his family, his many political

supporters, and the Church. This he meant to prevent by exercise of the unprecedented power which had come tumbling into his lap. Having carried his point in his contest with the Pope, he was absolutely supreme in England. The traditional check upon royal authority on the part of the nobility had been reduced to inconsequential proportions by the terrible losses which the nobility had sustained during the suicidal Wars of the Roses. Wolsey had been dismissed, and Parliament was under the King's thumb. The temptation was too much for Henry. He capitalized it for all it was worth—much to the deterioration of his own character, greatly to the distress of the common people, and sadly to the loss of the Church. Henry selected an unscrupulous rascal named Thomas Cromwell as his handy man, and gave him practically unlimited authority as long as he produced results. People were forced to swear away not only their liberty of action but their freedom of thought. Fisher and More were executed for harboring opinions contrary to Henry's latest marriage.

The monasteries were particularly dangerous spots in Henry's eyes. Monastic Orders were generally chartered directly by the pope, and were recipients of special papal privileges. This very fact made them less likely to stand with the King on a question of papal authority. Also the monasteries had become exceedingly rich, and had passed the point of their really valuable service to the Church life of the country. The elaborately embroidered accounts of vicious conditions which have been used to justify Henry's war on the monasteries and convents, can scarcely be substantiated; but it is true that disproportionately large holdings of property had come into their possession, for which they made little return to the country at large. The need of a general overhauling was by no means a new idea. Wolsey, many years before, had suppressed a long string of them, and diverted the revenues to more useful purposes. But Henry, through the merciless offices of Cromwell, not only suppressed

them, but destroyed them. Their land and possessions he seized to replenish his own exchequer and to bribe certain ambitious gentlemen whom he was converting into a new nobility subject to his own control. Fine old abbeys were left in ruins, those who dared to make protest were summarily executed, monks were driven out, works of art were destroyed, whole libraries went up in flames. "The Pilgrimage of Grace" was a brief flash of rebellion against the tyranny of the Crown, but it was quickly smothered without any achievement to its credit.

Meanwhile, reform of a more reasonable kind had been inaugurated within the Church itself, sometimes supported by royal approval and sometimes hindered by royal obstinacy. The necessity of purging the Church at large of various doctrinal corruptions and indefensible religious practices had become clear even in Rome where it found expression at the Council of Trent. On the continent, the process of purgation went to the extreme of changes in the character of the Church itself. In England, the desire was to correct abuses, and to bring religion closer to the people; but, at the same time, to preserve the historic integrity of the Church. Already influences were seeping in from Germany and Switzerland which would have converted England's break with the papacy into a whole-hearted alliance with Calvinism.

Henry, who never ceased to be devoted to a purely medieval theology, treated these evangelical missionaries with the greatest severity. His *Act of the Six Articles* provided the death penalty for any who denied the doctrine of transubstantiation, or opposed certain medieval practices. But he did lend his approval to the preparation and use of the Great Bible (1539), being an English translation from which Lessons were to be read in public worship, and which supplied the text for the Psalter when the Book of Common Prayer was compiled. Coverdale's Bible was also permitted wide popular circulation, and the King put his own name back of the *Ten Articles of Religion* (later expanded to

forty-two, and finally reduced to thirty-nine) which were drawn up by Convocation as a brief summary of reformed doctrine and practice. The Articles were further explained by expositions given in the *Bishop's Book* and, later, in the *King's Book*. And, what was perhaps most important of all, a beginning was made of the revision of the service books, with a view to relieving public worship of certain recent accretions, and giving it to the people in their own tongue. The first step was taken in the publication of the always popular service of the Litany in English. Henry died in 1547, before the work of the revision was completed, leaving the First Prayer Book to appear in the reign of Edward, Henry's son by Jane Seymour.

Edward was but a nine-year-old boy when he inherited the crown, which meant that the government was conducted by regents. First it was the Duke of Somerset acting as Lord Protector, and then it was the Duke of Northumberland. Both of them were self-seeking politicians who had waxed fat as hangers-on during the time of Henry's tyranny. Now they found themselves flushed with power, and with the game only partly played out. The plundering of the Church was still a pleasure to them as well as a profit. Somerset adopted the theory of a Swiss theologian named Erastus that the civil government should always maintain absolute control of the Church. Moreover, it appeared to him to be good politics that England should be on the friendliest possible terms with the Protestant reformers of Germany and Switzerland. For these reasons exponents of Calvinism were invited into the country and introduced to prominent positions in the effort to work out a satisfactory settlement.

✓ The First Book of Common Prayer, issued in 1549, and largely attributable to Cranmer, was scarcely in line with the theological predilections of these foreigners. In that book, the services were rendered into English and were very much simplified, but without the sacrifice of any of their distinctive

traditional elements. The older service books had become so complicated that, in order to use them at all, a rule had been devised, known as the "Pie," by which the proper order of worship might be picked out of the confusion. The need for simplification is well indicated by a comment made by the revisers that the Pie "often made it more difficult to find out what was to be read than to read it when it was found out." That first Prayer Book stands as a classic of English literature, as well as a model for the conduct of public worship.

But the Prayer Book had scarcely reached the hands of the people, before the Protestant extremists were agitating for further revision. Within a year, they were clamoring for still greater simplifications in the Ordinal, and changes of a Calvinistic nature in other parts of the book. The result was the Second Prayer Book (1552) which practically died a borning. It was never put forth with any Church authority behind it, and had not yet won its way to general acceptance when, in the following year, Edward VI died, leaving his crown by natural right to his sister, Mary Tudor.

Here indeed was a pretty state of affairs. Mary was the daughter of Catherine—the only one of her seven children who had lived. Naturally, as the question of her own legitimacy was involved, her sympathies had been all with her mother in the disgusting indecencies of Henry's matrimonial scandals. To be against Henry meant to be for the Pope. Far more Spanish than English, she could scarcely think of the Church apart from the Pope. She became Queen at thirty-seven years of age, with her habits fixed and her convictions definitely formulated. England was, without doubt, sick of the selfish scheming of the Council of Regency under the Dukes of Somerset and Northumberland during the reign of Edward, but the people were scarcely prepared for the violent reversal of attitude into which Mary led them. Bishops like Gardiner and Bonner, who had stood solidly with Henry in his repudiation of the papacy but who

had suffered grievously for their refusal to go the lengths of Calvinism under the Regency, did their best to persuade Mary to a course which would be English rather than Spanish. But Mary was tremendously in earnest about her own religion and, to her great unhappiness, was head over heels in love with Philip of Spain. Her marriage to Philip settled the matter. All of the anti-papal legislation was revoked; many bishops who declined to conform were ejected from their sees and imprisoned; large numbers of the clergy were driven overseas where they found refuge in Protestant Germany and Switzerland. The Pope was invited to pronounce a general absolution over the whole country and to send a papal legate who came in the person of Cardinal Pole. The popular opposition to such a reversal of policy was acute, and Mary considered it necessary to make examples of some of the refractory leaders in order to impress the public. Several bishops were made to serve this particular purpose. Latimer and Ridley were put through a theological examination at Oxford, which was pronounced unsatisfactory; and both were condemned to be burned at the stake. As the torch was applied to the faggots, Latimer called out to his fellow sufferer, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light up such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Another example was Archbishop Cranmer. Always a scholar and with the making of a saint, he had nevertheless lacked something of the toughness of fiber which a real leader in his time and place must have had. Dominated by Henry and over-ruled by the Regency, he seems to have lost whatever independence of thought he might once have possessed. Now he was taken in hand by Mary's ecclesiastics with a view to securing a repudiation of all that he had done.

One can only surmise what representations were made to him, but he was plainly misled by them. Over-persuaded, he consented to sign a recantation, only to find himself

condemned to be burned at the same place where Latimer and Ridley had expired. When brought to the stake, he was instructed to read his recantation to the assembled public. But, to the confusion of his executioners, he offered up an earnest petition to God asking forgiveness for ever having signed such a document, and declared that the hand which had signed contrary to the prompting of his heart should be the first part of him to be burned. "And as for the Pope," he said, "I refuse him as being Christ's enemy and Anti-Christ, with all his false doctrine." So when the fire was kindled, he thrust in his right hand first, holding it steadily until it was consumed, while he repeated, "This unworthy right hand."

No one in those days expected or received religious toleration; and Mary, who was not cruel by nature, earned her unhappy title of "Bloody Mary" through a morbid capitulation to a failure complex. Her husband was neglecting her shamelessly. She had no children. An unsuccessful war with France had lost her Calais which was England's last toe-hold on the continent. And, in addition to all the rest, her own health was miserable. She harbored a superstitious notion that her troubles were a punishment for the unsatisfactory religious condition of the country, which demanded more religious persecutions. So she persecuted; but her nature revolted against the cruelty, and she was more miserable than ever. Yet she kept on, slowly ruining her own life by the destruction of others. Her death, in 1558, marks a pathetic ending to a career which might have been happy and perhaps brilliant. The period of active persecution conducted under her orders covered about three years, with some three hundred persons burned at the stake for their religious convictions. Compared with what the Huguenots received in France, or with what Alva gave the people of the Netherlands, it was not such a terrible experience after all. But, somehow, it struck deep into the English mind. Latimer

was right—the “fires of Smithfield” burned a hatred of papacy into the English people which bore bitter fruit in the years that followed.

Another daughter of Henry’s succeeded to the throne in the person of Elizabeth. Her mother had been Anne Boleyn, which, of course, placed her on the opposite side of the fence from Mary. Elizabeth had inherited from her father much of the rugged strength of character which had given him such a powerful hold on his people even in his most autocratic moments. And Elizabeth had learned to control her impetuous impulses as Henry had never learned to do. During the reign of Mary, it would have been extremely unhealthy for her if she had not.

Elizabeth was confronted with a delicate and dangerous situation. In view of her parentage, it would have been suicidal to have adhered to the Pope. Both Spain and France were papal in their sympathies, and were also hostile to England on general principles. Internally, England was at odds with herself. There was one party committed to the religious policy of Mary; there was another bent on perpetuating the policy of Henry VIII; and there was a returning flood of exiles who had fled the Marian persecutions, but who now brought back from the continent a vigorous demand for full-fledged Calvinism together with a presbyterian system of Church government. That Elizabeth came through such a maze of conflicting forces successfully is itself a marvelous tribute to her statesmanship.

Immediately upon her accession, the religious statutes of Henry were reënacted, except the one designating him as supreme head of the Church. Such an ambiguous title Elizabeth refused to perpetuate in the new Act of Supremacy, preferring to be acknowledged as “Supreme Governor of all persons and in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil.” Regarding the Act of Supremacy, she states her position to De Feria, representative of Philip II, by saying—“I do not

intend to be called Head of the Church, but I shall not let my subjects' money be carried out of the realm to the Pope any more."*

The second Prayer Book of Edward VI was revised, bringing it somewhat closer to the spirit of the first Book, and was put forth for use supported by an Act of Uniformity which made its use obligatory throughout the realm. As might have been expected, the bishops who had accepted appointment during the reign of Mary, refused to subscribe to any of the statutes—that is, all the bishops except one. But, of the lower clergy, only two or three hundred declined out of a total of some nine thousand.

The pressing question for the Church, then, was the securing of new bishops to carry on the necessary episcopal administrations. Cardinal Pole, who had also been Archbishop of Canterbury, had died the day after Mary, and there were ten other vacancies to be filled besides those left by the bishops who refused the Oath of Supremacy. There were, however, several bishops who had been deprived of their dioceses during the reign of Mary, and these were now restored to active jurisdiction. Four of them were called upon to unite in consecrating Matthew Parker as the new Archbishop of Canterbury.

Every conceivable means has been used by controversialists to discredit the validity of Parker's consecration, and thereby to invalidate all subsequent Holy Orders of the Church of England. But, historically speaking, it is a watertight case. The records of the whole proceeding have been preserved with exceptional care—probably because those concerned realized its critical importance.

The records show that permission to elect was issued to the Cathedral Chapter, that the Chapter elected Parker, that his election was confirmed, and that it received royal assent. Four bishops were formally commissioned to unite in the

* Frederick Chamberlin—*Sayings of Queen Elizabeth*, p. 116.

consecration—William Barlow, John Hodgkin, Miles Coverdale, and John Scory. The consecration took place in Lambeth Palace, the morning of December 17, 1559. All the details of the service are preserved, culminating in the laying on of hands by all four bishops together, and the repetition in unison of the words of consecration. Barlow and Hodgkin had, themselves, been consecrated according to the Sarum Rite which was the recognized form of consecration before the break with the papacy; while Coverdale and Scory had been consecrated according to the revised Ordinal of 1550. The whole proceeding has been called in question by an attack upon the validity of the consecration of Barlow who presided at the consecration of Parker. It is charged that there are no records to show that Barlow had ever been properly consecrated himself. Faulty records were no uncommon occurrence in those days, and it is true that those of Barlow are lacking. But it is also true that Barlow discharged the duties of a bishop until the end of his life, at a time when any irregularity would have been greedily seized upon by his adversaries, and his Orders were never questioned until long after his death. Still, even if it were true that Barlow held no valid Orders, there is no possible question concerning the other three, and the records specifically state that all four shared fully in the act of consecration. It was against just such emergencies that a canon had been adopted as early as the Council of Nicaea, providing that three bishops should always join in the consecration of a new bishop. Because of that canon, the transmission of episcopal Orders through even a single bishop was held to be valid, but irregular. Therefore, since one properly qualified bishop would have been sufficient to give Parker a valid consecration, the attack upon Barlow, even if it could be proved, has no practical bearing on the matter. Due to the great care exercised at the time, there was not only one bishop but three participating (apart from Barlow) in order

to secure validity and also to preserve canonical regularity.*

In 1560, just after the episcopate had been thus provided for, Elizabeth received a letter from Pope Pius IV making friendly overtures for a patching up of the accumulated differences. The Pope asked only for the recognition of papal authority in England; and offered, in return, to approve the Book of Common Prayer, including the Liturgy (the Holy Communion) and the Ordinal. But Elizabeth had made up her mind, and when a Tudor mind was made up (even a feminine one) it was not likely to change. Then years went by, during which Elizabeth gained a stronger and stronger hold on her people. Also, during those years, all the people, including the Roman sympathizers, worshipped and received the sacraments in the established English churches. Then another pope, Pius V, received the papal tiara, and soon decided that any reconciliation with England was hopeless. A seminary was opened in France, at Douai, for the particular purpose of training missionaries for the re-conversion of England to papal obedience; and, in 1570, a bull was published pronouncing Elizabeth excommunicate, deposing her from her throne, releasing all English adherents of the Pope from their allegiance to her as Queen, and ordering them to withdraw from English churches.

* The Rt. Rev. John Carroll, first Roman Catholic Bishop in the United States, was consecrated in London, in 1790, by a single bishop, the Rt. Rev. Chas. Wamesley who, himself, had also been consecrated by a single bishop. And, in his turn, Bishop Carroll alone consecrated the next four succeeding bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. Therefore the Roman hierarchy came to the United States in a valid but uncanonical fashion.

In this connection it is interesting to note that, early in the seventeenth century, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Spalato, Marco Antonio de Dominis, conformed to the Church of England and became Dean of Windsor. His Orders were conveyed to all eight bishops who survived the Commonwealth and restored episcopal administration in England in 1660. Therefore, entirely apart from the consecration of Archbishop Parker, the English episcopate is the recipient of the same Italian Orders as the Roman hierarchy in the United States, and with the same claim to historical validity.

The stated ground of Elizabeth's excommunication was heresy; but, by reason of the compromise effected between the Vatican and the German reformers, it could not be for Lutheranism. Therefore it had to be for Calvinism, which makes a curious bit of history when one reflects on the bitter struggle with Calvinistic Puritanism which Elizabeth was waging at that very time. Her position is clearly indicated by her own statements. Her heresy consisted in refusal to acknowledge the Pope—that, and no more. In a letter to the Spanish ambassador, De Silva, she said: "Many people think we are Turks or Moors here, whereas we only differ from other Catholics in things of small importance."*

But the bull of Pius V was no trifling matter; for he called upon France and Spain to carry it out, which meant the invasion of England by French or Spanish troops, or both. Pius also immediately gave support to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her plots to dislodge Elizabeth from the throne. (See *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. XII, p. 130.) It was bad enough for a large number of English people to be ordered to withdraw from their Church (which meant, of course, that the Roman Catholics broke away from the Church of England, rather than *vice versa*), but it was far more dangerous for the peace of the land to have those same people ordered into virtual treason. They could scarcely expect anything but harsh treatment, and they got it. As long as Mary, Queen of Scots, was alive, she was a constant rallying point of Roman intrigue. Mary was executed. The Douai missionaries were proved to have been involved in political plots against the Crown, and they were scourged out of the land. Suspects were arrested and fined; some of them were tortured and put to death. Such severities are difficult to condone under any circumstances; but, as Elizabeth herself said to the French ambassador, "I have never permitted evil to happen to any Catholic for his faith, but

* Frederick Chamberlin—*Sayings of Queen Elizabeth*, p. 99.

only if he were plotting against my state.”* And later, to the Spanish ambassador she said: “I have never castigated Catholics except when they would not acknowledge me as their queen; in spiritual matters, I believe as they do.”** That such fears were not groundless was clearly manifested when Spain did actually undertake to enforce the papal bull of deposition. The Spanish Armada went crusading on behalf of the Pope, with England as the object of its hostility. It may also be that Spain wanted a little revenge for the depredations of the English sea-rovers who were playing havoc with much needed shipments of gold from the Spanish Main. At any rate, the Armada came; but only to suffer a crushing defeat, from which Spanish sea-power never recovered. To Englishmen, it was proof positive of the necessity of Elizabeth’s policy—a policy which seemed to lose none of its necessity when, in the reign of James I, Guy Fawkes all but succeeded in his famous “gunpowder plot” to blow up King and Parliament in one great flare of papal zeal.

These political intrigues from the Roman side greatly strengthened the hands of those who were pressing Elizabeth from the opposite direction. Early in her reign, the reforming extremists took the name of Puritans. They were a party within the Church, to most of whom, during this generation, any such thing as a separation from the Church was a totally foreign thought. They were not all of one mind, but broadly speaking, they stood for Calvinistic doctrine, the abolition of various points of ritual and ceremony, and a preference for the presbyterian form of Church government. Most of them conformed to Church usage but stood as a party of protest. They objected particularly to such things as the use of vestments, the wearing of a distinctive clerical dress, kneeling at the reception of the Holy Communion, the sign of the cross in Baptism, and the use

* Frederick Chamberlin—*Loc. cit.*, p. 116.

** Frederick Chamberlin—*Loc. cit.*, p. 123.

of the ring in the marriage service. Some flatly rebelled on such matters as these, defying the rubrics of the Prayer Book and the requirements of the Act of Uniformity. They were an aggressive nuisance to Elizabeth when she had the more serious matter of the preservation of her throne to look after. As the controversy waxed stronger, the Puritans concentrated their attack against the bishops as representatives of everything they disliked. One of them advanced the thesis at Cambridge that all prelates had been introduced into the Church by Satan.

In the year of the Spanish Armada, the "Martin Marprelate" tracts came out, showing a phase of Puritanism equally bereft of good sense and good manners. The Archbishop was called the "Beelzebub of Canterbury" or the "Canterbury Caiaphas"; the bishops came in as "incarnate devils, cozening knaves, and enemies of God"; while the clergy as a whole were greeted as "dolts, hogs, drunkards, foxes, dogs, desperate and forlorn atheists." Prayer meetings were held at centres for the advancement of such savory ideas. At one time, an ingenious scheme was worked out for the formation of "classes" throughout the country, which were to be local governing councils made up of Puritans. The bishops were to be left in their episcopal offices, but the "classes" were quietly to pilfer their authority, leaving them only empty honors to possess.

Let it be repeated that those were not days of religious toleration. Whatever else Elizabeth may have been, she was soundly devoted to the historic Church of England, and she was determined that it should not be upset either by Roman or Puritan attacks. The Puritans, therefore, were visited with discipline. For a time, when Romish intrigue was a critical peril, many leaders of affairs flirted with the idea that England's only salvation lay in complete acceptance of Puritanism, which would bring political support from continental Protestantism. But the destruction of the Spanish Armada lifted the danger, and the scurrility of Puritan lampoons

alienated the sympathies of unbiased people. Elizabeth's policy proved successful, though unpleasantly severe. At the time of her death, Romanism was suppressed and Puritanism brought under control. Most of the Puritans swallowed their objections and conformed. A small number known as "Separatists" emigrated to Holland, to be the nucleus, a quarter of a century later, of the band of Pilgrims who crossed in the *Mayflower* to establish the first settlement in Massachusetts.

So Puritanism was in abeyance during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, but it was not dead. It revived with considerable vigor when James VI of Scotland became James I of England. For Scotland, by that time, was well under Calvinist control, and it seemed likely that a Scottish prince ascending the English throne would be naturally responsive to the plea of Puritanism. Upon this assumption, a Puritan petition was presented to James, containing a list of desired changes; the rite of Confirmation was to be scrapped, the sign of the cross in Baptism and the ring in marriage were to be abolished, and the terms "priest" and "absolution" were to be lifted out of the Prayer Book.

James did the sensible thing about it. He called a conference of leading Churchmen and leading Puritans to talk things over and come to some sort of an agreement. In 1604, the conference met at Hampton Court, and almost immediately the true drift of affairs became apparent. The items mentioned in the petition were only introductory to the real demands of the Puritans. They asked for revision of Church doctrine such as would have buried the Prayer Book under a landslide of "election," "reprobation," "indefectibility of grace," and so on. More than that, there gradually emerged, in the course of the discussions, the basic purpose of annihilating episcopacy and creating a new form of Church life on presbyterian lines. But Churchmen had fought too hard and too long for the historic integrity of their Church to bargain away the Divine Commission

like a temporary plank in a political platform; and the King stood by them. The request for a new translation of the Bible was granted, and a commission was appointed to do the work. This resulted in 1611, in the incomparable King James or Authorized Version which, in spite of its now somewhat archaic English, still stands as the greatest single contribution of English-speaking Christianity to the religious life of the world.

From that time on, the lines were clearly drawn. If there had been any doubt, before this, regarding the relationship of Puritanism to the Church, it was now completely dissolved. The question was not one of sufficient latitude within the Church to permit Puritans and Churchmen to live together in peace. It was plainly a question of domination. The Puritans did not want to be merely tolerated; they wanted to rule. So the controversy continued, with the advantage leaning more and more toward the Church, due to the great influence of such notable men as Bilson, Hooker, and Andrewes.

The last named, Bishop Andrewes, was one of the outstanding men of his day. A saint and a scholar, he nevertheless mingled in all the glitter of court society, with no detraction to himself and with much benefit to the courtiers.

Andrewes and another bishop named Neile, were once pounced upon by James I with the following question:

"My lords, cannot I take my subjects' money when I want it without all this formality of Parliament?"

Whereupon Neile, who seems to have been a saccharine-flavored sycophant, sententiously blustered—"God forbid, sir, but that you should; you are the breath of our nostrils."

"How think *you*, my lord?" asked the King of the silent Andrewes.

"I think, sir," the Bishop gently answered, "that it is lawful for you to take my brother Neile's money, for he offers it."

But if Puritanism was slipping on religious grounds, it soon made great progress politically. In 1625, Charles I

succeeded to the throne, with large financial problems to face, and an inbred devotion to the political doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings. Parliament was always a trial to him. He conceived his mission in life to be that of a benevolent autocrat. He did not realize until too late that the day was past for such ideas in England. In his private life, he was a model of personal honor and deep piety; his devotion to the Church was both intelligent and passionate. He had the highest regard for the churchmanship and ability of William Laud—a man of large executive capacity, but of a severe and irascible temperament. Laud was intensely loyal to the Church; inveterately opposed to Puritanism; and a rigid disciplinarian, as well with himself as with those under him. All of this might have resulted merely in a strong man following his own convictions at the cost of some popularity, if it had not been that Laud's political ideas ran closely parallel to those of the king. And Laud was not a man to keep his opinions under cover.

As Bishop of London, Laud presided over the Puritan stronghold of England. His rigorous discipline there won him a host of enemies. When he was made Archbishop of Canterbury, his field of discipline was widened, and he covered it with amazing efficiency. Even so, an increasing number of personal enemies might not have been ruinous to him, if it had not been for the disastrous break in the political fortunes of the King. When Charles needed money, he extracted it through his own methods of taxation, without bothering to consult Parliament. When Parliament objected, he sent the members home, and ruled without any Parliament for some eleven years. It was a grand gesture, but it was bound to be fatal. Trouble with Scotland brought a Scotch army across the border, and Charles found himself with no resources to meet them. He was obliged to call Parliament together again; and, this time, they refused to be dissolved. The King and the Archbishop were jumbled up in the parliamentary mind as equally undesirable citizens,

and both were scheduled for destruction. Such a complicated situation made it possible for the Puritans, as a political party, to succeed in doing what they had failed to do as a group within the Church.

Let it be repeated that in those days religious toleration was neither understood nor expected. If the Puritans had been harshly treated before, it was now their turn to be intolerant, and they were not slow to take advantage of it. Laud was impeached, thrown into prison for treason, and later executed without trial. Various Church legislation was revoked, and the bishops were left with little or no authority. When some of them protested, they also went to prison. A committee was turned loose in London to destroy painted glass and carved wood in the churches because such things offended Puritan sensibilities. Military assistance was purchased from the Scots by the acceptance, on the part of Parliament, of the Solemn League and Covenant, and a pledge to remodel the Church on presbyterian lines. The remodeling was placed in the hands of a group of English and Scotch Puritans known in history as the Westminster Assembly, who drew up a confession of faith called the "Westminster Confession," prepared a new service book named the "Directory," and laid out a presbyterian system of Church government. Parliament adopted the system, and bishops were declared illegal. The Directory was made the only authorized service-book, and it became a crime to use the Book of Common Prayer. Clergy who refused to subscribe to all this were driven out of their parishes.

Meanwhile, the collision between the King and his Parliament had developed into civil war. At first Charles was successful; but when the Scotch struck their politico-religious bargain, the odds went against him. He was captured by the Scotch, sold to Parliament for forty-thousand pounds, tried and executed (1649).

In the course of the fighting, a new element had appeared, in a body of redoubtable troops called "Ironsides" led by

Oliver Cromwell. These people were Independents, as distinct from the Puritans—that is they were Calvinistic in faith but chiefly negative in Church polity. By a strange irony of fortune the Puritan Parliament was no sooner nicely in control than Cromwell and his Independents went into a second session of civil war to dislodge them. Puritanism proper was obliged to give way to the Commonwealth, of which Cromwell was presently made Protector. And now it was the turn of the Independents to be intolerant. Theoretically they proposed to stand for liberty of conscience for everybody except papists, prelatists, and antinomians—which means Roman Catholics, the Church of England, and atheists, if any.

What happened was that the presbyterian system was set aside and, as episcopacy had already been shelved, there remained only ecclesiastical anarchy. Cromwell was more concerned with morals than with religion, and his idea of morals was chiefly a matter of statutory suppression. Laws were passed against dancing, play-acting, and similar amusements; and penalties were provided for blasphemy and swearing. Christmas was especially obnoxious to the Puritan conscience (probably because of its cheerful associations) and, during the Commonwealth, Christmas was officially abolished. On the morning of December 25th heralds would go about the streets ringing bells and proclaiming "No Christmas! No Christmas!" Once, in London, a congregation had quietly assembled for their Christmas Communion when they were seized by soldiers and carted off to jail. Even the private use of the Prayer Book came to be an offense punishable by imprisonment. The Puritan hostility of many years' accumulation was poured out against the clergy who declined to fall in with the new régime, to such an extent that many of them were impoverished and many others very seriously man-handled. It was a reversal of discipline with a vengeance.

Ten years of such business was as much as the country cared for. When Cromwell died in 1660, Charles II was

called to the throne with the greatest of enthusiasm, and the Restoration was written into English history. The bishops who had managed to survive the Commonwealth, returned to their respective sees as of natural right, and the Church of England proceeded to function again without more ado.

Some changes were obviously necessary in the Prayer Book as it was restored to use. For instance, there had never before been any need of a service for the Baptism of adults; but, during the Commonwealth, many children had grown up without ever having been baptized, and such a service was now required. Once again a joint conference was called by the King, consisting of twelve bishops and twelve Puritan ministers who, in 1661, met at the Savoy in another attempt to clear up their points of difference. But it was the same old story over again. Baxter brought in a book of his own composition, insisting that it should take the place of the Prayer Book. If anything, the gulf was wider than before. The Puritans did not hesitate to say that they considered it a sin to wear a surplice, to kneel for the Holy Communion, or to teach baptismal regeneration. When the same things were called sins by one group and virtues by the other, there was little chance for any reconciliation. The conference was a failure, and the bishops went about their own revision of the Prayer Book, which was authorized the following year. In the main, the book was the same as the earlier one except that the services had been enriched in many particulars, bringing public worship closer to the ancient traditions of the Church. As for the Puritans, they realized that their position was hopeless, and they presently withdrew into separate non-conformist bodies of their own.

Evidently, religious toleration was in the air, but it did not come without some further spasms of intolerance. Religious insurrection was too closely associated in the popular mind with political rebellion to give much comfort to any government in the face of Church separation. So the *Five*

Mile Act was passed, requiring all Non-conformist ministers to pledge themselves against any effort to alter either Church or government; in case of refusal, they were liable to arrest if they came within five miles of any town. The *Test Act* required that all officials, whether civil, naval, or military, should prove their loyalty by receiving the Holy Communion according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. This last was, to the modern way of thinking, a scandalous misuse of the Sacrament; but, for a long time, it was considered necessary as a safeguard to the kingdom. The time came when it was a defense of nothing, and a serious peril to the sincerity of spiritual life. It was a happy day when such legislation was finally repealed.

Nevertheless, England soon learned that the time had not yet passed when such fears could be considered entirely fictitious. The three years' reign of James II (1685-1688) saw a determined effort to restore England to the papacy.

James had lived largely in France and Spain during the Commonwealth, and came to the throne an avowed Roman Catholic. Moreover, he was in close contact with Louis XIV of France whose Roman Catholic sympathies were bound only to his inordinate political ambitions. James set out to turn England topsy-turvy. Roman Catholic officers were commissioned in his army, Roman Catholic judges appointed to the bench, and Roman Catholic teachers placed in the Universities. The Jesuits and other monastic Orders were welcomed and provided with hospitality. Contrary to the will of Parliament, James proclaimed, purely on royal authority, that all penal acts against Non-conformists were rescinded. It was a bid for the support of the latter against the Church, its purpose being clearly shown when the King added an order that all the clergy were to read his proclamation from their respective pulpits. It was then that seven bishops, led by Archbishop Sancroft, presented a petition to the King protesting against his unwarranted assumption of parliamentary power. Scarcely a priest in England

gave reading to the proclamation. The bishops were committed to the Tower for daring to question the King, and were presently brought to trial. Of course they were acquitted, and London celebrated a carnival of joy in their honor when the news was received. James never recovered from that blunder, in spite of the unscrupulous support of the infamous Judge Jeffreys, who, through his "bloody assizes," was responsible for more misery, torture, and death than any judge who ever disgraced an English court. The Revolution quickly followed. William of Orange landed in England, while James departed from it in a hurry. In 1688, the crown went jointly to William and Mary.

The following year, religious toleration may be said to have made its first step forward in the passage of the Toleration Act, by which all Protestant Trinitarian Non-conformists were permitted full freedom to worship when and how they would. Roman Catholics, Unitarians, and Jews were still "without the law," and the old civil disabilities still prevailed. It was not for another century that these began to be removed. In 1828 the *Test Act* was repealed, followed the next year by the *Catholic Emancipation Act*; and in 1858 the last disabilities were removed from the shoulders of the Jews. Since that time, the English-speaking world has become so soundly committed to religious toleration that it is exceedingly difficult to read back into the history of a few centuries ago without a feeling of violent indignation toward one party or the other. Let Puritans, Roman Catholics, or Churchmen read only their sides of the story, and they are filled at once with righteous wrath over the ill-treatment meted out to their forefathers. But the truth is, it was about an even break. They all suffered ill-treatment and they all gave it. One needs to be careful how one hurls charges of bigotry and persecution. Such charges are sure to become boomerangs when thrown into history back of the nineteenth century. Religious toleration had not yet arrived.

Two other movements need to be mentioned, which profoundly affected the life of the English Church.

The eighteenth century saw a strange lapse of religious enthusiasm. It is called the period of Latitudinarianism, when a spiritual lethargy struck the Church like a disease. It was the custom of the day to bring everything to the test of reason. People *argued* about their religion instead of *living* it. They forgot that a religion which can be thoroughly explained is a religion which is helpless to inspire.

In this cold and cheerless atmosphere, the Spirit of God moved a group of Oxford men to unite themselves into a society for the revival of spiritual enthusiasm. The leader of the group was John Wesley. They were characterized by their strict churchmanship. The fasts and festivals of the Church were observed with the greatest particularity; they made their Communion every week; they studied the Bible, visited the sick, and preached a straight and simple Gospel to the hearts of men and women. So strict were they in following out their method that they were jokingly dubbed "Methodists." In spite of misunderstanding and ridicule, their ideas took hold with a spontaneity which showed the evident need of some such spiritual resuscitation. It developed into an evangelical movement, with preaching as its particular angle of approach. As a spiritual exhorter, George Whitefield, one of Wesley's chief supporters, was little short of a phenomenon. Wesley himself lived and died as a priest in the Church of England and, up to the time of his death, his work was definitely a movement within the life of the Church. The time came when Wesley's followers broke off into a separate sect, but they left behind them a Church violently awakened to its spiritual responsibilities. Under the impulse of the revival, Joseph Raikes originated the modern Sunday School (1781); the Religious Tract Society was founded (1799); and the British and Foreign Bible Society came into being (1804). It needed only the touch of a corporate consciousness to round out its renovating possibilities.

In 1833, that touch was added by the Oxford Movement under the stimulating leadership of Keble, Newman, Pusey and their fellow *Tractarians*. Through a notable series of tracts, through preaching and persistent agitation, they steadily recalled the Church to her ancient sacramental heritage. They took their stand on the principles of primitive Christianity, as exemplified by the early Church Fathers and by the practice of undivided Christendom during the first few Christian centuries. They, too, were misunderstood and sharply criticized for their emphasis upon Catholic doctrine and ceremonial. Their critics failed to catch the distinction between that which was Catholic and that which was merely Roman. Nevertheless, they were rapidly winning their way when Newman published his famous Tract 90, designed to show that the official teachings of the Church of England might bear an interpretation in harmony with what was popularly associated with Rome. This at once made him the storm centre of recrimination. It was too much for his impressionable nature and, under the stress of controversy, he allowed himself to be driven into the Church of Rome where he was later honored with a cardinal's hat. The movement was set back by Newman's defection, but not halted; indeed, it soon acquired increased momentum, with the net result that the Church has been greatly strengthened in its self-respect, and infused with a growing confidence in its mission for Christ and His Kingdom.

An interesting commentary on all this came toward the close of the last century. Certain leaders of the French clergy unofficially supported by a group of English Churchmen, all animated by a desire for Christian reunion, made an approach to Pope Leo XIII on the question of Anglican Orders. Up to that time much popular stuff had been circulated about Henry VIII starting the Church of England, about the resultant break in Apostolic Succession, and the consequent loss to the Church of England of its Catholic character. But the matter had never been honestly studied out to the point of a papal

pronouncement. Leo's bull "Apostolicae Curae," issued in 1896, was written in response to the representations of the groups referred to, and after Roman Catholic scholars had probed the historical records. Though condemning Anglican Orders, it shows quite a different point of view. The bull tacitly concedes the fact that the line of Apostolic Succession in the Church of England shows no evidence of a break during the troubled days of the English Reformation. Henry VIII is thus let out of the discussion, and the pivotal issue is found in the revised Ordinal of the Second Prayer Book as prepared in 1550, three years after the death of Henry. To quote the Catholic Encyclopedia—"The Anglican clergy are thus the creation of this Ordinal, and, primarily, the validity of their Orders is dependent on its sufficiency." Having conceded the historical fact, Leo then argues the invalidity of the Orders so perpetuated because of insufficiency of "form" and of "intention" in the service of ordination itself. The insufficiency of "form" consists in the fact that the words of episcopal consecration in the Ordinal, "Take the Holy Ghost," did not specify what Order was being conferred. The insufficiency of "intention" means that the bishops who made use of the Ordinal did not really believe in the need of apostolic Orders, and therefore had not the "intention" of conferring them.

It was not long before the two English Archbishops of the day published their reply which was little short of annihilating. In a word, they showed that if the Ordinal of 1550 proved to be insufficient in "form," then it proved too much for the purpose of papal argument, because that particular "form" had been taken from the Latin Pontifical, and if it vitiated Anglican Orders, it necessarily did the same for Roman Orders.

And, further, they showed that the Roman doctrine of "intention," as defined by the Council of Trent, states that a sacrament is validly administered if the administrator has the "general intention of doing what the Church

does"; that the preface to the Ordinal in question clearly says that in the following forms of ordination the Church of England definitely intends to "continue" the Orders which "have been in Christ's Church from the Apostles' time"; and that to infer that the administrators who used the Ordinal didn't mean what they said, is a pure case of mind-reading which could invalidate anything that was ever done anywhere by anybody. Fortunately this bull is not considered to be of infallible caliber and may some day be open to revision.

Meantime, the Church of England stands today as a living branch of the primitive Catholic and Apostolic Church, just as it was a thousand years ago; having successfully weathered the perilous storms of Reformation house-cleaning and in full possession of the original Divine Commission which it was prepared to pass on to the colonial Church in what was, later, to be the United States of America.

CHAPTER XII

THE COLONIAL CHURCH

WITH apologies for the personal element—it was on Washington's birthday, 1919, that a regiment of American soldiers from the Italian front was quartered in the city of Genoa, awaiting ships to carry them home. Of course it was impossible to pass the birthday of the "Father of their Country" in the birthplace of its discoverer without some suitable observance of the coincidence. In the course of events, a company of the regiment was marched into the narrow little street where the home of Christopher Columbus still stands. After appropriate ceremonies, it fell to my lot, as regimental chaplain, to make a speech leaning from a window of Columbus's bed-room and then invite the soldiers to come in on a tour of inspection. There was room for only three or four of them at a time in the tiny second-story bed-room. One of the group surveyed the bare walls with casual coolness and then—

"Chaplain," asked he, "was this really where Columbus lived?"

"Yes," I explained, "downstairs was the wool shop of his father, Domenico Colombo, and right here where you are standing was where Cristoforo Colombo himself used to sleep."

"Hm-m," murmured the soldier to his companions, as he moved toward the door, "no wonder he left home."

Some people would say that it represents the appreciation of the average American for the monuments of more or less ancient history. Certainly Columbus has been having a hard time of it lately to hold his own as the discoverer of the American continent. Frequently, fresh indications are turning

up to show that adventuresome Norse sailors had touched on the coast of the western hemisphere several hundred years before Columbus set out from Spain. Nevertheless, it is true that Columbus did open the way for that stream of hardy mariners who dissipated the terrors of transatlantic travel, thus making possible the first settlements of white men on the shores of what was later to be known as America.

Columbus, himself, never reached the North American continent. It was John Cabot (Giovanni Caboto), a Venetian sailing in the service of Henry VII of England, who added this important step in exploration when, in 1497, he came to the coast of Labrador. A year or so later, an uncertain extent of coast-line was traversed by Amerigo Vespucci from whom the whole country finally took its general name of "America."

Upon the return of Columbus from his initial voyage, Ferdinand and Isabella thought it highly desirable to establish their rights in the newly discovered regions. The Pope at that time, under the provisions of the since discredited Donation of Constantine, claimed the authority to dispose of all unattached lands inhabited by heathen people. By that authority, the discoveries along the African coast had previously been secured to Portugal, and the Portuguese now showed immediate signs of interest in these new lands toward the West. The question was, therefore, laid before Alexander VI who executed an extraordinary decision by drawing an imaginary line from North to South through the Atlantic Ocean, designating everything west of the line as a Spanish preserve and everything east as Portuguese. The unexpected outcome was that all of South America went Spanish, with the exception of Brazil which fell to Portugal, thus accounting for the fact that Portuguese is the tongue of Brazil today, while Spanish is spoken in the other South American countries.

The Pope's decision, however, did not prevent French and

British navigators from exploring the coast and part of the interior of the northern continent; partly, perhaps, because it was a long time before anyone realized that these fragmentary discoveries represented one huge land-barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; and also because, by the time it was known, the Reformation turmoil had greatly reduced the efficacy of papal pronouncements about anything.

Jacques Cartier, in 1534, was the first Frenchman to enter what we now call Canada. The next year, an abortive attempt was made to establish a French colony there in order that France might share in some of the enormous gold shipments which the Spaniards were conveying through southern waters. But the French effort was a failure, leaving nothing behind it except the name of the St. Lawrence River, so designated because the voyagers sailed into it on August 10th which was St. Lawrence's Day. For nearly seventy years, France took no further interest in the project, until Champlain revived it in a series of expeditions which carried him far inland. "New France" was the name given to the country. Jesuit missionaries came with Champlain, initiating a notable work among the Huron Indians which, at one time, gave promise of complete success. But Champlain had made war on the Iroquois who were inveterate enemies of the Hurons, and the day came when they reaped a terrible revenge. The Hurons were practically annihilated, and the Jesuit missionaries suffered a similar fate accompanied by fearful torture. Other explorers continued to come, notably Nicolet, Marquette, Joliet, and La Salle. The last was by far the most fearless and successful of them all. In the face of the most demoralizing difficulties, he pushed out from Niagara over the Great Lakes; descended Lake Michigan to the present site of Chicago; crossed to the Illinois River and so to the Mississippi, and followed that river to the Gulf of Mexico. This vast territory La Salle claimed in the name

of Louis XIV of France, and named it "Louisiana" in honor of his King.

So, through Spanish missionaries, the Roman Catholic faith came up from South America into California on the western coast, and into Florida on the east; while through French missionaries, it was planted in Canada to the north and down through the Middle West to the mouth of the Mississippi River.

Meantime, the English had not been idle. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the growing hostility between England and Spain offered an excellent excuse for tampering with Spanish shipping. It was good politics to keep a curb on Spanish sea-power, and it was good business as well as politics to encourage misfortunes to the Spanish gold-carriers, particularly when the gold was being expended in merciless efforts to stifle the reformed faith in the Netherlands. There were always bold spirits, eager to sail the Spanish Main in search of trouble or wealth or both, who undertook such adventures half in the interest of piracy and half in the interests of warfare. Sir Francis Drake was perhaps the most conspicuous of these privateers. On one occasion, he rounded South America and made his way up the Pacific coast. A few miles away from the present site of San Francisco, he put in at a small bay, afterwards called Drake's Bay, for a general overhauling of his ship, the *Golden Hinde*. The Rev. Francis Fletcher was one of the party, acting in the double capacity of chaplain and chronicler. He tells of a service held for the crew, which, so far as is known, was the first English service held in North America and the first use of the Prayer Book in the western world. This was in 1579. A large stone cross now stands in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, in commemoration of that auspicious occasion.

Two attempts were made by Sir Humphrey Gilbert to establish English colonies in America, both of which proved fruitless. Sir Humphrey's ship foundered on the return

journey after the second attempt. "He was last seen sitting abaft with a book in his hands," and his companions heard his last cheery message—"We are as near to heaven by sea as by land."

Sir Walter Raleigh came next. He missed success only by the untimely appearance of the Spanish Armada. In 1585, having received letters patent for a Virginia settlement from Queen Elizabeth, Raleigh dispatched a squadron of seven vessels under the command of his cousin, Sir Richard Granville, followed by a second expedition two years later. A landing was made on Roanoke Island where the colony was augmented by the birth of Virginia Dare—the first child to be born of English parents in America and probably the first white child to be baptized in North America. The Governor of the colony returned to England for reinforcements, but was detained by the coming of the Spanish Armada which called for all the sea defense England could muster. By the time relief was available, the original band of colonists had completely disappeared, in all probability wiped out by unfriendly Indians.

Matters rested then for a few years, but the colonizing spirit would not down. A formal charter was granted by James I to a group of English promoters who finally achieved success. In 1607, after four weary months of travel, they sighted land, and the settlement of Jamestown became a permanent reality. Provision for public worship was one of the first concerns of the colonists. A rustic altar was erected under the trees, and the Holy Communion was administered at the hands of the Rev. Robert Hunt, chaplain of the expedition, according to the rite of the Church of England. Later, a church building was constructed at Jamestown. This was subsequently destroyed by fire, but the ruined tower still stands as a monument to the intrepid zeal of the first English settlers.

It was a hard life. Privation was common, and dangers lurked in the neighboring forests on every hand. Special

efforts were made to establish friendly relations with the Indians, both for the protection of the settlement and to provide an opportunity of introducing Christianity among them. That these missionary efforts were not without result is witnessed in the delightful story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. Smith was the military leader of the colonists, and frequently went into the woods on foraging expeditions. On one such trip he was seized by the Indians, brought before their chief, Powhatan, and condemned to death by having his brains beaten out. Just in the nick of time, the chief's daughter, Pocahontas, interrupted the gruesome ceremony at the risk of her own life. Smith was spared. Pocahontas became a Christian, was baptized by the new chaplain of the colony, the Rev. Alexander Whitaker, and was married by him to John Rolfe who took her to England as his wife, where she died. Doubts have been cast on the reliability of the Smith incident, but the latter part of the story is well authenticated.

A more concerted plan to evangelize the Indians was inaugurated when the colony expanded up the James River. A missionary school was projected and the outlook was exceedingly promising when, without warning, the Indians fell on the colonists and all but exterminated the scattered outposts. Warfare followed, and the evangelizing program went into a decline.

Women were scarce at Jamestown in the early days, and it soon became evident that, without family life, the settlement itself could not long survive. An appeal was sent back to England; and, in 1620, a boatload of "young women of good repute" was shipped across the seas to balance the masculine predominance. It was in this same year that the first negro slaves were quartered upon the plantations, which probably accounts for the answer of the young hopeful in a later generation to the question as to how and where slavery was introduced into America. "No women had come over to the early Virginia colony," he is

said to have written. "The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1620, the London Company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."

From the outset, the Jamestown colony was a colony of English Churchmen. The Church of England was the established Church and naturally reflected, in large measure, the spirit of the homeland at the time when the Puritan controversy was rather more warm than charitable. The laws of the settlement were a curious mixture of governmental regulations, ecclesiastical ordinances, and moral restrictions. The Assembly of Burgesses was organized in 1618, as the first experiment in representative government on this western continent—one year before the democratically-minded Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock. Under the circumstances, a suggestion of religious toleration would have been considered somewhat eccentric, not to say quixotic. Grants of land were made to the Church, and remuneration was provided for the clergy by law, each to receive fifteen hundred pounds of tobacco and sixteen barrels of corn—though a proviso was added that if this amount were not available, "the minister was to be content with less." Church attendance was compulsory. Blasphemy was made a capital offense, though there is no record of any such penalty ever having been exacted. Whipping was prescribed as a suitable punishment for speaking irreverently to the clergy. The presence of Puritans was severely discouraged. As a check upon extravagance, the rate of contributions was assessed according to the style of clothing worn by both men and women.

The fortunes of the Church fluctuated, in the main, according to the ups and downs of Church life in England. During the period of the Commonwealth, the colonial Church suffered a slump; with the Restoration, it revived; in the reign of James II, it was agitated with fears of popish plots; under William and Mary, it breathed more freely and established a college still known as William and

Mary college; eighteenth-century Latitudinarianism induced a drowsy lethargy in the religious life of the colony; and the Evangelical Movement stirred it again to renewed activity. When the Revolutionary War came on, the Church was heavily handicapped with the stigma of its British ancestry.

In New England, conditions were vastly different. At first the Church was strictly taboo, and was obliged to fight vigorously for any foot-hold at all. If religious intolerance made life difficult for the Puritans in Virginia, they certainly had their innings in New England where they quite outclassed any other bigotry of their age. It has long been a current fiction that the Puritans emigrated to the new world because of their devotion to the cause of religious freedom. They did nothing of the kind. They sought new fields for Puritanism, where they might be free to retaliate for the severities visited upon them in England.

Their inherited slant on Christian friendliness was sufficiently voiced by Baxter, one of their chief protagonists in England, when he said: "My judgment I have always made known; I abhor unlimited toleration, or any toleration at all." And this attitude was further substantiated by a contemporary declaration of eighty-four Non-conformist ministers, expressed in the following terms: "Toleration! it is like putting a sword into the hands of a madman, a cup of poison into the hands of children; . . . proclaiming liberty to wolves to come into Christ's fold to prey upon the lambs; a toleration of soul-murder (the greatest of all murder), and for the establishing whereof damned souls in hell would accuse men on earth."

It is only fair to draw a certain line of distinction between the Plymouth Colony of the Pilgrims and the Massachusetts Bay Colony which was organized by Puritans directly from England a few years later. The former was made up of Separatists, while the latter was composed of Non-conformists. The Separatists were the more

gentle of the two in their dealings with those of other forms of faith. It is true that a priest of the Church of England was very early banished from the Plymouth Colony because they wanted none such among them, but the pace of intolerance was immediately accelerated with the formation of the newer colony. Both groups were Puritan in their origin, and were eventually merged into a common Congregational system. The union of Church and State was taken for granted; only, in this instance, it was the Congregational Church. Members of that Church alone were privileged to vote in the town meetings, and everyone was taxed for its support. The community organization was in the form of a theocracy, with the Bible not only as the rule of faith but also as the legal source-book. Civil legislation was drawn from the Old Testament Jewish law. In Connecticut, the system reached its ultimate refinement in the famous "Blue Laws" which, in spite of all exaggerations, quite overshadowed the severity of the Virginia regulations. Roger Williams had the temerity to express a public opinion to the effect that religion and politics should be kept sedulously separate, with the result that he was promptly banished and fled to Rhode Island where a more generous régime was inaugurated. Quakers were peculiarly odious to the Puritans, though it ought to be said that the earliest Quakers were not exactly the same harmless peacelovers as those of later generations. They were rigorously excluded, fines being laid against anyone guilty of harboring them. The discovery of a Quaker meant his banishment, with the loss of one ear; the presence of a one-eared Quaker brought a second banishment, without any ears; if he dared to return a third time, his tongue was bored through with a hot iron. Many of them were imprisoned; some were hanged.

In spite of the inhospitable atmosphere, a scattering of Churchmen found their way into the New England colonies. Thomas Morton came, and was driven out because he

used a Prayer Book and was said to be of a "gay humour." The Rev. William Blaxton, upon his arrival from England, was called upon to become a member of a Puritan church, but quaintly replied—"I have come from England because I did not like the Lord Bishops; but I would not join with you because I would not be under the Lord brethren." The Rev. Robert Jordan was clapped into prison for baptizing children and using the marriage service. The Brown brothers were sent back to England for using the Prayer Book in their own home. Increase Mather wrote a pamphlet on "The Unlawfulness of Common Prayer Worship," pronouncing it a sin of apostasy even to countenance such a thing in his enlightened age.

The arrogance of the Puritan theocracy brought them into frequent conflict with the English government, particularly after the Restoration. In 1684, the charter of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was withdrawn in favor of a new charter which gave the Church a right to live in its Puritan surroundings. In 1689, King's Chapel was built in Boston; and, some thirty-five years later, Christ Church was erected, still standing as the oldest place of worship in that city, and notable in American history as the church in which the lanterns were hung for a signal to Paul Revere at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

In Connecticut, a great impetus was given to the Church by a notable change of heart on the part of seven Congregational ministers, including the entire faculty of Yale College. These men were accustomed to meet at the college for study and discussion. Inevitably, the subject of the Church occupied a large share of their attention. Their investigations brought them to the unanimous conclusion that the Divine Commission was an inherent element in the proper life of the Church; that the Apostolic Succession was a fact; and that they were not warranted in pursuing their ministry without episcopal ordination. This occurred in 1722, and was a terrific blow to the Puritans. Three of

these men made the long trip to England where they were ordained in London by the Bishop of Norwich. One died on the return voyage, but the others gave the remainder of their lives to the priesthood of the church.

Of the two survivors so ordained, Samuel Johnson was the one who really put the Church on its feet in Connecticut. For more than thirty years, he labored indefatigably, organizing congregations and instructing the people. Fourteen men, under his influence, crossed to England for similar ordination. He relinquished his work in New England reluctantly in order to establish a college under Church auspices in New York City where Churchmen might have an opportunity to follow their own conscientious persuasions. At Yale College, in New Haven, they had scarcely half a chance; for the students were fined for attending Episcopal worship unless they were communicants, and then it was permitted only on "Sacrament Sundays," the deleterious effect of such exception being counter-balanced by the frequent recitation of the Westminster Confession of Faith as a part of the prescribed college course. The new institution was called King's College, later evolving into the present Columbia University.

In New York, the Church met with a happier experience. The original settlers, in 1623, were Dutch Protestants who named the district New Netherland. They purchased Manhattan Island from the Indians for about twenty-four dollars worth of beads and ribbons, and there located their city of New Amsterdam. Differences between England and the Netherlands resulted, in 1663, in the taking over of the colony by the Duke of York, and the re-naming of both city and province under the title of New York. During the Dutch occupation, there had been no established religion; but, for the benefit of the English residents, provision had been made for Prayer Book worship in the Dutch church on Sundays after the Reformed service was concluded. This unusual liberality was not lost after the English came into

control, for the Assembly soon adopted a charter which guaranteed freedom of conscience and religion to everyone professing faith in God by Jesus Christ.

After a time, the English undertook to form a parish of their own. By vote of the free-holders, a tentative organization was effected; and, in 1696, an Independent minister named William Vesey was called to be the first incumbent. He went to England for ordination and found, upon his return, that the formal organization had been completed and the parish incorporated under the name of Trinity Church. Vesey's duty was to be "Minister of the city of New York," an office calculated to provoke consternation in the twentieth century, but rather more reasonable in the city of sixteen thousand souls as it existed then. The church building was not yet complete when Vesey took charge and, in view of the present financial resources of this notable parish, it is interesting to see the means used to collect the modest sum required for that purpose. Subscriptions were received, no one of which exceeded a high-water mark of five pounds. Additional gifts were asked for the building of the steeple. A balance of three hundred pounds, left over from a fund raised for the redemption of Christian slaves, was turned into the parish treasury. The Governor granted to the Churchwardens a commission for all "Weiffts, Wrecks, and Drift Whales." And after these resources were exhausted, four hundred pounds were borrowed. But easier times came when, in 1705, Queen Anne presented to the corporation the Queen's Farm, then a piece of comparatively open country, but now in the heart of the world's greatest financial centre.

Free from the complications of the Establishment as they existed in Virginia, and untrammelled by inherited prejudices such as prevailed in New England, the Church in New York held, from the beginning, a strong point of vantage. It grew rapidly both in numbers and influence, with no serious setbacks, up to the time of the Revolution.

Then it suffered somewhat from the prevalent anti-British sentiment, but redeemed itself without great difficulty when the post-war feeling began to subside.

A special word should be said of the Church in Maryland, where a unique origin produced a situation different from that in any of the other English colonies. Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore, to whom the charter for this colony was issued in 1632, was a Roman Catholic desirous of setting apart a place in the New World where colonists of his own faith might be unmolested in the practice of their religion. Though he never visited Maryland himself, his brother was in charge of the original settlement consisting of two or three hundred laborers, about twenty gentlemen, and two Jesuit priests. Worship according to the usage of the Church of England was permitted from the outset; and a place was made also for Puritans. Lord Baltimore exacted an oath from his governors, commencing with the following magnanimous statement: "I will not by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, trouble, molest, or discountenance any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion." The oath itself was supplemented a few years later by an Act of Religious Freedom passed by the Assembly guaranteeing liberty of conscience to all Christian people. Many eulogies have been pronounced over this action of a Roman Catholic colony, as the initial step toward religious toleration in America. Certainly no one wishes to detract from the obvious merit of such a piece of legislation, but its significance should not be too greatly exaggerated. If some assurance of this kind had not been given when the colony was first chartered by a Churchman like Charles I, there is small probability that it could have continued to live.

Such a probability would have been still more remote at the time when the formal act was passed, since it was in the same year that Cromwell established the Commonwealth in England. The first absolutely voluntary move

toward religious freedom might better be credited to Roger Williams in Rhode Island.

Unfortunately Maryland was not to be permitted to work out its policy of toleration without hindrance. Puritan England of the Commonwealth period was not so minded. Under Cromwell, a change of administration in Maryland was demanded, by which the duly appointed Governor gave way to a Council of Six, quite Puritan in sentiment. A new "Act Concerning Religion" was promulgated, which offered general protection in the exercise of religion, "provided such liberty was not extended to popery or prelacy." It clamped down the lid on Roman Catholics and the Church of England alike. With the Restoration, under Charles II, the Act was rescinded, and all might have been well again if James II had not committed his unhappy blunder of coaxing England back into the path of papal sovereignty. The reaction brought on the English revolution, with Lord Baltimore in active opposition to the accession of William and Mary. The old charter was summarily revoked, and Maryland passed under the rule of officers appointed by the crown. It was a complicated business in which none of the conflicting parties could be altogether absolved of some share of responsibility.

While the earlier act of toleration was still effective, the Church of England had entered the field, and a considerable number of Churchmen were to be found in the colony. They suffered, together with Roman Catholics, under Commonwealth legislation; but in the reign of William and Mary things began to come their way. The theory was then advanced that safety lay only in the establishment of the Church of England in Maryland after the neighboring pattern of Church life in Virginia. The descendants of Cecilius Calvert had abandoned the Roman Catholic faith, and the then Lord Baltimore was not unsympathetic toward such an innovation. It was rough on the Roman Catholics and totally unacceptable to the Puritan element, creating a

state of discord for three-quarters of a century up to the time of the Revolutionary War. The number of Churchmen increased; clergy were sent over from England; churches were erected at many points, and the people were taxed for the support of them. But Maryland had tasted of religious freedom and refused to be contented with anything less. They were troublous years, only to be relieved when the Constitution of the United States definitely settled it that Church and State must feed each at its respective crib with no official support given or received in either direction. The Divine Commission was no longer to be subsidized; it was thereafter privileged to make its way on its own historic merits.

This sketch will also suffice to illustrate the planting of the Church in the other colonies not specially mentioned, where conditions were not materially different. The whole colonial work was, theoretically, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of London; but what actual supervision or systematic support was given, came through that "Venerable Society"—the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, better known as the S. P. G.

The friction engendered by the establishment of the Church in Maryland in the reign of William and Mary had caused the dispatch of the Rev. Thomas Bray as a special Commissary to look into the situation and report back to England. Before embarking, Bray busied himself for several years collecting libraries for the clergy in the colonies. In 1699 he organized the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, through which he was responsible for supplying some thirty-nine colonial libraries with more than a thousand volumes. Upon his return from Maryland, he set himself industriously to work in behalf of the colonial Church. The S. P. G., organized in 1701, was the special fruit of his labors. Undoubtedly the Church in the colonies received greater benefit from this Society than from all other sources combined.

In order to proceed intelligently, the Society first provided for a general survey of the field, which was conducted under the zealous direction of the Rev. George Keith, assisted by the equally zealous John Talbot. Keith had been brought up as a Presbyterian, but had affiliated with the Quakers in Pennsylvania among whom he had been an outstanding preacher. Differences of opinion regarding certain tenets of the Quakers had led him into a separate movement which also failed to satisfy him. Eventually, he found his way into the priesthood of the Church. He and Talbot traveled the colonies tirelessly, making such representations to the home office of the Society that it never ceased in its pressure for the strengthening of the colonial Church. Especially in those parts where the Church was not known, the Society was never at rest. It raised large sums of money in England to be expended overseas, and kept the home Church flooded with stimulating information about the needs and opportunities in America. The S. P. G. stands out in bold missionary contours against the flaccid Latitudinarianism of eighteenth century England. After forty years of organized activity, Bishop Secker was able to say that—"near a hundred churches have been built; above ten thousand Bibles and Prayer Books, and above a hundred thousand other pious tracts distributed; great multitudes, on the whole, of Negroes and Indians brought over to the Christian faith; many numerous congregations have been set up which now support the worship of God at their own expense, where it was not known before; and seventy persons are constantly employed, at the expense of the Society, in the farther service of the Gospel." To which summary it should be added that, during the next forty years, the Society maintained 310 ordained missionaries, assisted 202 central stations, and expended nearly a million and a quarter of dollars. One hesitates to contemplate the predicament of the Church if it had not been for the unfailing assistance of the Venerable Society.

A hundred years later, the General Convention of the

Episcopal Church, meeting in 1883, spoke no less than the simple truth in its message of cōngratulations to the S. P. G. when it said: "At the close of the first century of our existence as a national Church, we acknowledge with deep and unfeigned gratitude that whatever this Church has been in the past, is now, or will be in the future, is largely due, under God, to the long-continued nursing care and protection of the Venerable Society." In the face of all this, it is little short of amazing that any Churchman can shrink from his inherited obligation to pass on the Divine Commission through the missionary agencies of the Church which owes its very life to a similar agency of the Mother Church two short centuries back.

One of the particular concerns of the S. P. G. was to provide bishops for the colonial Church. With the Bishop of London three thousand miles away, it was clearly impossible for any adequate episcopal supervision to be exercised. The clergy were without direction, candidates for Holy Orders could not be ordained, growing children could not receive confirmation. One report stated that "not less than one out of five who have gone home for Holy Orders from the Northern Colonies have perished in the attempt." Neither was it for lack of desire that the defect continued unremedied. At the close of Queen Anne's reign, plans were actually formulated for consecrating four bishops for the colonies, but the Queen died and the whole complexion of things was changed under the Hanoverian Georges. At another time, Bray was all but successful in securing a suffragan bishop for Maryland. Requests came in a steady stream from the Church in the colonies, but they were always blocked by the violent opposition of other colonial elements.

The Massachusetts House of Representatives wrote to its London agent saying: "We hope in God such an establishment (of bishops) may never take place in America; we desire you would strenuously oppose it." The non-Episcopal churches of the central colonies formed a union,

meeting annually, which bitterly condemned the possible presence of a bishop on the grounds that—"a covetous, tyrannical, and domineering prelate, or his chancellor, would always have it in their power to harass our country, and make our lives bitter by fines, imprisonments, and lawless severity." And this statement was made in spite of the fact that Bishop Butler had already published an explanation to the effect that, "first, no coercive power over the laity was desired, but only power to regulate the behaviour of the clergy who were in Episcopal orders; second, that no share in the temporal government was desired for bishops; third, that the maintenance of the bishops was not to be at the charge of the colonies; fourth, that no bishops were to be settled where the government was in the hands of dissenters, as in New England, but that they should only have authority to ordain and discipline the clergy of such Church of England congregations as might be among them, and to confirm the lay members thereof."

The objectors were fighting a straw man. It is true that, back in England, the Puritans and Roman Catholics had both languished under religious persecution and civil disabilities. It is also true that, so far as the Church was concerned, the bishops were necessarily the responsible officials who were charged with the duty of enforcing these obnoxious regulations. Therefore bishops seemed to personify everything undesirable to those who elected the doubtful privileges of Nonconformity. What they failed to recognize was the fact that the presence of bishops was not the cause of their troubles. The true cause lay in the pervasive atmosphere of religious intolerance which would have been equally irritating with or without the bishops. This was clearly demonstrated when the lines were reversed in the time of the Commonwealth, and bishopless Puritans took their turn at intolerant treatment of those who thought otherwise. In the more liberal circumstances of a new country where freedom of conscience was slowly but surely winning its way, a few

bishops would have been powerless to stem the rising tide of spiritual generosity, even if they had so desired. Certainly their fears served as shallow ground in which to bury the Divine Commission. But long accumulated prejudices can never view a changing situation with reasonable justice. Not until the old connection with the mother country had been completely severed could America be made safe for the episcopate—and then, only in the face of bitter criticism.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

THE story of the Protestant Episcopal Church, as such, may be draped around five dates—1789, 1811, 1835, 1865, and 1919. Each of these dates marks a distinct turning-point in the upward march of the Church.

For one who is subject to that commendable impatience which wants to see things done, it is highly encouraging to compare the present state of affairs with that of a century and a half ago, when the baby Church was launched on its independent career.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, the colonial Church was face to face with a critical situation. Its great hope, in the nature of the case, lay in the development of that form of corporate life which is inherent in any branch of historic Christianity. But inter-colonial jealousies were so intense that, for several years, the secular government itself was unable to act with any federal authority. The compromise attempted under the Articles of Confederation, all but brought the new-born Republic to a point of anarchy. The letters of Washington, during this period, are distressingly illuminating. "There are combustibles in every State which a spark might set fire to. I feel . . . infinitely more than I can express to you, for the disorders which have arisen in these States. Good God! Who, besides a Tory, could have foreseen, or a Briton predicted them. I predict the worst consequences from a half-starved, limping government, always moving upon crutches and tottering at every step."

This discordant condition was naturally reflected in the Church. It was obliged to revamp itself after the close of

the war, with little more than fractional opportunities for local resuscitation. In New England, it had been unwelcome from the beginning by reason of Puritan prejudices. In the central States, it had suffered grievously because New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania had been the chief fields of military operations. And in the South where it had been the established Church, its property depended on the enactments of the British government which had now been repudiated, and it was therefore confronted with a condition of incipient bankruptcy. Moreover, there was an aftermath of war spirit of which the Church was a special victim. In spite of the fact that most of the leading patriots were identified with the colonial Church, it bore the stigma of British parentage, and was, therefore, an object of suspicion.* And in addition to these other obstacles, it was still without a single bishop which, in itself, was a serious draw-back for a Church built solidly around the historic episcopate.

With a view to meeting this complication of difficulties, the Rev. William White, rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, published, in 1782, a pamphlet called *The Case of the Episcopal Churches in the United States Considered*. At the time the pamphlet was issued, hostilities had ceased; but the peace settlement had not yet been effected. Dr. White's proposals were in the nature of emergency measures to tide the Church over the period of transition until a permanent policy could be established. Some of his suggestions were excellent, and found their way into the final constitution of the Church; but the one which called for

* Two-thirds of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Churchmen; two-thirds of the signers of the Constitution were Churchmen. Washington, Marshall, Jefferson, Hamilton, Franklin, Madison, Lee, Livingston, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Robert Morris—all were Churchmen. The signal lanterns for Paul Revere were hung in Christ Episcopal Church in Boston. The Rev. Thomas Duché, a priest of the Church in Philadelphia, was the first clergyman to offer prayer in Congress, and the Rev. William White was its first regular chaplain.

the most radical departure from Church tradition was, fortunately, rendered unnecessary in the light of later events. Dr. White was apprehensive that many years might elapse before a bishop could be consecrated for the new field; and, during those years, ministrations had to be somehow provided for congregations which were already short of clergy. Therefore he proposed to meet the emergency by authorizing, at least temporarily, the ordination of priests by priests. Whether Churchmen would have accepted such a presbyterian make-shift, and what might have been the results if they had, are matters for academic debate. The fact is that the idea got no further than the paper upon which it was written. For the Church in Connecticut was quietly working out the problem in its own way.

- Just before peace was formally proclaimed in March, 1783, the Connecticut clergy held a meeting at the home of one of their number, where they chose the Rev. Samuel Seabury to be their bishop, with instructions to proceed to England for consecration and, in the event of insurmountable difficulties there, to present his credentials to the non-juring bishops of Scotland. These last were the successors of those bishops who, a century before, had refused to swear allegiance to William III at the time James II was driven from the English throne. Politically, they were Jacobites; ecclesiastically, they existed on sufferance, cut off from the English Establishment, but with the compensation of freedom from parliamentary regulations in the perpetuation of their Church life. It was well that such an alternative was provided.
- Upon his arrival in England, Seabury was faced with the oath of allegiance to the King. It was a stone wall of at least temporary impenetrability. England had learned the hard lesson in the time of Queen Elizabeth, that bishops who were not loyal to the crown might be a menace both to Church and State. Therefore every bishop, at the time of his consecration, was required to take an oath of allegiance to the King.

A proposition such as that which Seabury presented was a novelty, and could be approved only by a formal act of Parliament. But Parliament was not particularly in love with revolutionary colonies which had just won their freedom at the cost of many English lives. For more than a year he waited for something to happen, but the prospect seemed to be hopeless. So he made his way to the non-juring bishops of Scotland, from whom, on November 14, 1784, in the city of Aberdeen, he received his apostolic commission. He returned to his own country as the first duly consecrated bishop, of any kind, in the United States.* The Puritan ministers made fun of him, voicing their scorn by calling themselves "bishops" also. Whereupon Seabury provided himself with an episcopal mitre, and even his most scornful mimics lapsed into uncrowned silence.

Meantime, the Church in Maryland had been getting under way, due to the strong leadership of the Rev. Dr. William Smith. While the war was still on, he had called a meeting of the clergy and laity of that colony, out of which came a petition addressed to the General Assembly of Maryland asking permission for the various parishes to operate on their own initiative. It was necessary that an ecclesiastical name of some sort should be appended to the document, and it was obvious that the title "Church of England" would be entirely out of order. To meet the situation the "Protestant Episcopal Church" was agreed upon as a tentative title, indicating its non-Roman character in the prevailing Roman Catholic atmosphere of Maryland; and, at the same time, specifying its episcopal character in distinction from the separated Puritan congregations. At that time, the word "Protestant" had not yet acquired the sweepingly anti-Catholic connotation which has been ascribed to it in more recent years. Doubtless, the last thought in the minds of the Maryland clergy would have been to cast a shadow of

* The first Roman Catholic Bishop of Maryland was not consecrated until 1790.

doubt on their own historically Catholic position. Such is the origin of the official title of the Church. When the Constitution was drawn up a few years later, this title was already known in law in Maryland, and had no immediate competitor in the field. It comes less as the sober judgment of the Church and more as an emergency measure to square with a local condition in a single State under the strain of war-time disabilities. At a later Convention in Maryland, Dr. Smith was elected to be their first bishop, but he was never consecrated to the office.

Other local meetings were held here and there before the first General Convention met in Philadelphia, September 27, 1785. Meanwhile, a serious loss had occurred, in the defection of the Methodists. Up to that time, Methodism had been merely a movement within the Church of England, and John Wesley never seems to have had any idea that it ought to have been anything more than that. But with the breaking away of the colonies, Wesley had set apart Dr. Thomas Coke as "superintendent" for America, with instructions to confer the same office upon the Rev. Francis Asbury. Wesley was an old man and ill at the time. It is not altogether clear just what his intentions were. He did authorize Coke to ordain elders for the administration of the Sacraments—possibly with an idea similar to that of Dr. White. Certainly he did not mean to appoint bishops for the erection of another separated Church. When he learned of subsequent developments, he wrote to Asbury expressing his surprise and displeasure: "You are the elder brother of the American Methodists, as I am, under God, the father of the whole family. But in one point, my dear brother, I am a little afraid you and the doctor differ from me. I study to be little; you study to be great. One instance of this, your greatness, has given me great concern. How can you, how dare you, suffer yourself to be called a bishop? I shudder, I start, at the very thought. Men may call me a knave or a fool, . . . I am content; but they shall never, by my

consent, call me bishop. For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a full end to this. . . . Let Methodists know their calling better." But it was too late to stop it, and the Methodist group in the colonial Church went out to feed in its own sectarian pasture.

This first Convention of 1785 was designedly preliminary; but it did three important things. It drafted a tentative constitution; it prepared a communication to be sent to the English bishops; and it offered a revision of the Prayer Book as a basis for discussion. Then it adjourned, to meet the following June. The second Convention (June 20, 1786) had a reply from the English bishops to consider, in which exception was taken to some of the changes proposed for the Prayer Book and to some of the tentative provisions in the proposed Constitution. Further discussion brought certain amendments, and the Convention adjourned until the following Fall, authorizing the "Proposed Book" for experimental use in any State which might adopt it. During that summer, word was received that the English Parliament was prepared to pass the necessary legislation for the consecration of American bishops. Three of them were ready for the confirmation of their elections at the Fall Convention—Dr. Griffith, for Virginia; Dr. Provoost, for New York; and Dr. White, for Pennsylvania. The adjourned meeting readily gave its approval, and the last two were soon on their way to England. Dr. Griffith was prevented from making the journey because of the prohibitive cost, and he was never consecrated. The others received their consecration from the Archbishop of Canterbury in Lambeth Palace on February 4, 1787, and the American Church was thus equipped to perpetuate its own episcopate at the hands of three duly consecrated bishops.

In the same year that the Constitution of the United States went into effect, on July 28th, the first full-fledged General Convention met in Philadelphia. Two years previously, the Federal Constitution had been signed and sub-

mitted to the States for ratification. No doubt the reason that the Church's Constitution is such an essentially American document is to be found in the fact that the two instruments were coming to birth at the same time, and most of the signatories of the Federal Constitution were loyal Churchmen. Seventeen clergymen and sixteen laymen, representing seven States, comprised the body, with Bishop White presiding over the joint meeting, for as yet there was no separate House of Bishops. After passing a series of resolutions, the Convention adjourned until the following September when the deputies from the New England States met with their brethren, and the permanent policy went into effect of operating through two houses—the House of Bishops and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies. Thereupon, the Constitution was formally adopted. The "Proposed Book" was side-tracked, and a new revision of the Prayer Book was worked out, consisting mainly of the English Book with a few changes which were obviously necessary for American use. The most important difference was in the Communion Office, due to the representations of Bishop Seabury who was particularly partial to the form used by the Scottish bishops who had consecrated him. So the Episcopal Church was definitely launched on its career as a self-perpetuating, united branch of the historic Catholic Church, adapted to the new conditions prevailing in a new country.

Then the struggle for life began. The next twenty-two years are well termed a "Period of Suspended Animation." The Church suffered from the reflected querulousness of secular politics. During the presidencies of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, political partisanship was acrid to the point of personal abuse. Everybody was critical of everything. Moreover, a wave of irreligion was sweeping to its high tide. Tom Paine was getting a wide reading; and, however much good he may have done for the Revolutionary cause, he certainly counter-balanced it with a corruption of the spiritual life of the public. Popular debates were held

on such subjects as "whether there was any such thing as a God" and "whether Christianity had been beneficial or injurious to mankind." The Church itself was distrusted. Anti-British feeling had never quite subsided after the Revolutionary War; and, in the early years of the nineteenth century, it was greatly aggravated by the events leading up to the War of 1812. The Episcopal Church suffered because of its British derivation. In some of the southern States, notably Virginia, the spoliation of the colonial Church had been carried to shocking extremes. Neither was it merely a case of misunderstanding. The Church itself showed a distressing lack of aggressiveness. As Dr. Tiffany puts it, "The Church's course for a long period was marked with all the obstinacy of a weak mind and a strong constitution." A devoted Churchman of such keen perspicacity as Chief Justice Marshall frankly said that he saw no possible future for it.

But the darkest hours lead into the dawn. The second great turning-point came in the year 1811, with the consecration to the episcopate of two outstanding leaders, quickly followed by two others of no less importance—John Henry Hobart and Alexander V. Griswold (1811); Richard Channing Moore (1814); and Philander Chase (1819). The period of "Suspended Animation" gave place to a spirit of vigorous advancement. The Church was suddenly awakened to its responsibilities, and discovered that it was an up-and-coming institution. A leading Presbyterian divine instigated a controversy with Bishop Hobart; and, when the smoke had cleared away, he was honest enough to give credit where it belonged: "Were I compelled," he said, "to intrust the safety of my country to any one man, that man should be John Henry Hobart."

There was no limit to Hobart's energy and resourcefulness. He was Bishop of New York; he edited the *Churchman's Magazine*; started the "Bible and Common Prayer Book Society"; and was chiefly instrumental in establishing the General Theological Seminary. No longer was the

Church on the defensive. Hobart never stopped to make apologies for anything. He epitomized his own policy when he exclaimed, "Give me a little zealous imprudence." His diocese grew under the impulse he put into it. Up into central and western New York his unwearying activities carried him. There he planted the college which still bears his name; and there he initiated work among the Oneida Indians, which followed them when the tribe was removed by the Government to their Wisconsin Reservation. He ordained the Rev. Eleazar Williams (thought by many to have been the lost Dauphin of France), and Williams gave the balance of his life to the Oneidas in their new home in the West. Just before his death, Bishop Hobart's wife remonstrated with him that he was doing too much. To which he replied, "How can I do too much for Him who has done everything for me?"

Griswold was Bishop of the Eastern Diocese which, at that time, meant nearly all of New England. In spite of uncertain health, he buckled into his difficult task with absolute faith in his calling. His strong evangelical spirit ran through his diocese like an infusion of new blood. To him there was no such thing as lost ground. He never gave up even the most unpromising fields. At the end of his first episcopal year, he reported twelve hundred confirmations. At the beginning, he had a score of struggling parishes spotted about at casual intervals. When he died, they had increased five-fold, his Eastern Diocese had become five self-supporting dioceses, and four bishops were covering the field which he had originally undertaken.

Richard Channing Moore was Bishop of Virginia, though his first parochial charge was in Staten Island where his eloquence and his personality won him an enviable position. One afternoon, he had concluded a service at one of his stations, but the congregation refused to leave. One of the worshippers arose and explained—"Dr. Moore, the people are not disposed to go home. Please to give us another

sermon." He preached to them again, but the hungry Oliver Twists still clamored for more (Moore). At the end of the third sermon, he begged them to leave, as a personal favor, because he was all played out. When he went to Virginia, it was to be Bishop of a Diocese of Discouragement. But that word was not in his vocabulary. It is true the Church in Virginia was not only despoiled but disheartened, and standards of worship had sadly slipped; but wherever he went, a new fire was kindled. His greatest handicap was a shortage of clergy, for there were only four or five active priests when he took charge. He opened the Virginia Theological Seminary, and left nearly a hundred clergy at work at the time of his death. The Prayer Book came back into its own, and personal religion took a fresh hold upon the hearts of his people.

While this rehabilitation was going on in the more settled parts of the country, the revival of interest found a corresponding echo out on the frontier. Philander Chase was a born missionary. He labored first in central New York, then in New Orleans, then in Connecticut. But the quest for adventure gave him no rest, and he launched out into the thinly-populated State of Ohio. There he was elected bishop, and went to Philadelphia for his consecration. Like Bishop Moore, he quickly saw the need of a training school in his own diocese to replenish the ranks of his clergy. Using a modest legacy to defray the expenses of the trip, he went to England where, by personal solicitation, he raised a sufficient sum to erect Kenyon College and Bexley Hall. His methods are illustrated by a song which is still sung at the college:

"The first of Kenyon's goodly race
Was that great man, Philander Chase;
He climbed the hill, and said a prayer,
And founded Kenyon College there.

"He built the college, built the dam,
He milked the cow, he smoked the ham,
He taught the classes, rang the bell,
And spanked the naughty freshmen well."

After a time, he resigned his work in Ohio to penetrate the wilds of Michigan. But his peregrinations were not yet over. The three parishes in Illinois decided that they needed a bishop and, in 1835, they called Bishop Chase to come to them. It was a pioneer task after his own heart. Another trip to England, another campaign for funds, and he proceeded to build a college in his new Diocese—Jubilee College, now defunct. Up and down the State he traveled, wearing down his powerful constitution, but never making a dent in his prodigious faith. "Jehovah Jireh" (the Lord will provide) was his motto. Once he wrote a letter to his son in Chicago explaining his absence from a meeting because of an attack of pleurisy—"but severe blistering and copious bleeding were the means which God blessed to the preservation of my life." Through such men as these, the Church began to make its way. It strengthened its own self-respect and demanded and secured the respect of the country.

Francis Scott Key, a Churchman, wrote "The Star Spangled Banner," which became the national anthem. Trinity College was founded at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1823. Two years prior to that date, the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society had been organized; and, in 1835, General Convention adopted the proposition that the Church itself is a missionary society, and that every Christian by virtue of his baptismal vow is a missionary. This principle, whereby the membership of the Missionary Society consists of all baptized persons, is a revival of the practice of the early Church, and is an almost unique feature of the Episcopal Church among the Churches of Christendom. Thus, instead of allowing the Church to grow as best it could, Church people were called to accept a corporate responsibility for its expansion.

The first Missionary Bishop was sent out on the authority of the whole body and in the person of Jackson Kemper who was to be Bishop of the Northwest, meaning Indiana and Missouri specifically, but with a roving commission wherever he might go. When Kemper reached his field, he found one

church but no clergy in Missouri, and one clergyman but no church in Indiana. He finished his life as the first Bishop of Wisconsin where he was nobly supported by the Rev. James Lloyd Breck and two companions who, on their graduation from the General Seminary, had offered themselves for work in the "Far West." Breck was a remarkable man. He and his companions were only in deacon's orders when they came west, but they tramped two hundred and forty miles through the woods for their ordination to the priesthood. Their headquarters developed into Nashotah House, from which point they pursued their indefatigable labors in every direction. Presently, Breck moved on to Minnesota where, in 1857, he founded Seabury Divinity School (now amalgamated with the Western Seminary in Chicago), and then out to California, planting the Church and preaching the Gospel with truly apostolic fervor.

Within the next few years, Bishop Otey went into the southwest, Bishop Kip to California, Bishop Scott into Oregon, Bishop Whipple into Minnesota. The expansion of the Church was nothing short of amazing. Within thirty years after the Convention of 1835, the number of clergy and the number of communicants had increased more than four-fold. The missionary virus was working spiritual wonders.

In 1845, Texas was annexed to the United States, bringing with it territory now included in half a dozen adjoining States. Immediately, the Church broke into this new field. A missionary society was formed in the new parish at San Antonio to initiate work in the western part of the State, the first name on the list of life-members of the society being that of Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States Army, destined to be the leader of the Confederate forces a few years later. In Florida, several tentative efforts finally took root, and the State received a bishop of its own. Under the leadership of Bishop Talbot, the Church got on its feet in Colorado and neighboring States. So the work

went on everywhere. Liberia, China, and Japan received their missionaries also, while the Church was following the retreating frontier in our own country. It is impossible to recount the many instances of heroic devotion which found no obstacles too great for Christian conquest. When Bishop Whipple held his first service in Minnesota, there was just one man in the congregation able to make the Prayer Book responses, and it turned out that he was not even baptized. "But," said the Bishop, "you read the service." "I am afraid," replied the unbaptized lawyer, "that may have been local pride; I did not want you to think badly of our town." Later, that lawyer was ordained and, as the Rev. Solomon Burleson, drove his famous ponies with the Gospel behind them over unbelievable areas of Minnesota and Wisconsin, and gave five sons to the priesthood of the Church. In the southern States, large congregations of Negroes were shepherded under the watchful care of their slave-owning masters who, for the most part, were far more solicitous for the welfare of their servants than the anti-slavery propaganda has ever given them credit for.

In 1850, Berkeley Divinity School was founded at Middletown, Connecticut. St. Stephen's College (now Bard College) was born at Annandale, New York, in 1860. In New York City, the Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg spread his inexhaustible talents over every phase of Church life, with greater subsequent results than he could possibly have foreseen. Then came the Civil War, and progress was abruptly halted.

Anticipating the dissolution of the Union, the southern dioceses felt constrained to form a separate ecclesiastical organization. In October, 1861, a convention was held at Columbia, South Carolina, with that end in view. It was proposed that the Church in the South should be known as the Reformed Catholic Church, but the disposition was general to maintain as close a contact as possible with the Church in the North, resulting in the choice of "Protestant

Episcopal Church in the Confederate States" as the name, and the adoption of a Constitution practically identical with the old one. As a matter of fact, throughout the period of hostilities, a friendly attitude was carefully maintained on both sides. Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, a graduate of West Point, served as a general officer in the Confederate army, but never forsook his old friendship with Bishop McIlvaine, of Ohio, who was one of the prominent Union leaders in the North. Every Sunday morning, they prayed for each other by name. The Church in the North refused to take it as a permanent separation—only as a temporary interruption of the old relationship. At the war-time General Convention, held in New York City in 1862, the roll call included all of the southern dioceses just as in the pre-war days.

That roll call was a fortunate incident, for it paved the way for the fourth turning-point in the history of the Church, when the first General Convention following the declaration of peace, met in Philadelphia in 1865. It was a critical occasion. In spite of everything, the wounds of war were intensely irritating. Churchmen of the North were not sure that the southern dioceses desired renewed affiliation, and southern Churchmen did not know whether they were really wanted back. A false step at that moment might have meant an indefinite separation such as befell the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians. Fortunately a better spirit prevailed, and the corner was safely turned. An invitation was sent to the southern dioceses, in advance of the Convention, and some of them responded. At the time of the opening service, the Bishop of North Carolina was seen approaching the church, and was cordially asked to join the other bishops in conducting the service. He begged off, saying he would prefer to sit in the congregation. But after the service had begun, several bishops came down from the chancel, and personally conducted him to the altar where he rightfully belonged. The roll call in the House of Deputies began with Alabama in the usual way, with deputations responding

from Tennessee, North Carolina, and Texas. The ice was broken, and the unity of the Church was retained.

Progress was promptly resumed. The question of the supply of clergy for the re-united Church called for an increase in theological schools. While the war was still on, the Philadelphia Divinity School had been created (1862), and two years after the war was over the Episcopal Theological School was incorporated at Cambridge, Massachusetts (1867). Eighteen years later, the Western Theological Seminary was added in Chicago. A Diocesan Training School, of some sixteen years standing in Central New York, was, in 1866, expanded into the Delancey Divinity School. At Sewanee, Tennessee, the University of the South had just been launched when the war wiped it out of existence; but scarcely a year after the return of peace, it was re-established on a permanent basis. Church preparatory schools were founded, too numerous to mention.

Bishop Hare was sent to Dakota as the first bishop to specialize in work among the American Indians, and through his efforts the Church attained a commanding position in that particular sphere of missionary endeavor. Schools were erected for the Negroes (including the Bishop Payne Divinity School for theological students, 1878), which have realized such a degree of excellence that they have been publicly commended by the federal authorities.

New missionary work was opened in Haiti, Mexico, Southern Brazil, and Alaska. Following the Spanish-American War of 1898, bishops were sent to Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Upon the annexation of Hawaii in 1898, the Church of England turned over its work to the Episcopal Church, and the same procedure occurred in Panama when, in 1914, the Panama Canal was constructed by the United States Government.

American churches were opened in several European countries, of which Holy Trinity Church, Paris, now serves as the pro-cathedral.

The Church on the western coast undertook to supply its own clergy through the Divinity School of the Pacific in California (1893), and the mountain dioceses projected a similar enterprise in St. John's College at Greeley, Colorado (1909). A special training school for older candidates for Holy Orders is the latest in the field, being established at Monteagle, Tennessee, in 1921.

In 1871, the women of the Church were formally banded together in the Woman's Auxiliary for general missionary purposes, out of which has come the triennial United Thank Offering which reached the magnificent sum of a million dollars when presented at the national meeting in Washington in 1928.

Meantime, the office of Deaconess was revived; and religious Orders, guilds, and societies of a dozen different kinds, for men, women, young people, boys and girls, multiplied at an astonishing rate.

Problems of administration necessitated the setting off of new diocesan units, until from nothing they have grown to more than four score in one hundred and fifty years.

Beginning in Chicago, cathedral centres were developed by one diocese after another, reaching their culmination in the splendid Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York and the National Cathedral at Washington, which suggest a recrudescence of the best of medieval architecture. Hospitals, Orphanages, Homes for the Aged, sprang up in abundance, and the steady growth in communicant strength, together with greatly enlarged offerings, bear their witness to the solidity of the Church's advance.

Only one serious rift mars the story since the close of the Civil War. It revolves around the question of churchmanship following the inauguration of the Oxford Movement in England in 1833. Heated discussions on ritual, vestments, "protestant" and "catholic," with their attendant doctrinal implications, reached the boiling point with the separation, in 1873, of a small group who called themselves the Reformed

Episcopal Church. No doubt a little more elasticity on the part of all concerned—especially in the matter of Infant Baptism which was the original bone of contention—would have prevented the needless split; but fears were in the air that the fruits of the Reformation were being squandered. Bishop Cummins, coadjutor Bishop of Kentucky, led the outward movement which has maintained a precarious existence down to the present day. This comparatively negligible defection has been the only one which has marred the unity of the Episcopal Church throughout the course of her history in the United States; and if “diversities of operations” within that Church today receive exaggerated notice, it is also a fact that she exemplifies, in common with the whole Anglican communion, and to a remarkable degree, a “unity of the Spirit” based upon the Book of Common Prayer.

During the latter part of the nineteenth century, the Church gave to America the greatest preacher of the times. Phillips Brooks, after a notable rectorate in Philadelphia, rose to the summit of his homiletical influence at Trinity Church, Boston. He became an international figure and died in 1893, all too soon after his elevation to the Episcopate.

Dr. Muhlenberg’s efforts toward Christian unity and greater freedom in public worship were vindicated some time after his death.

The famous Chicago-Lambeth “Quadrilateral” came out of a meeting of General Convention held in Chicago in 1886, and, two years later in England, was approved by the Lambeth Conference of the whole Anglican Episcopate. It was a platform advanced as a proposed basis of Christian reunion consisting of four items—1, the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as the standard of faith; 2, the Apostles’ Creed as the Baptismal Symbol, and the Nicene Creed, as the sufficient statement of the Christian Faith; 3, the two Sacraments—Baptism and the Supper of the Lord—ministered with unflinching use of Christ’s words of institution, and

of the elements ordained by Him; and 4, the Historic Episcopate, locally adapted in the methods of its administration to the varying needs of the nations and peoples called of God into the unity of the Church. Twenty-four years later, General Convention, meeting in Cincinnati, appointed a Commission on Faith and Order to invite similar commissions from other Christian communions to coöperate in preparing for a World Conference on the many questions involved. The pendulum of sectarian disintegration was thus thrown into reverse swing, with a growing desire to realize Our Lord's Prayer that "they all may be one." And the plea for greater freedom in Church worship found expression in the revision of the Book of Common Prayer effected, first, at the Baltimore Convention of 1892, and again at the Washington Convention of 1928.

Such rapid growth and such numerous extensions of interests had, however, caused a certain confusion in the administration of Church activities. There was a "Commission" for this and a "Board" for that, created to meet new demands as they arose, each functioning within itself and financing itself as best it might. The feeling grew that some form of central coördination was an imperative necessity, and this feeling reached a decisive point during the painful years of the World War. It is interesting to note that the contribution of the Church to the national emergency when the war broke upon this country, was remarkable in point of leadership. The four outstanding features of national mobilization were the Army, the Navy, the War Loans, and War-time Relief as especially exemplified in the American Red Cross. The head of each one of these divisions turned out to be no other than a Churchman, and a bishop of the Episcopal Church was Chief of Chaplains for the American Expeditionary Forces during the war.

When the war was over, there was urgent need of a general pick-up. But the question was—who was to initiate it? The only body authorized to speak for the Episcopal

Church, as a whole, or to call it into action, was General Convention which would not meet for another year. Between General Conventions the Church was plainly headless. A plan of action was formulated under the name of the "Nation-Wide Campaign" designed to inform the minds, awaken the consciences, and open the purses of Episcopalian people; but it could not be put into effect until General Convention said so. The best that could be done was an appeal to the Church by individuals exercising no particular authority. One diocese after another agreed to coöperate; and, during the Summer of 1919, a survey was made of the Church at work throughout the whole field of its activity—the first thing of its kind to be attempted. The information secured was very illuminating. When General Convention met, the machinery was all set up and waiting the order to go. At the same time it was decided that the Church should no longer be headless between General Conventions.

The Convention of 1919, meeting in Detroit, will go down in history as the fifth great turning-point in the life of the Episcopal Church. A new permanent central administration was erected, into which were incorporated various activities heretofore only tenuously related. With a few modifications later on, it was the plan known as "The Presiding Bishop and Council." Prior to 1804, the office of Presiding Bishop had been subject to election; but, in that year, the rule was adopted, and had remained in force ever since, that the bishop senior in point of consecration should be Presiding Bishop. The Church now decided to return to the earlier custom, and the House of Bishops, subject to the approval of the House of Deputies, was instructed to elect one of its number as Presiding Bishop who would, thereupon, relinquish his diocesan responsibilities in order to devote himself to the general administration for a term of six years. He was to be assisted in his work by a Council consisting (as later revised) of twenty-eight clerical and lay members, sixteen to be elected by General Convention, one by each of the

eight Provinces, and four by the Woman's Auxiliary. The Council has its own President and functions through two sections each headed by a Vice-President. The first section includes four Departments—Foreign Missions, Domestic Missions, Social Service, and Religious Education—while the second section includes three Departments—Field, Publicity and Finance. Each Department submits an annual budget to be financed by the Council which, in its turn, submits to each General Convention a program and budget covering the ensuing three-year period. Upon the basis of this budget an appeal for funds is made to the Church at large. Thus, year in and year out, the Church as a whole is always in session through its Presiding Bishop and Council.

Before making effective the principle of election in place of seniority in the office of Presiding Bishop, it was felt that one notable exception should be made. For fifteen years, the Rt. Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, Bishop of Missouri, had held that honorable position. More than fifty years before, he had been consecrated and sent into the frontier life of the great Northwest. To reach his field, he had traveled to the end of the railroad in Nebraska, covering the rest of the distance in a stage coach through a country terrorized by hostile Indians. He rode into Denver with a rifle across his knees for protection. Twenty years of pioneering episcopacy had chiseled his name into the heart of the Church before he accepted a call to the more sedate duties of Missouri. He was the venerable patriarch of the Church, universally respected for his work, and universally loved for himself. It was the common wish that he should finish his course in the most honorable office in the Church's gift. Therefore, it was provided that the election of a Presiding Bishop should be postponed until the first meeting of General Convention after the death of Bishop Tuttle, whenever that might be; and that, in the meantime, the new administration should be carried on by one who should be elected to the temporary office of President of the Council. This office fell to the Rt.

Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, who accepted the heavy responsibility of building a new structure of organization from the ground up. Bishop Tuttle died in 1923, and during that triennium, the principle of seniority in the succession of Presiding Bishop still prevailing, he was succeeded by Bishop Garrett of Dallas, and then by Bishop Talbot, of Bethlehem. At the New Orleans meeting of General Convention in 1925, the Rt. Rev. John Gardner Murray, Bishop of Maryland, was chosen as the first Presiding Bishop and President of the Council under the provisions of the new Canons. In the fall of 1929 Bishop Murray died and was succeeded by the Rt. Rev. Charles Palmerston Anderson, D.D., bishop of Chicago, who held the office less than three months when he also died. In the spring of 1930 the Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D.D., bishop of Rhode Island, was chosen by the House of Bishops and was reelected by General Convention in 1931 for a full six-year period.

A century and a half is not a very long time as history goes. But the two points seem poles apart when one considers the brief story of the Episcopal Church since colonial days. Disunited, impoverished, misunderstood at that time—an episcopal Church with no bishop—it faced a future dark with uncertainties. By the grace of God and the indomitable devotion of sainted leaders, the gloomy picture has been re-sketches in lines of shining promise. Even the wise Chief Justice Marshall has been proved more of a jurist than a prophet.

So—in Jerusalem the Church began. From Our Lord, the Apostles received their Divine Commission of leadership. Within a few generations, that Commission was carried to Britain and entrusted to the ancient British Church. Later it was united with a similar Commission coming by way of Rome, and was preserved in the Church of England. In colonial times, the Church of England, bearing her inherited Commission, came to the American colonies. The Episcopal

Church was its natural offspring—a portion of the Anglican Communion, a branch of the historic Catholic Church of apostolic origin, bearer of the Divine Commission, an integral part of that same living Body of which St. Paul said: “Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it.”

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